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Volume X

BOSTON
J. B. MILLET

1902

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NORWOOD, MASS., U.S.A.

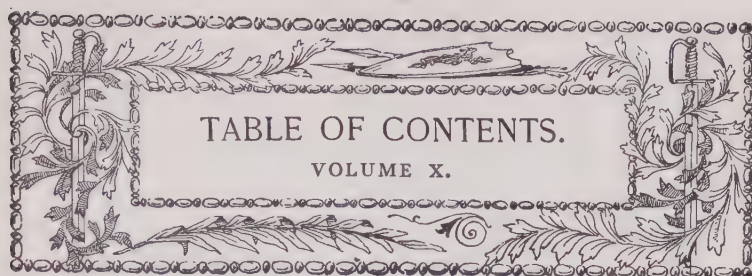


TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME X.

	PAGE
PLATO: <i>The Nature of Man</i>	5-8
ARISTOTLE: <i>The Ideal State</i>	12-15
FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM: <i>Of Vicissitude of Things</i>	17-20
GALILEO: <i>The Invention of the Telescope</i>	23-28
SIR ISAAC NEWTON: <i>The Royal Society</i>	32-35
ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT: <i>The Unity of Nature</i>	40-43
CHARLES R. DARWIN: <i>The Origin of Species</i>	46-50
HENRY THE NAVIGATOR: <i>The Mariner's Compass</i>	55-58
MAGELLAN: <i>The Partition of the World</i>	62-65
BALBOA: <i>The Discovery of the Pacific</i>	68-72
ALBUQUERQUE: <i>The Capture of Goa</i>	76-78
LOUIS DE CAMOËNS.	83
GAUTAMA BUDDHA	90
MARCO POLO: <i>Kublai Khan</i>	94-97
DAVID LIVINGSTONE: <i>Livingstone's Last Journey</i>	100-104
HENRY M. STANLEY: <i>Stanley Finds Livingstone</i>	108-110
ARCTIC EXPLORERS:	114
<i>American Expeditions. Baron Nordenskjöld</i>	118-120
ÆSCHYLUS: <i>The Battle of Salamis</i>	122-124
ARISTOPHANES:	128
<i>The School of Socrates. The Plague of Women</i>	130-134
ARIOSTO: <i>Angelica and Medoro</i>	135-138
TASSO: <i>The First Crusaders Reach Jerusalem</i>	143-148
CERVANTES: <i>Don Quixote's First Battle</i>	150-152
ROGER BACON: <i>The Invention of Gunpowder</i>	158-159
LEONARDO DA VINCI	162
<i>The Last Supper. The Last Supper — Sonnet</i>	164-167
AMBROSE PARÉ: <i>Paré's Treatment of Gunshot Wounds</i>	168-169
LOUIS PASTEUR: <i>Prevention of Disease by Inoculation</i>	171-174
PRINCE BISMARCK: <i>The Proclamation of the German Empire</i>	177-185
LOUIS A. THIERS:	190
<i>The Commune of Paris. The French Patriot</i>	193-196
GAMBETTA: <i>Gambetta Saves France</i>	198-202
WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE: <i>America an Example to England</i>	204-212
BEACONSFIELD: <i>Jerusalem</i>	215-220
JOHN ERICSSON: <i>The Monitor and the Merrimac</i>	225-228

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WENDELL PHILLIPS: <i>The Eloquence of O'Connell</i>	231-234
JAMES A. GARFIELD:	236
<i>The Obligation of Congress to Preserve the Government</i>	239
JAMES G. BLAINE: <i>Congressional Leaders</i>	242-247
GEORGE A. CUSTER: <i>Custer's Last Battle</i>	250-252
GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN	256
GEORGE G. MEADE	261
GEORGE H. THOMAS	265
JEFFERSON DAVIS: <i>Inaugural Address of President Davis</i>	269-272
HENRY W. GRADY: <i>The Old South and the New South</i>	277-279
MARSHAL PELISSIER: <i>The Capture of Sebastopol</i>	281-283
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE: <i>Santa Filomena</i>	287-289
CLARA BARTON	291
THE GREEK HISTORIANS	293
OSMAN PASHA	296
GENERAL SKOBELEFF	299
MARTIN LUTHER	302
WASHINGTON IRVING	306
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	309
GEORGE BANCROFT	313
ELI WHITNEY	316
THOMAS A. EDISON	318
JOHN BROWN: <i>John Brown's Prophetic Views</i>	321-326
JOHN C. FREMONT: <i>First Ascent of Fremont's Peak</i>	329-336
LYMAN BEECHER	342
HENRY WARD BEECHER: <i>England's Attitude to America</i>	346-349
CHARLES WILKES	353
EMPEROR WILLIAM II.	358
POPE LEO XIII.	367
LORD WOLSELEY	372
LORD ROBERTS	376
CECIL RHODES	378
PAUL KRUGER: <i>Paul Kruger</i>	384-388
LORD KITCHENER	391
ALFRED DREYFUS	394



PLATO, the most illustrious of the disciples of Socrates, expounded and developed the doctrines of his master, and such was his influence in antiquity, and such the transcendental character of his teaching, that he came to be regarded as divine. During the long struggle between rising Christianity and expiring Paganism his authority was enlisted on both sides, and had effect on both. During the Middle Ages it fell into abeyance, but it revived with the renewal of the study of Greek. In modern

times it has animated various schools of philosophy, and stimulated independent thinkers.

Plato was born of noble Athenian parents, in the island of Ægina, probably in May, 427 B.C., though some authorities assign an earlier year. His father, Ariston, traced his ancestry to Codrus, the last King of Athens, and his mother, Perictyone, was of the family of Solon. His name was originally Aristocles, but from the width of his shoulders or of his forehead he was surnamed Plato ("broad"). In youth he wrote poems and tragedies, but after he came under the influence of Socrates, in his twentieth year, he destroyed most of them. He appears to have served as a soldier before the destruction of the Athenian fleet at Ægospotamos, 405 B.C. Athens then fell under the control of the aristocracy, who sought support from Sparta. Critias, the leader of the Thirty Tyrants, being a cousin of Plato, and other leaders being his friends, the path to political preferment was open. But Plato was disgusted at the violence of the new masters, and especially at

their harsh treatment of Socrates. After Critias was killed and the Thirty driven from power, he again sought an entrance to political life, as the restored democracy showed unexpected moderation. But, finally, his hopes were crushed by the accusation and conviction of Socrates, whom he attended during his trial, and till the sage drank the fatal hemlock.

The tragic fate of Socrates drove his disciples from Athens. Plato, now twenty-eight years old, found refuge at Megara, and then set out on distant voyages. He spent some ten years in visiting Egypt and parts of Asia, and then turned to Syracuse and Tarentum, where the followers of Pythagoras flourished. He had passed the age of forty when he returned to Athens, and opened a school of philosophy in the suburbs, in the grove of Academus, a name which he has rendered immortal. Here for nearly forty years, except for two visits to Sicily, he pursued his high vocation, and numbered among his pupils the ablest men of Greece, including Demosthenes and other orators, Aristotle and other philosophers. Though he charged no fee, he was rewarded with handsome gifts. He was consulted by foreign states and kings.

When Dionysius the younger became ruler of Syracuse, he followed the suggestion of his uncle Dion, a man of liberal spirit, and invited Plato to his court. For a time the guest, who was eager to introduce reforms, was generously treated; but he soon found that his advice in matters of government was distasteful to the despot, who was determined to follow the practice of his father, the notorious tyrant. Dion was banished, and Plato was treated as a captive. The latter wished to return to Athens, but Dionysius detained him under various pretences. Yet, after waiting two years, he got back safely. Scarcely four years had elapsed when the philosopher was induced again to visit Syracuse, in the hope of reconciling the tyrant and his uncle Dion, and procuring the latter's restoration. But nothing was accomplished. Plato found himself in greater danger than before, and is said to have escaped through the intervention of Archytas of Tarentum. Dion, however, afterward drove out his nephew; but, not governing wisely, was assassinated, and Dionysius recovered his power.

The last part of Plato's life was passed in ease and honor, notwithstanding the troubles of Athens and the wars which ravaged Greece. He died B.C. 347, at the age of eighty or, according to some ancient writers, eighty-two.

The extant writings of Plato consist almost entirely of dialogues, in which Socrates and various well-known characters discuss the highest themes of life and philosophy. They are mixed somewhat with narrative. Though numerous attempts have been made to arrange them in some system or according to some chronological order, no editor has been really successful in this task. But their literary merits have always been as highly esteemed as their philosophical teaching. Plato succeeded in that most difficult art of composition; he could say simple things simply, and grand things with appropriate grandeur. He turns, without apparent effort, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Hence Plato has always been regarded as the highest model of Greek prose writing.

Plato represents Socrates as carrying the spirit of investigation into the daily lives and practices of his fellow-citizens, seeking to know while he professed himself to be ignorant. He exposed the pretensions of the sophists, popular teachers who undertook to fit men for life by giving instruction according to some self-assumed principle. Socrates maintained that the first essential to the proper search for truth is the consciousness of one's own ignorance; the next, a confidence in the result of rational thought. He thus developed the power of reason, being assured that he who seeks patiently and perseveringly will find. He declared that vice is ignorance and virtue is knowledge. If men see and recognize the good, they will assuredly do it. All therefore that concerns the life of man is wrought out in various ways in the wonderful series of dialogues in which Plato sets forth his master's views, enlarged and idealized by the powers of his own mind. In those writings which are evidently later in composition, the form of the dialogue is less sustained, the characters become of less importance, and the didactic purpose is more pronounced.

The *Apology* (or *Defence*) of *Socrates* appears to be rather an elaborate development of the aged philosopher's thoughts than an attempt to report what he said at his trial. In the

same way the *Phædo*, the famous treatise on the immortality of the soul, is an elaboration of the last conversation of Socrates with his friends. In the *Republic* Plato set forth his ideal commonwealth, in some respects evidently impracticable in any age of the world, yet showing that toward which the philosopher hoped that the Greek state would tend. The *Laws*, written at a later period, is a criticism on the existing constitutions of Grecian cities, with suggestions of better forms. Plato endeavored to combine the best features of Athens and Sparta, with some new regulations which he considers indispensable.

The effect of the writings of Plato has been to give a loftier tone to all philosophic speculation since his time. At each successive period when Platonic study has revived, it has elevated the conception of the life and the soul of man. The moral ideas of the Stoics, which affected the Romans even more than the Greeks, were due to Plato. In later times Plato has exerted a profound influence on art, literature, and theology, both in Europe and America. New England transcendentalism was but a new outgrowth of the Platonic spirit.

THE NATURE OF MAN.

Man, according to Plato, consists of two parts—a body and a soul. His soul is of a triple nature, partly rational and immortal, partly irrational and mortal; the irrational being again divided into two—the spirited or courageous and the appetitive or lustful. Each of these three divisions of the soul has a separate habitation in the body. The head is the seat of the rational soul; the spirited soul is located in the breast, and the appetitive soul in the lower regions. It is of the nature of passion, much more of lust, to be lawless and rebellious; Reason's function is to bring both under due control, to harmonize and to restrain them. Hence, in the *Phædrus*, the soul is represented as a charioteer, riding in a chariot drawn by two winged steeds; fiercely struggling often to curb and guide the dark and vicious horse, which is ever wont to be troublesome and refractory. Hence, too, in the *Republic*, man is represented as a compound of a hydra-headed monster.

a lion and a man; and his great aim should be to tame the lion and subdue the monster, and gain for "the inner man the entire mastery of the man." This ordering and controlling power of reason is obviously ethical; for, it is in the placing of rational restraint on the lower nature that morality emerges.

But, besides this guiding and order-giving function of Reason, there is another, and, in some respects, a higher function. For man, besides being a bundle of impulses which need to be rationalized, is also an intellectual being, with definite perceptive relations to the world around him, and with the power of understanding and interpreting the meaning of things. As thus conceived, he is in part a creature of sense, passively receiving the impressions that are made upon him from without, but in part also an active thinker with divine insight, penetrating below the mere sense-impressions, and grasping the reality that underlies phenomena. He is the member of an intelligible world, and, as such, has the power of freeing himself from the limitations and the deceptions of the senses, and of bringing himself into contact with the eternal Ideas, which are the sole true existence, all else being but shadow and appearance. These supersensible Ideas have objective being; they are both patterns, supersensible counterparts of the sensible, and efficient causes (though how these two things can be reconciled, Plato does not say); they constitute a graduated system, at the top of which stands the Good—comprehending all, harmonizing all,—and this highest of all, designated the Good, is God. This "idea of the Good" is, according to the famous allegory of the Cave, given in the *Republic*,—"the last object of vision, as respects human knowledge, and hard to be seen; but, when seen, it must be inferred to be the cause of all that is right and beautiful in all things, begetting in what is seen light and light's sovereign (the sun), and being itself, in what is intelligible, the sovereign producing truth and intelligence."

Man's kinship to God is to be found both in his rational and in his moral nature. It is by the speculative reason, together with moral conduct founded on reason, that he attains to knowledge of the divine; and, through the persistent

exercise of philosophic contemplation and upright living, he is rendered more and more like to God.

A leading distinction with Plato is that between man's body and his soul. Except in the *Timæus*, the body, though mortal, is not regarded as essentially vile; it is not the origin and source of sin (sin is a disease, and arises either from ignorance or from madness). It is simply the prison of the soul—a clog or hindrance, therefore, to the highest perfection, and the occasion or condition of moral evil; and, until man is freed from it, he has not full scope for the development of his higher self. Death, then, is to be welcomed, not feared—it is a blessing, not a curse; and our present life is a season of probation in preparation for that great event.

The soul, on the other hand, is immortal. But, if immortal, then also pre-existent. Immortality and pre-existence stood or fell together in the mind of Plato. And this for various reasons. In the first place, the metaphysical arguments, or arguments based on the nature of the soul, on which Plato laid such stress, proved both or neither. If it be so that the very essence of the soul implies Life, then the life must have an eternal past as well as a never-ending future. In the next place, Plato taught the doctrine (adopted, no doubt, from Pythagorean sources) of the transmigration of souls,—which was simply *his* way of expressing what has come to be known in these later ages as the necessity for a progressive purification of the sinner, and the need of a cleansing process, if not actually a probationary period, hereafter as well as here. Judgment full and minute follows death, and reward is proportioned to merit. Lastly, the doctrine of pre-existence was needed to explain the fact that truth is attainable by man at all, and that Virtue can be taught: the theory of Heredity had not yet occurred to the philosophic mind as suggestive of a satisfactory solution. In the *Meno*, the question is distinctly raised,—“How, then, can you search for that of which you know nothing; and how, even if you find it, can you be sure that you have got it?” And the answer is returned—the same that we find in many other dialogues of Plato, “Reminiscence:” *i. e.*, truth is latent in the mind; and, in learning here, we only revive what we have known elsewhere.

As Wordsworth says :

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.

Two other points remain to be noticed. First, man, in the *Timæus*, is viewed as a microcosm, of which the universe is the macrocosm. The same elements that are found in the one are discoverable also in the other—only on a larger scale. The world has a soul, no less than man ; and in this soul-inspired world-mass, as in man, we can discern a *nous* or mind, a *psyche* or soul, and a *soma* or body. Secondly, man is essentially a social being, and he has necessarily relations to the State. Hence, in the Ideal Republic, man's threefold soul finds its concrete counterparts in the grades or classes of the citizens. The highest class or rulers represent the rational element ; the spirited or courageous factor is embodied in the soldiers ; and the artisans, agriculturists, and tradesmen stand for the appetitive soul.—W. L. DAVIDSON.





ARISTOTLE systematized Greek thought and learning, and thereby directed the whole subsequent course of the world's thought. In the Middle Ages, when his works were buried in an unknown tongue, his system, modified by passing through Arabian translations into Latin, became the philosophy of the Schoolmen, and thus the mould of Christian theology. Bacon and others attacked

his philosophy, when applied to natural science, as cramping to the human mind, because based on theory instead of experiment. But Aristotle's own writings show that he possessed the true scientific spirit, and they have regained their place in the estimation of the world.

Aristotle was born at Stagira, a Greek colony in Macedonia, in 384 B.C. His father was the physician of Amyntas, King of Macedonia and grandfather of Alexander the Great. Though early left an orphan, he was trained for his father's profession; but he aspired to attain universal knowledge, and for that purpose went to Athens, the intellectual centre of Greece. When Plato returned thither from Syracuse, Aristotle gladly became his disciple, and was pronounced by his master "the intellect of the school." On the death of Plato, in 347 B.C., Aristotle hoped to succeed him; but, being disappointed, went to Atarneus, a town in Asia Minor, where he lived with its ruler, Hermeias, who had been his pupil and whose sister he married. Three years later, upon the death

of Hermeias, he went to Mitylene. Hence, at the age of forty-two, he was called by Philip of Macedon, to educate his son Alexander. This tuition lasted three years; but the friendship formed between the renowned teacher and the ambitious boy remained unbroken when Alexander set out on his career of conquest. It may seem, however, that the philosopher's instruction had little practical effect on the king's actions. They moved in entirely different orbits, yet both were destined to diffuse Greek culture through the world.

Aristotle recommended to the young king, as his companion in his campaigns in Asia, Callisthenes, who had been his fellow-pupil; and there is later mention of this tutor's attempts to restrain the excesses of the Macedonian. Aristotle, at the age of fifty, returned to Athens and opened a school which was called the Lyceum. From his practice of giving instruction while walking in the shady avenues of the garden, both the lecturer and his scholars were called Peripatetics. This crowning period of his life lasted twelve years. His royal pupil still testified his regard by magnificent gifts, and took delight in transmitting to his former teacher strange animals and other curiosities which he encountered in his wanderings through Asia. But the philosopher pursued his own course, lecturing on the highest themes of life and composing his immortal works. After the death of Alexander, the opponents of Macedonian rule obtained the ascendancy in Athens, and Aristotle was threatened with trial for impiety. Warned by the fate of Socrates, he escaped to Chalcis, but died there in the autumn of 322 B.C.

Aristotle bequeathed his library and writings to Theophrastus, his chief disciple. Owing to a variety of causes nearly two centuries elapsed before his principal works were edited and published. Some youthful productions, in which he had used the dialogue form, were circulated and occupied the attention of his professed followers. But after the more important treatises, in which he used the simplest and most direct statements of the views he inculcated, were brought to light, the former were neglected and have perished.

The extant writings of Aristotle are unequal in style and irregular in arrangement, seeming rather the drafts of lec-

tures than finished works. He classified all philosophy in three divisions, corresponding to three kinds of thought: Investigation, Practice, and Production. Investigation, or Theoretic Philosophy, has three branches: (1) First Philosophy, or Theology, including the system of the universe; (2) Mathematics; (3) Physics, or natural philosophy. Practical Philosophy has, likewise, three branches: (1) Ethics, or rules of conduct for one's self; (2) Economics, or rules of management of property; (3) Politics, or rules of management of communities. Under Productive Philosophy, or that which relates to man's original or imaginative work, Aristotle treats only of Poetry. Although he laid much stress on Logic, he did not consider it as a part of philosophy, but rather as its instrument (*organon*), the method by which truth is ascertained and fallacies detected. He was the first to frame the syllogism, which is the method of deductive reasoning. To Aristotle's discussions of First Philosophy the name *Metaphysics* (which means simply "After the Physics") was given, because his first editors placed them after his treatises on Physics. He called it First Philosophy because it treats of the fundamental problems of being. In trying to understand any object, we must consider it in four ways: (1) What are the material conditions of its being? (2) What is its essential character as formed? (3) Through what agency does it come into being? (4) What is the end attained by it? Thus we have for everything four causes—material, formal, efficient, final.

Aristotle adopted many of the views of Plato, but endeavored to strip them of their poetic form and coloring, and to reduce them to strictly scientific expression. But he dissented from some of his master's teachings and criticized them severely. Thus in treating of the ideal State, he rejected Plato's communistic *Republic*, and combated the notion that the individual and the family should be absorbed in the State.

Aristotle's *Ethics* gave the conception of virtues and vices, which has been adopted by Christian writers and pervades all European literature. His *Politics* kept alive the ideas of political liberty during ages of despotism, and gave rise to the modern ideas of government. In this treatise are found the

germs of what is now called political economy. In all his teachings Aristotle was practical, and this view has been pithily expressed by Sir Alexander Grant, one of the latest editors of his works: "Aristotle thought that the highest aim for a state was to turn out philosophers, and that the highest aim for an individual was to be a philosopher."

THE IDEAL STATE.

It is evident that it is not a mere community of place; nor is it established that men may be safe from injury and maintain an interchange of good offices. All these things, indeed, must take place where there is a state, and yet they may all exist and there be no state. A state, then, may be defined to be a society of people joining together by their families and children to live happily, enjoying a life of thorough independence.

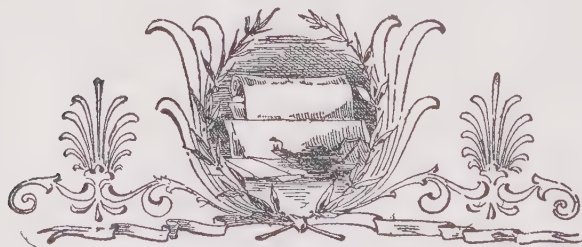
When a democracy is controlled by fixed laws, a demagogue has no power, but the best citizens fill the offices of state. When the laws are not supreme, there demagogues are found; for the people act like a king, being one body, for the many are supreme, not as individuals, but as a whole. The supreme power must necessarily be in the hand of one person, or of a few, or of the many. When one, the few, or the many, direct their whole efforts for the common good, such states must be well governed; but when the advantage of the one, the few, or the many is alone regarded, a change for the worse must be expected.

A pretension to offices of state ought to be founded on those qualifications that are a part of itself. And for this reason, men of birth, independence and fortune are right in contending with each other for office; for those who hold offices of state ought to be persons of independence and property. The multitude, when they are collected together, have sufficient understanding for the purpose of electing magistrates; and, mingling with those of higher rank, are serviceable to the state, though separately each individual is unfit to form a judgment for himself; as some kinds of food, which would be poisonous by itself, by being mixed with the wholesome, makes the whole good. The free-born and men

of high birth will dispute the point with each other, as being nearly on an equality, for citizens that are well-born have a right to more respect than the ignoble. Honorable descent is in all nations greatly esteemed ; besides, it is to be expected that the children of men of worth will be like their fathers ; for nobility is the virtue of a family.

Education and good morals will be found to be almost the whole that goes to make a good man ; and the same things will make a good statesman and good king. The truest definition of a complete citizen that can be given is probably this : that he shares in the judicial and executive part of the government. But it is a matter of high commendation to know how to command as well as to obey ; to do both these things well is the peculiar quality of a good citizen. A state, consisting of a multitude of human beings, as we have before said, ought to be brought to unity and community by education ; and he who is about to introduce education, and expects thereby to make the state excellent, will act absurdly if he thinks to fashion it by any other means than by manners, philosophy and laws. The corruption of the best and most divine form of government must be the worst. There is no free state where the laws do not rule supreme ; for the law ought to be above all. A government in a constant state of turmoil is weak. The only stable state is that where every one possesses an equality in the eye of the law, according to his merit, and enjoys his own unmolested.

—ARISTOTLE, *Translated by C. T. RAMAGE.*





THE character and career of Lord Bacon are full of startling contrasts. Conscious of great intellectual ability, he early aimed to reconstruct the system of human knowledge. Aspiring to be the founder of a new philosophy, which should accomplish what that of Aristotle had failed to do, he sought for wealth and power by crooked ways. Pope has summed up the moral of his life in the well-known lines :

“ If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined ;
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

Francis Bacon was born in London, on the 22d of January, 1561, being the younger son of Sir Nicholas Bacon. At the age of twelve he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and at fifteen began the study of law. His intellectual capacity was early recognized, and even when he sought from his uncle, Lord Burghley, a place at court, he declared that he subordinated everything to his “contemplative ends.” His suit was in vain, but after being called to the bar in 1582, he entered Parliament. He urged upon Queen Elizabeth a policy of religious toleration, but offended her by opposing a subsidy, and then, to regain her favor, showed most abject servility. Bacon’s first publication was ten of the celebrated *Essays* (1597), full of practical wisdom and keen observation of life.

The number was increased in successive editions until it reached fifty-eight in 1625. As Burghley did nothing for him, Bacon sought the favor of the brilliant Essex; but when that impetuous earl engaged in rebellion, turned against him, and was active in his prosecution for treason.

James I. ascended the throne in 1603, and Bacon eagerly offered his services for accomplishing the union of Scotland with England. They were accepted, and knighthood was his reward. The king, who wished to be thought "a second Solomon," welcomed his *Advancement of Learning* (1605), a review of the state of knowledge, and an account of its defects. This was enlarged in a Latin treatise nearly twenty years later. Fixed now in the king's favor, Bacon became solicitor-general in 1607, though opposed by Burghley's son, Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards Lord Salisbury. On the death of the latter, in 1612, Bacon offered to take the management of parliaments and reconcile them to the king's measures. He was made attorney-general, and finding his liberal state policy not acceptable to the king, renounced it, and became a willing tool in the hands of his wily master. Here is a notorious blot on his record: Peacham, an aged clergyman, was charged with having written a sermon justifying insurrection in certain cases, and with Bacon's consent was tortured. When the case was tried, Bacon privately urged the judges to condemn the defendant, and though Sir Edward Coke, who had long been Bacon's enemy, resisted, Peacham was convicted and died in prison. Bacon was made a privy councillor in 1616, and had his revenge when he helped to obtain Coke's dismissal from the bench for questioning the king's prerogative. Bacon, assisted by Buckingham, the king's favorite, was made lord-keeper in 1617, and a year later lord-chancellor, being raised to the peerage as Lord Verulam. This is his proper title, though he is commonly called Lord Bacon. In trial of cases Bacon showed his obsequiousness to Buckingham as well as to the king.

Bacon reached the zenith of his career when he published the *Novum Organon* (1620), and a few months later, on reaching the age of sixty, he was made Viscount St. Albans. His fall was sudden and rapid. The Commons, led by Coke,

inquired into the growth of monopolies, by which Buckingham had enriched his relatives. Bacon argued in their favor, and Parliament turned against him. Charged with taking bribes, he was tried by the House of Lords, and signed a confession admitting all the charges. Being questioned by a committee about the subscription, he said, "It is my act, my hand, my heart: I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." He was fined £40,000, banished from Parliament and court, and ordered to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure. He was released after a month's confinement in the Tower, and retired to his family residence. Later he was pardoned by the king, but not allowed to return to court. Thenceforth he devoted himself to literary work, but, being deep in debt, still looked with longing eyes to the court. He died at the residence of Lord Arundel, on the 9th of April, 1626. "For my name and memory," he wrote with grand self-consciousness in his will, "I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages."

Lord Bacon rendered inestimable service to mankind in withdrawing them from abject subservience to the deductive logic of Aristotle. That logic, admirable in geometry and in interpretation of law, requires an immutable basis as a foundation. For nature the Schoolmen furnished the necessary foundation in certain assumed theories and expressions of the Scriptures; but they never tested the results by experiment. Bacon, on the other hand, insisted on the collection of facts by observation and experiment, and their careful scrutiny. To obtain what was true and clear in the "dry light of reason," observations must be rejected which are rendered inaccurate by personal reasons. These he called the "idols" (or phantoms) due to the tribe, the cave, the market-place, and the theatre. The removal of these would leave the facts from which the laws of nature could be deduced. He denied the maxim of the Schoolmen, that reason is the sovereign of nature, and that therefore truth of the natural world, as well as of the spiritual world, must be derived from reason and authority. On the contrary, "Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no farther than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of

the method and order of nature." Though this great principle lies at the basis of modern advancement in science, Bacon himself was by no means successful in his actual attempts at experiment. Many which he carefully recorded are ridiculous and puerile. The real scientific discoveries of his own time he passed by—Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, Copernicus's system of astronomy. Yet he made some shrewd guesses, as when he declared heat to be a mode of motion. While following his method in all departments of science, modern investigators neglect his works and collections.

OF VICISSITUDE OF THINGS.

Solomon saith, "There is no new thing upon the earth;" so that as Plato had an imagination that all knowledge was but remembrance, so Solomon giveth his sentence, that "All novelty is but oblivion:" whereby you may see that the river of Lethe runneth as well above ground as below. There is an abstruse astrologer that saith, if it were not for two things that are constant—(the one is, that the fixed stars ever stand at like distance one from another, and never come nearer together, nor go further asunder; the other, that the diurnal motion perpetually keepeth time)—no individual would last one moment. Certain it is, that matter is in a perpetual flux, and never at a stay. The great winding-sheets that bury everything in oblivion, are two: deluges and earthquakes. As for conflagrations and great droughts, they do but merely dispeople, not destroy. Phaëton's car went but for a day; and the three years' drought, in the time of Elias, was but particular, and left people alive. As for the great lightnings, which are often in the West Indies, they are but narrow. But in the other two destructions, by deluge and earthquake, it is further to be noted that the remnant of people which happened to be reserved are commonly ignorant and mountainous people, that can give no account of the time past; so that the oblivion is all one as if none had been left. If you consider well of the people of the West Indies [America], it is very probable that they are a newer or a younger people than the people of the Old World, and it is

much more likely that the destruction that hath heretofore been there was not by earthquakes (as the Egyptian priests told Solon, concerning the island of Atlantis, that it was swallowed by an earthquake), but rather that it was desolated by a particular deluge; for earthquakes are seldom in those parts; but on the other side, they have such pouring rivers as the rivers of Asia, and Africa, and Europe, are but brooks to them. Their Andes, likewise, or mountains, are far higher than those with us, whereby it seems that the remnants of generations of men were, in such a particular deluge, saved.

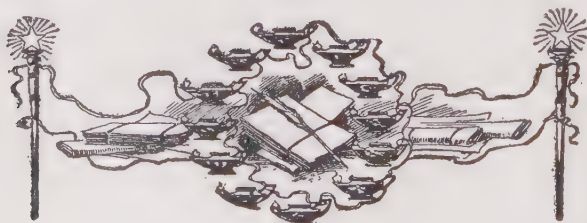
The vicissitudes, or mutations, in the superior globe, are no fit matter for this present argument. It may be, Plato's great year—if the world should last so long—would have some effect—not in renewing the state of like individuals (for that is the fume of those that conceive the celestial bodies have more accurate influences upon these things below than indeed they have), but in gross. Comets, out of question, have likewise power and effect over the gross and mass of things; but they are rather dazed and waited upon in their journey than wisely observed in their effects—especially in their respective effects; that is, what kind of comet for magnitude, color, version of the beams, placing in the region of the heavens, or lasting, produceth what kind of effects.

But to leave nature and come to men: The greatest vicissitude of things amongst men is the vicissitudes of sects and religions; for these orbs rule in men's minds most. The true religion is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. . . . There be three manner of plantations of new sects: By the power of signs and miracles; by the eloquence and wisdom of speech and persuasion; and by the sword. For martyrdoms, I reckon them amongst miracles, because they seem to exceed the strength of human nature; and I may do the like of superlative and admirable holiness of life. Surely there is no better way to stop the rising of new sects and schisms than to reform abuses; to compound the smaller differences; to proceed mildly, and not with sanguinary persecutions; and rather to take off the principal authors by winning and advancing them, than to enrage them by violence and bitterness.

The changes and vicissitudes of war are many, but chiefly in three things: In the seats or stages of the war, in the weapons, and in the manner of conduct. Wars in ancient time seemed to move from east to west; but East and West have no certain points of heaven, and no certainty of observation. But North and South are fixed; and it hath seldom or never been seen that the far southern people have invaded the northern, but contrariwise; whereby it is manifest that the northern tract of the world is in nature the most martial region. Upon the breaking and shivering of a great state and empire, you may be sure to have wars; for the great empires, while they stand, do enervate and destroy the forces of the natives which they have subdued, resting upon their own protecting forces; and when they fail also, all goes to ruin, and they become a prey. . . . The great accessions and unions of kingdoms do likewise stir up wars; for when a state grows to an over-power it is like a great flood that will be sure to overflow; as it hath been seen in the states of Rome, Turkey, Spain, and others. When a warlike state grows soft and effeminate, they may be sure of a war; for commonly such states are grown rich in the time of their degenerating; and so the prey inviteth, and their decay in valor encourageth a war.

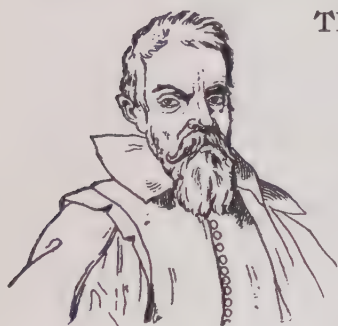
In the youth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle age, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a state mechanical arts and merchandise. Learning hath its infancy, when it is but beginning, and almost childish; then its youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then its strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and lastly its old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust. But it is not good to look too long upon these turning wheels of vicissitude, lest we become giddy.

—LORD BACON.





GALILEO.



THE history of scientific discovery contains no name more illustrious than that of the Italian astronomer and physicist, Galileo Galilei. He was the contemporary of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Kepler and Milton. He was not only a discoverer in many departments, but was made a martyr to the cause of truth.

Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa on the 18th of February, 1564. He early developed a taste for classical literature, music, drawing and painting. At the desire of his father, a Florentine nobleman of small fortune, but an excellent mathematician and musician, he entered the University of Pisa, November 5, 1581, to study medicine; but his passion for geometry overbore everything, so that finally he was allowed full scope to his genius for mathematics. In 1583 his observation of the oscillations of the great bronze lamp in the cathedral of Pisa led to the discovery that the pendulum in a small arc moves over equal spaces in equal times, and therefore can be used as a measurer of time. Next followed his essay on the hydrostatic balance, and then his investigation of the centre of gravity in solids. When he began his career as a teacher, the philosophy of Aristotle controlled and impeded the progress of science, but Galileo, by experiments from the leaning tower of Pisa, demonstrated its inaccuracy. Thereupon such a host of enemies arose, that he was glad to accept the vacant chair of mathematics in the University of Padua (1592). His reputa-

tion soon extended far beyond the university which he adorned. Princes attended his lectures ; frequently a thousand persons came to hear him.

In 1609 Galileo, in order to have more leisure for experiments, accepted the position of mathematician to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and while on a visit to Venice learned that Prince Maurice had been presented with an instrument which made distant objects appear nearer the observer. A Dutchman, John Lippershey, had invented this rude instrument about October, 1608. Galileo, discovering the principle of its action, constructed a telescope that magnified three times. Crowds of the principal citizens flocked to his house to see it. The Doge of Venice obtained the toy for the Senate, and they conferred on Galileo the professorial chair at Padua for life. Soon he completed a telescope which magnified thirty times, and he lost no time applying it to the heavens. He discovered the mountains of the moon, the discs of the planets, and by the 13th of January, 1610, he had discovered the four satellites of Jupiter, which he called the Medicean stars.

These discoveries, though opposed by the prejudices of the age, excited great interest in the scientific world. The Grand Duke of Tuscany observed the new planets along with Galileo at Pisa, and induced him to resign his chair at Padua and remove to Florence, with a yearly salary of a thousand florins. In July, 1610, he discovered the spots on the sun, by the observation of which he found that the sun revolves uniformly upon its axis in about twenty-eight days. Next he discovered the rings and satellites of Saturn, and, in December, the crescent form of Venus. Early in 1611 he went to Rome with his best telescope, and in the gardens of the Quirinal he showed the spots of the sun and his other discoveries to the numerous cardinals and prelates, who hastened to do him honor.

A work of Galileo's, published in 1612, on *Floating Bodies*, involved him in harassing disputes with the Aristotelian philosophers. Scientists of the day took part with him against the monks, and a contest arose in which he wielded against them the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule. Galileo may be regarded as having begun the combat by a letter to the Abbé

Castelli, in which he maintains that the Scriptures were not meant to teach natural philosophy. Another letter, addressed to the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, contained an unanswerable argument, but an appeal was made to the Inquisition.

There is reason to believe that Galileo was cited to appear at Rome about the end of 1614. He went, and was lodged in the house of the Tuscan ambassador, and soon after was summoned before the inquisitors to answer for the passage maintaining the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun; which he had taught to his pupils, and tried to reconcile with Scripture. These charges were easily substantiated, and on the 25th of February, 1616, he was forced, under the threat of imprisonment, to renounce his opinions, and pledge himself not again to maintain them. The Inquisition placed the great work of Copernicus, and Kepler's abridgment of it, in the list of prohibited books. Pope Paul V., however, received Galileo graciously, and assured him that the calumnies of his enemies would be unheeded.

In 1623 Cardinal Barberini, who had opposed the sentence against Galileo, was elevated to the pontificate under the title of Urban VIII. The new pope, who had been the friend both of Galileo and Prince Cesi, the founder of the Lyncean Academy, was expected to inaugurate a more enlightened policy. At the suggestion of Prince Cesi, Galileo, though an invalid, went to Rome, in 1624, to congratulate Urban on his elevation, and also with the view of obtaining the revocation of the sentence condemning the doctrine of Copernicus. During two months' residence at Rome Galileo had six long audiences with the pope, who loaded him with presents and appointed the Abbé Castelli to be his mathematician. The main object of the mission was a failure. Galileo obtained no concession of the astronomical principles denounced by the Inquisition.

In 1632, after a quiet interval of eight years, the storm burst out afresh. Galileo in that year published his great work, *The System of the World*, in which he discusses the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems in four dialogues, carried on by three persons: Salviati, Sagredo and Simplicius—the last of whom, a follower of Ptolemy and Aristotle, was errone-

ously supposed to be intended for the pope. Poor Simplicius sinks under the wit of his adversaries; and the former decree of the Inquisition is treated with severe irony. The theologians felt the blow and did not delay to assert the supreme authority of the Church and defend its decisions on questions of science.

Galileo, now near his seventieth year, was summoned by the Inquisition, and arrived in Rome February 13, 1633. Until the trial he remained under the roof of the Tuscan ambassador. His examination occupied four different hearings, during the interval from April 12th to June 21st. It is commonly believed that Galileo was actually put to the torture, but it is more probable that, according to the custom, he was only threatened with it, and, thus menaced, he replied, "I do not hold, and I have not held, the opinions of Copernicus since I was ordered to abandon them. I find myself in your hands; do with me what you please. I am here to make my submission; and I have not held this opinion since it was condemned." The next day he was sent in a penitential dress to the convent of Minerva, where the inquisitors were assembled to give judgment. An elaborate sentence was pronounced upon him, detailing his offences, demanding a retraction of his heresies, prohibiting the sale of his *System of the World*, and committing him to the charge of the Inquisition during pleasure, and to the weekly recitation of the seven penitential psalms during the next three years.

In conformity with his sentence, Galileo invoked the divine aid in abjuring the teaching that the earth moved and the sun stood still. There is no truth in the story that he muttered as he rose from his knees, "And yet it moves." He signed the abjuration and was committed to his prison cell. Thus were scientific truths abjured by the timid astronomer, who had not the courage of his convictions. The sentence was publicly read at the universities. The inquisitor at Florence, who had heedlessly licensed the printing of the *Dialogues*, was reprimanded; and Riccardi, the master of the palace, and Campoli, the secretary of the pope, were dismissed from their offices for having allowed the license to be obtained.

The sentence of confinement in the prison of the inquisition was commuted by the pope into a detention in the palace of the Archbishop Piccolomini at Sienna, whither Galileo was taken on the 6th of July, 1633. Having resided six months with this excellent prelate, he was allowed to return to his own house at Arcetri, under the same restrictions. In March, 1634, Galileo's favorite daughter died. This heavy blow, and the recurrence of some of his old complaints, threw him into a state of melancholy. In 1638 the pope permitted him to remove to Florence, under the condition that he should neither leave his house nor admit his friends.

During his confinement at Sienna and Arcetri, Galileo composed his *Dialogues on Local Motion*, which are still carried on by Salviati, Sagredo, and Simplicius,—a fact which proves that Simplicius was not intended to be the representative of Urban VIII. His attempts to have it printed at Vienna and at Prague, though aided by Cardinals Dietrichstein and Harrach, were frustrated for a considerable time. Finally, Elzevir printed them at Amsterdam.

In 1636 Galileo resumed his astronomical studies, and discovered the diurnal libration of the moon. In 1637 he became totally blind. After this grievous affliction, the severity of his sentence was relaxed, and he was permitted to enjoy free intercourse with his friends. The Grand Duke of Tuscany was a frequent visitor, and among his foreign visitors were Gassendi, Milton, and other men of learning. During the last few years of his life, he had, as part of his family, Viviani and Torricelli. There seems to be no doubt that in 1641 he had the idea of applying the pendulum to clocks; and that in consequence of his blindness he entrusted the execution of his plan to his son, who, in 1649, produced the pendulum clock. Galileo had begun a continuation of his *Dialogues on Motion*, and was occupied with the study of percussion, when he was attacked by fever. After two months' illness his death occurred on the 8th of January, 1642, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

His friends desired to erect a monument to him in the church of Santa Croce; but the authorities would not permit it. His body was buried in an obscure corner of the chapel

of SS. Cosimo and Damiano, within the convent; but in 1737 his remains were disinterred, and removed to the spot now marked by a splendid monument, in the church of Santa Croce, in the vicinity of the tombs of Dante, Machiavelli and Michael Angelo. The residence of Galileo is still visited by strangers. His telescopes and other relics have been preserved, like those of Newton, with religious care.

The official documents of the trial of Galileo were carried off to Paris in 1812-13. The pontifical court never ceased to claim them, and they were given back in 1845 on the express condition exacted by the French government—who were on the point of printing them—that they should be printed. In 1848 Pope Pius IX. entrusted them to Monsignor Marini, who in 1854 published a garbled edition of the documents. But in 1867 M. Henri de l'Épinois gave a more correct version, which led to a controversy resulting in the full publication of the documents in 1877. The letters of Galileo's daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, to her father have been printed, and give a touching picture of his blameless domestic life.

THE INVENTION OF THE TELESCOPE.

In 1609 Galileo, then being on a visit to a friend at Venice, heard a rumor of the recent invention, by a Dutch spectacle-maker, of an instrument which was said to represent distant objects nearer than they usually appeared. According to his own account, this general rumor, which was confirmed to him by letters from Paris, was all that he learned on the subject; and returning to Padua, he immediately applied himself to consider the means by which such an effect could be produced.

It is allowed by every one that the Dutchman, or rather Zealander, made his discovery by mere accident, which greatly derogates from any honor attached to it; but even this diminished degree of credit has been fiercely disputed. According to one account, which appears consistent and probable, it had been made for some time before its importance was in the slightest degree understood or appreciated, but was set up in the optician's shop as a curious philosophical toy, showing a large and inverted image of a weathercock, towards which it

was directed. The Marquis Spinola, chancing to see it, was struck with the phenomenon, purchased the instrument, and presented it either to the Archduke Albert of Austria, or to Prince Maurice of Nassau, whose name appears in every version of the story, and who first entertained the idea of employing it in military reconnoissances.

Galileo himself gives a very intelligible account of the process of reasoning, by which he detected the secret.—“I argued in the following manner: The contrivance consists either of one glass or of more—one is not sufficient, since it must be either convex, concave, or plane; the last does not produce any sensible alteration in objects, the concave diminishes them: it is true that the convex magnifies, but it renders them confused and indistinct; consequently, one glass is insufficient to produce the desired effect. Proceeding to consider two glasses, and bearing in mind that the plane glass causes no change, I determined that the instrument could not consist of the combination of a plane glass with either of the other two. I therefore applied myself to make experiments on combinations of the two other kinds, and thus obtained that of which I was in search.” It has been urged against Galileo, that if he really invented the telescope on theoretical principles, the same theory ought at once to have conducted him to a more perfect instrument than that which he at first constructed; but it is plain, from this statement, that he does not profess to have theorized beyond the determination of the species of glass which he should employ in his experiments, and the rest of his operations he avows to have been purely empirical. Besides, we must take into account the difficulty of grinding the glasses, particularly when fit tools were yet to be made; and something must be attributed to Galileo’s eagerness to bring his results to the test of actual experiment, without waiting for that improvement which a longer delay might and did suggest. Galileo’s telescope consisted of a plano-convex and plano-concave lens, the latter nearest the eye, distant from each other by the difference of their focal lengths, being, in principle, exactly the same with the modern opera-glass. He seems to have thought that the Dutch glass was the same, but this could not be the case, if the above quoted particular of

the *inverted* weathercock, which belongs to most traditions of the story, be correct; because it is the peculiarity of this kind of telescope not to invert objects, and we should be thus furnished with a demonstrative proof of the falsehood of Fuccarius' insinuation: in that case the Dutch glass must have been similar to what was afterwards called the astronomical telescope, consisting of two convex glasses distant from each other by the sum of their focal length. This supposition is not controverted by the fact, that this sort of telescope was never employed by astronomers till long afterwards; for the fame of Galileo's observations, and the superior excellence of the instruments constructed under his superintendence, induced every one in the first instance to imitate his constructions as closely as possible. The astronomical telescope was, however, eventually found to possess superior advantages over that which Galileo imagined, and it is on this latter principle that all modern refracting telescopes are constructed; the inversion being counteracted in those which are intended for terrestrial observations, by the introduction of a second pair of similar glasses, which restore the inverted image to its original position.

Galileo, about the same time, constructed microscopes on the same principle, for we find that in 1612 he presented one to Sigismund, King of Poland; but his attention being principally devoted to the employment and perfection of his telescope, the microscope remained a long time imperfect in his hands: twelve years later, in 1624, he wrote to P. Federigo Cesi, that he had delayed to send the microscope, the use of which he there describes, because he had only just brought it to perfection, having experienced some difficulty in working the glasses.

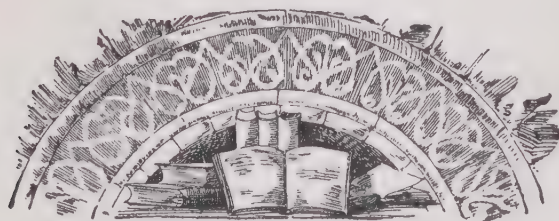
As soon as Galileo's first telescope was completed, he returned with it to Venice, and the extraordinary sensation which it excited tends also strongly to refute Fuccarius' assertion that the Dutch glass was already known there. During more than a month Galileo's whole time was employed in exhibiting his instrument to the principal inhabitants of Venice, who thronged to his house to satisfy themselves of the truth of the wonderful stories in circulation; and at the

end of that time the Doge, Leonardo Donati, caused it to be intimated to him that such a present would not be deemed unacceptable by the Senate. Galileo took the hint, and his complaisance was rewarded by a mandate confirming him for life in his professorship at Padua, at the same time doubling his yearly salary, which was thus made to amount to one thousand florins.

Instruments of an inferior description were soon manufactured, and vended everywhere as philosophical playthings. But the fabrication of a better sort was long confined, almost solely, to Galileo and those whom he immediately instructed; and so late as the year 1637, we find Gaertner, or, as he chose to call himself, Hortensius, assuring Galileo that none could be met with in Holland sufficiently good to show Jupiter's disc well defined; and in 1634 Gassendi begs for a telescope from Galileo, informing him that he was unable to procure a good one, either in Venice, Paris, or Amsterdam.

The instrument, on its first invention, was generally known by the names of Galileo's tube, the perspective, the double eye-glass: the names of telescope and microscope were suggested by Demisciano.—T. DRINKWATER.

NOTE.—The name *telescope* was employed by Galileo as early as 1612, but was not used in English until forty years later. Sometimes the simple terms *trunk* and *cylinder* were used instead. Milton and others call the telescope a *microscope*. The true microscope was invented by Zacharias Jansen in 1590.





SIR ISAAC NEWTON enriched science and humanity with splendid discoveries which demonstrate the harmony of the Universe. To the highest powers of invention he added the talent of simplifying and communicating to the ordinary understanding his profound speculations. He was born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, December 25, 1642 (old style), and was the only child of Isaac Newton, a farmer, who died in the same year. His mother was married again in 1645 to the Rev. Barnabas Smith. The child Newton busied himself with mechanical contrivances and acquired the art of using various tools with dexterity. He constructed a wind-mill and a water-clock. When he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, as sub-sizar in June, 1661, says Sir David Brewster, "he brought with him a more slender portion of science than falls to the lot of ordinary scholars." By his genius and application he soon made himself master of the Geometry of Descartes and Kepler's Optics. He took the degree of B. A. early in 1665.

Trinity College having been closed on account of the plague in that year, Newton retired to his native place. He invented the differential calculus or method of fluxions (probably in 1666) and, strange to say, the German Leibnitz discovered the same before Newton had published anything on the subject. It appears that Newton habitually postponed for some years the publication of his discoveries, and was, therefore, exposed to the charge of plagiarism by foreign

mathematicians. The germ of the doctrine of universal gravitation seems to have presented itself to Newton about 1666. While sitting in his garden at Woolsthorpe and speculating on the power of gravity, he saw an apple fall from a tree; it occurred to him that the same power which caused the apple to fall, might extend to the moon and retain it in its relation to the earth. But the thought remained barren for many years. Having returned to Cambridge in 1666, he applied himself to the grinding of optic glasses and studied the phenomena of color and the nature of light. He was elected a Fellow of his college in October, 1667, and about this time he made the grand discovery that light is not homogeneous, but consists of rays some of which are more refrangible than others. The enunciation of this doctrine marks one of the greatest epochs in experimental science.

Newton took his degree of Master of Arts in March, 1668, and succeeded Dr. Barrow as Lucasian professor of mathematics in 1669, and began at once to deliver courses of lectures on optics. He taught that there are seven primary colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. According to the emission theory of light, which he taught, luminous bodies emit in all directions material particles of inconceivable minuteness, which impinge upon the optic nerve and produce the sensation of light. The undulatory theory of light is now generally adopted. Newton's tranquillity was disturbed by disputes with Huyghens and Hooke, who advocated the undulatory theory. In a letter to Leibnitz, dated December 9, 1675, he says, "I was so persecuted with discussions arising out of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow."

Newton constructed a reflecting telescope with his own hands in 1671. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in January, 1672, and he communicated to that society a treatise on the "Theory of Light and Colors" in 1675. He described his optical discoveries in a work entitled "Opticks, or a Treatise on the Reflexions, Refractions, Inflexions and Colors of Light," the publication of which was postponed till 1704. He laid the first foundations of the science of

hydrodynamics, and set the example of laborious and exact experiments on the motions of fluids.

About 1684 he resumed the subject of gravity and his calculations in relation to the moon, and discovered the law of gravitation, which is the most universal scientific truth that human reason has ascertained. His exhaustive researches demonstrated that the orbit of the moon is curved by the same force which causes bodies to fall to the surface of the earth. This discovery was announced to the Royal Society in 1685 by his treatise, "*De Motu Corporum*." His greatest work is his "*Principia, or the Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*" (1687). "The great discovery," says Brewster, "which characterizes the *Principia*, is that of the principle of universal gravitation. This principle is, that every particle of matter is attracted by, or gravitates to, every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances." La Place expressed the opinion that the formulation of this law is "pre-eminent above all other productions of the human intellect."

Newton represented Cambridge in the Convention Parliament which met in January, 1689, by which the government of Great Britain was transferred to William III. and Mary. He supported the cause of civil and religious liberty in that critical period. During his lifetime this great philosopher received no mark of national gratitude for his discoveries, and he gained no pecuniary benefit from his works. "His income," says Brewster, "was certainly very confined, and but little suited to the generosity of his disposition." He devoted much time and attention to theology, on which he wrote several treatises. In his "Four Letters containing some arguments in proof of a Deity," written to Bentley in 1692 and 1693, he affirms that the motions of the planets could not be produced by any natural cause alone, but must be caused by a Divine and intelligent agent. "By thus uniting philosophy with religion," says Brewster, "he dissolved the league which genius had formed with skepticism, and added to the cloud of witnesses the brightest name of ancient or modern times." His rival in science, Leibnitz, endeavored to undermine Newton's influence, and represented the New-

tonian philosophy as physically false and dangerous to religion.

Newton was appointed warden of the mint in 1695 by his friend Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, and received a salary of about £600. In 1699 he obtained the office of master of the mint, which he held during the remainder of his life with a salary of about £1350. He retained his professorship at Cambridge until 1703, when he was returned to Parliament by that University. He was also elected President of the Royal Society, and by annual re-election so continued until his death. Queen Anne conferred on him the honor of knighthood in 1705. Newton was never married. He spent the last twenty years of his life in London, where he lived in handsome style. During this period the charge of his domestic affairs devolved on his accomplished niece, Mrs. Catharine Barton. He was modest, candid, and affable, and very liberal in the use of money. He died March 20, 1727, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"Whichever way we turn our view," says Sir John Herschel, "we find ourselves compelled to bow before his genius, and to assign to the name of Newton a place in our veneration which belongs to no other in the annals of science." But Newton himself, near the end of his life, uttered this memorable sentiment: "I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." The poet Pope has expressed in a terse couplet the judgment of the world:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Royal Society, the oldest and most famous of all scientific societies with a continuous existence, took its origin in some private meetings, got up in London by the Hon. Robert Boyle and a few scientific friends, during the English

Commonwealth. After the Restoration, Charles II., in 1662, incorporated it under the Royal Charter ; among the original members being Boyle, Hooke, Christopher Wren, and other less famous names. Boyle was a great experimenter, a worthy follower of Dr. Gilbert. Hooke began as his assistant, but being of a most extraordinary ingenuity he rapidly rose so as to exceed his master in importance. Fate has been a little unkind to Hooke in placing him so near to Newton ; had he lived in an ordinary age he would undoubtedly have shone as a star of the first magnitude. With great ingenuity, remarkable scientific insight, and consummate experimental skill, he stands in many respects almost on a level with Galileo. But it is difficult to see stars even of the first magnitude when the sun is up, and thus it happens that the name and fame of this brilliant man are almost lost in the blaze of Newton. Christopher Wren is well known as an architect, but he was a most accomplished all-around man, and had a considerable taste and faculty for science.

These were the luminaries of the Royal Society to whom Newton's first scientific publication was submitted. He communicated to them an account of his reflecting telescope, and presented them with the instrument. Their reception of it surprised him ; they were greatly delighted with it, and wrote specially thanking him for the communication, and assuring him that all right should be done him in the matter of the invention. Bishop Burnet proposed him for election as a Fellow, and elected he was. In reply, he expressed his surprise at the value they set on the telescope, and offered, if they cared for it, to send them an account of a discovery which he doubts not will prove much more grateful than the communication of that instrument, "being in my judgment the oddest, if not the most considerable detection that has recently been made into the operations of Nature."

So he told them about his optical researches and his discovery of the nature of white light, writing them a series of papers which were long afterwards incorporated and published as his *Optics*, a magnificent work, which of itself suffices to place its author in the first rank of the world's men of science. The nature of white light, the true doctrine of color, and the

differential calculus! besides a good number of minor results—binomial theorem, reflecting telescope, sextant, and the like; one would think it enough for one man's life-work, but the masterpiece remains still to be mentioned.

During 1672, the first year of his membership, there was read at one of the meetings a paper giving an account of a very careful determination of the length of a degree (*i. e.*, of the size of the earth), which had been made by Picard near Paris. The length of the degree turned out to be not sixty miles, but nearly seventy miles. Armed with this new datum, his old speculation concerning gravity occurred to him. He had worked out the mechanics of the solar system on a certain hypothesis, but it had remained somewhat out of harmony with apparent fact. He took out his old papers and began again the calculation. If gravity were the force keeping the moon in its orbit, it would fall toward the earth sixteen feet every minute. How far did it fall? The newly-known size of the earth would modify the figures: with intense excitement he runs through the working, his mind leaps before his hand, and as he perceives the answer to be coming out right, all the infinite meaning and scope of his mighty discovery flashes upon him, and he can no longer see the paper. He throws down the pen; and the secret of the universe is, to one man, known.

But of course it had to be worked out. The meaning might flash upon him, but its full detail required years of elaboration; and deeper and deeper consequences revealed themselves to him as he proceeded. For two years he devoted himself solely to this one object. During those years he lived but to calculate and think, and the most ludicrous stories are told concerning his entire absorption and inattention to ordinary affairs of life. Thus, for instance, when getting up in the morning he would sit on the side of the bed half-dressed, and remain thus till dinner time. Often he would stay at home for days together, eating what was taken to him, but without apparently noticing what he was doing.

The first part of the work having been done, any ordinary mortal would have proceeded to publish it; but the fact is that after he had sent to the Royal Society his papers on

optics, there had arisen controversies and objections, most of them rather paltry, to which he felt compelled to find answers. To Newton's shy and retiring disposition these discussions were merely painful. He writes, indeed, his answers with great patience and ability, and ultimately converts the more reasonable of his opponents, but he relieves his mind in the following letter to the secretary of the Royal Society: "I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy; but if I get free of this present business I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, except what I do for my private satisfaction or leave to come out after me; for I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or to become a slave to defend it." So he locked up the first part of the *Principia* in his desk, doubtless intending it to be published after his death. But fortunately this was not so to be.

In January, 1684, we find Wren offering Hooke and Halley a prize, in the shape of a book worth forty shillings, if they would either of them bring him within two months a demonstration that the path of a planet subject to an inverse square law would be an ellipse. Not in two months, nor yet in seven, was there any proof forthcoming. So at last, in August, Halley went over to Cambridge to speak to Newton about the difficult problem and secure his aid. Arriving at his rooms he went straight to the point. He said, "What path will a body describe if it be attracted by a centre with a force varying as the inverse square of the distance?" To which Newton at once replied, "An ellipse." "How on earth do you know?" said Halley, in amazement. "Why, I have calculated it," and began hunting about for the paper. He actually couldn't find it just then, but sent it him shortly by post, and with it much more—in fact, what appeared to be a complete treatise on motion in general.

With his valuable burden Halley hastened to the Royal Society and told them what he had discovered. The Society, at his representation, wrote to Mr. Newton asking leave that it might be printed. To this he consented. He set to work to finish it, and added to it a great number of later developments and embellishments, especially the part concerning the lunar theory, which gave him a great deal of trouble. Math-

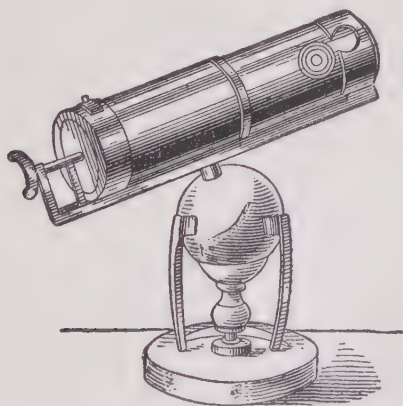
ematicians regard the achievement now as men might stare at the work of some demigod of a bygone age, wondering what manner of man this was, able to wield such ponderous implements with such apparent ease.

To Halley the world owes a great debt of gratitude—first, for discovering the *Principia*; second, for seeing it through the press; and third, for defraying the cost of its publication out of his own scanty purse. For though he ultimately suffered no pecuniary loss, rather the contrary, yet there was considerable risk in bringing out a book which not a dozen men living could at the time comprehend. It is no small part of the merit of Halley that he recognized the transcendent value of the yet unfinished work, that he brought it to light, and assisted in its becoming understood to the best of his ability.—O. LODGE.

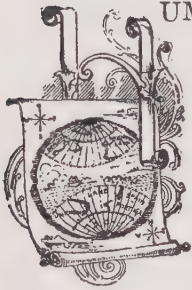
THE LAWS OF MOTION.

(Discovered by Galileo, stated by Newton.)

1. If no force acts on a body in motion, it continues to move uniformly in a straight line.
2. If force acts on a body in motion, it produces a change of motion proportional to the force, and in the same direction.
3. When one body exerts force on another, that other reacts with equal force upon the former.



NEWTON'S TELESCOPE.



UMBOLDT is to physical science what Goethe is to literature—the best representative of the nineteenth century. From the wide domain of Nature by direct observation he gathered a marvellous collection of facts, which he patiently arranged in a *Cosmos* by the versatility of his genius. He is justly called the father of Physical Geography. His poetic temperament and sweeping imagination gave him wider and deeper insight into Nature's working than the majority of scientists can attain.

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander Baron von Humboldt was born of a noble family in Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769. He was a son of Major George von Humboldt, who served as adjutant to the Duke of Brunswick in the Seven Years' War, and was afterwards Royal Chamberlain. His childhood was passed in his parents' residence, in the castle of Tegel, a few miles from Berlin. At the age of seven he began to study languages, and from an early age showed fondness for natural sciences. He received lessons in botany from Willdenow, in Berlin. From his zeal in collecting and labeling specimens he was called "the little apothecary." In 1786 he entered the University of Frankfort on the Oder, where he studied political economy and various sciences. Removing in 1788 to Göttingen, he had for teachers Blumenbach, Eichhorn and Heyne, and studied anatomy, physiology, etc. Here he formed an intimate friendship with George Forster, the eminent traveler and naturalist, who accompanied Captain Cook in his second voyage.

Having inherited from his father an ample fortune, Humboldt was able to devote his time to science. Geology and mineralogy he learned from Werner, one of the earliest investigators of the crust of the earth. In 1790, in company with George Forster, Humboldt traveled in France, Holland and England to explore the geology of those countries. In 1792 he was appointed director-general of the mines of Anspach and Baireuth, and he published a work on subterranean plants. In order to gratify his passion for travel and the study of Nature, which he calls "a free domain," he resigned his office of director in 1795. At Vienna he stopped to study, and then made a geological and botanical tour in Switzerland. At Weimar he formed a friendship with Goethe. Attracted by the researches of Galvani, he produced in 1797 *Experiments on Muscular and Nervous Irritation*.

From early youth Humboldt had cherished the desire of visiting remote and unexplored regions, and after the death of his mother, in 1796, he felt free to follow his bent. In 1798 he went to Paris to prepare for a journey to Upper Egypt, but this project was frustrated by the wars consequent on the French Revolution. Yet his visit enabled him to form a friendship with the botanist, Aimé Bonpland, who became his companion in a journey to Spain. They arrived at Madrid in March, 1799, and procured passports for South America, which was their further destination. Sailing from Corunna in June, 1799, they landed at Cumana in July, and at once began to collect plants of that vicinity. In the following spring they performed a long voyage in a canoe. Passing through regions infested with jaguars, crocodiles, mosquitoes, and tribes of savages, Humboldt narrowly escaped death. The party reached Angostura on the 13th of June, having in seventy-five days performed a passage of five hundred leagues on the five great rivers Apure, Orinoco, Atabapo, Rio Negro and Cassiquiare. In the next year the explorers visited Colombia, and ascended the Magdalena by boat to Honda, and in June, 1802, they ascended Mount Chimborazo to a point 19,200 feet above the level of the sea, and about 1650 feet from the summit. It was then supposed to be the highest peak in America. Turning northward, Humboldt's

party explored Mexico in 1803, paying particular attention to the volcanoes. They reached Philadelphia in June, 1804, and returned to Europe in August. They had secured rich collections of animals, plants and minerals, whose value Humboldt's genius was to prove.

After his return Humboldt spent about twenty years in Paris in arranging and studying his collections, and in composing the books which made known his travels, discoveries and observations to the world. In this arduous task he was assisted by the ablest scientists of the time, Bonpland, Arago, Cuvier, Gay-Lussac, Kunth, and others. Paris was a congenial place of residence, as he was a man of liberal thought.

One of his first publications was the interesting and admirable *Aspects of Nature* (1808). With his assistants he published in French *A Journey to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent* (1814), which has been pronounced "the finest book of travels ever written;" *Views of the Cordilleras and Monuments of the Aborigines of America* (1810); *A Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain* (1811). In 1817 appeared his important work, *On the Geographical Distribution of Plants According to the Temperature and Altitude*. In this he first delineated isothermal lines. Several botanical and astronomical works by other authors were based on his researches.

Humboldt was elected a member of the French Institute, and as a member of the Society of Arcueil (a village some three miles from Paris) he associated with the scientists Biot, Gay-Lussac, Thénard, De Candolle, Berthollet and Malus. His own peerless scientific reputation caused his services to be sought by the sovereigns of Europe. The first demand came from his own country. At the urgent request of King Frederic William III., Humboldt returned to Berlin in 1826, was appointed a councillor, and delivered lectures in the University. By invitation of the Czar of Russia, Humboldt, Ehrenberg and Rose explored Asiatic Russia in 1829. Between 1830 and 1848 he was also sent to Paris on several diplomatic missions. When he was over seventy-two years old he composed in German his great work entitled, *Cosmos: an Essay of a Physical Description of the Universe* (5 vols.

1845-1858). This remarkable book was a fitting summary of his life-work, and all Europe acknowledged that he was the man best fitted by natural endowments, by scientific culture, by extensive travel and observation, by clearness and precision of thought, and by mastery of style, to accomplish such an undertaking. Humboldt died in Berlin on the 6th of May, 1859. He was never married. Goethe once remarked of the great scientific traveler, "I may say he has not his equal in knowledge, in living wisdom."

THE UNITY OF NATURE.

It has not unfrequently happened that the researches made at remote distances have often and unexpectedly thrown light upon subjects which had long resisted the attempts made to explain them within the narrow limits of our own sphere of observation. Organic forms that had long remained isolated, both in the animal and vegetable kingdom, have been connected by the discovery of intermediate links of transition. The geography of beings endowed with life attains completeness as we see the species, genera, and entire families belonging to one hemisphere reflected, as it were, in the analogous animal and vegetable forms of the opposite hemisphere. They are, so to speak, the *equivalents* which mutually personate and replace one another in the great series of organisms. These connecting links and stages of transition may be traced alternately in a deficiency or an excess of development of certain parts, in the mode of junction of distinct organs, in the difference of the balance of forces, or in a resemblance to intermediate forms which are not permanent, but characteristic of certain phases of normal development.

Passing from the consideration of beings endowed with life to that of inorganic bodies, we find many striking illustrations of the high state of advancement to which modern geology has attained. We thus see, according to the grand views of Elie de Beaumont, how chains of mountains dividing different climates and floras and different races of men, reveal to us their relative age, both by the character of the sedimentary strata they have uplifted, and by the directions which

they follow over the long fissures with which the earth's crust is furrowed. Relations of super-positions of trachyte and of syenitic porphyry, of diorite and of serpentine, which remain doubtful when considered in the auriferous soil of Hungary, in the rich platinum districts of the Ural, and on the south-western declivity of the Siberian Altai, are elucidated by the observations made on the plateaus of Mexico and Antioquia, and in the unhealthy ravines of Choës. The important facts on which the physical history of the world has been based in modern times, have not been accumulated by chance.

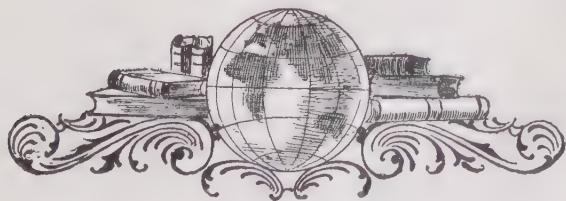
A more accurate knowledge of the connection of physical phenomena will also tend to remove the prevalent error that all branches of natural science are not equally important in relation to general cultivation and industrial progress. An arbitrary distinction is frequently made between the various degrees of importance appertaining to mathematical sciences, to the study of organized beings, the knowledge of electromagnetism, and investigations of the general properties of matter in its different conditions of molecular aggregation ; and it is not uncommon presumptuously to affix a supposed stigma upon researches of this nature, by terming them "purely theoretical," forgetting that in the observation of a phenomenon which at first sight appears to be wholly isolated, may be concealed the germ of a great discovery.

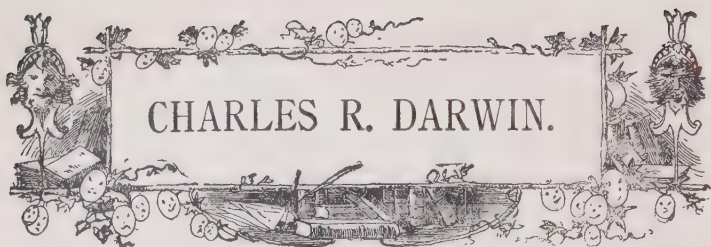
When Galvani first stimulated the nervous fibre by the accidental contact of two heterogeneous metals, his contemporaries could never have anticipated that the action of the voltaic pile would discover to us, in their alkalies, metals of a silvery lustre, so light as to swim on water, and highly inflammable ; or that it would become a powerful instrument of chemical analysis, and at the same time a thermoscope and a magnet. When Huyghens first observed, in 1678, the phenomenon of the polarization of light, exhibited in the difference of the two rays into which a pencil of light divides itself in passing through a doubly refracting crystal, it could not have been foreseen that a century and a half later the great philosopher Arago would, by his discovery of chromatic polarization, be led to discern, by means of a small fragment of Iceland spar, whether solar light emanates from a solid

body or a gaseous covering ; or whether comets transmit light directly or merely by reflection.

An equal appreciation of all branches of the mathematical, physical and natural sciences is a special requirement of the present age in which the material wealth and the growing prosperity of nations are principally based upon a more enlightened employment of the product and forces of nature. The most superficial glance at the present condition of Europe shows that a diminution or even a total annihilation of national prosperity must be the award of those states who shrink with slothful indifference from the great struggle of rival nations in the career of industrial arts. It is with nations as with nature, which, according to Goethe, "knows no pause in progress and in development, and attaches her curse on all inaction." Man cannot act upon nature, or appropriate her forces to his own use, without comprehending their full extent, and having an intimate acquaintance with the laws of the physical world. Bacon has said that, in human societies, knowledge is power. Both must rise and sink together. But the knowledge which results from the free action of thought is at once the delight and the indestructible prerogative of man ; and in forming part of the wealth of mankind, it not unfrequently serves as a substitute for the natural riches which are but sparingly scattered over the earth. Those states which take no part in the general industrial movement, in the choice and preparation of natural substances, or in the application of mechanics and chemistry, and in whom this activity is not appreciated by all classes of society, will infallibly see their prosperity diminish in proportion as neighboring countries become strengthened and invigorated under the genial influence of arts and sciences.

—A. VON HUMBOLDT.





ANY strange upheavals of supposedly firmly established beliefs in all departments of science, moral and physical, have been witnessed in the Nineteenth Century, but none was attended with such wreck and ruin among the tenets of religious thinkers as the doctrine of evolution. It burst suddenly into the placid realm of thought, changed the very foundations of the old doctrines, and, with the scant warning and irresistible force of a seismic wave, rended into fragments the time-honored doctrines of the world's greatest philosophers. Though its advent seemed abrupt and its stroke swift, as in destructive catastrophes, and consequently provoked the fiercest criticism and hostility, time has only changed antagonists into friendly helpmates in the unbiased search for truth. This is not meant to convey that Darwinism (using a convenient term) has outlived its critics. It has not even professed to explain the secrets of being; but when Darwin put forth in 1859 his work on the *Origin of Species* he proved to be a pioneer who had laboriously cleared a new track through the dark forest of the unknown, which now all scientists agree in adopting as the path that leads toward the light beyond.

Among all the illustrious scientists of our time, so fruitful of the genius of research, none rank greater in eminence than Darwin, and none, with the signal exception of his friend and co-worker Huxley, had so interesting a personality. Charles Robert Darwin was born at Shrewsbury on the 12th of February, 1809, the same year that gave to poetry Tennyson,

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Edgar Allan Poe; to statecraft, Abraham Lincoln, Gladstone, and Jules Favre; to literature and the healing art, Oliver Wendell Holmes. His grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, author of *Zoonomia* and *The Botanic Garden*, was an acute observer and philosopher, but was gifted with a poetic vein lacking in his more profound descendant. Born to a fortune, Darwin confesses that this fact took all interest out of his early studies, first for the medical profession and, later, for the Church. In his *Descent of Man* he insists on the advantage to the community at large of the inheritance of wealth, as enabling the most cultured class to develop trained minds for public service. "The presence of a body of well-instructed men, who have not to labor for their daily bread, is important to a degree that can hardly be over-estimated; as all high intellectual work is carried on by them, and on such work material progress of all kinds mainly depends—not to mention other and higher advantages." When the taste and the gift for scientific investigation developed in him, much to his own astonishment, he became perhaps the most notable example of his just quoted theory. This taste was awakened by intercourse with Professor Henslow, the botanist, when he was at Christ College, Cambridge. The only distinctive merit Darwin modestly claims for himself is, that he was a tireless observer of seemingly trivial facts, and a patient recorder of everything those facts, comprehensively considered, seemed to indicate. But for his ample means he could not have so laboriously accumulated the materials and experiments, nor have afforded the leisure to build up his book on Plant Fertilization during eleven years, nor that on Insectivorous Plants, which consumed sixteen years, nor the forty years of continuous experimentation upon a patch of ground, in which he qualified himself to discourse upon the habits and achievements of Earthworms.

He thought himself fortunate when, in his twenty-third year, he was allowed to accompany the Government surveying expedition, as naturalist, at his own charges, to Patagonia. His journals during five years' circumnavigation of the globe are still popular. They mark an epoch in the advance of

scientific knowledge. His health was permanently undermined by constant sea-sickness, and it is characteristic of the man that to his invalid condition, isolating him from temptations to social pleasures, he ascribes the merit of his lifework.

From his marriage in 1839, and removal to his country home three years later, he gave himself entirely to working out the theory which bears his name. His two books on *Coral Reefs* and *Volcanic Islands*, by their originality and soundness, had insured the more than respectful attention of the scientific world for whatever Darwin might utter, even if running counter to accepted doctrines. It was known that his pen would be kept well in hand, and that none but the sanest deductions would follow from masses of carefully gathered, skillfully assorted, and conscientiously weighed facts. Realizing this, Darwin had, for several years, been maturing his views upon the origin of species, loth to formulate them until fully assured of his strength to demonstrate his position in the completest way. "Early in 1856 (he says in his Autobiography) Sir Charles Lyell (the geologist) advised me to write out my views pretty fully, and I began to do so on a scale three or four times as extensive as that which was afterwards followed in my *Origin of Species*, yet it was only an abstract of the materials I had collected." But his original manuscript statement of his theory had been read and mutually discussed by Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker, the botanist, as far back as 1844.

A singular thing happened. The eminent naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace, Darwin's junior by thirteen years, had hit upon the same theory of Natural Selection, and submitted it in a manuscript form to Darwin for his judgment. The coincidence caused Darwin much pain, as, though he had been first in the field, Wallace's paper, soon to be printed, would give priority to him. Ultimately, and without a shadow of ill-feeling anywhere, their mutual friends presented a joint paper by the two authors to the Linnæan Society, and both were content. They remained close life-long friends and co-workers. Darwin's great book appeared in 1859. Its radical nature was quickly perceived, even by the non-scient-

tific public. With the impetuosity of incomplete knowledge many good men rushed into the unfamiliar arena, not so much to defend their inherited opinions as to demolish him who dared to bring them new light. The charge of atheism was easily, as of old, hurled at the teacher who unfolded more of the wonders of nature. Years pass, and this same teacher is found to merit the last honors of sepulture in Westminster Abbey amid the homage-yielding throng of illustrious men, poets and scholars, scientists and philosophers, clerics and the pious laity of all the churches.

The doctrine which will always be associated with Darwin's name cannot shortly be stated in his own words. It can be epitomized as an attempt to account for the diversities of life on our globe by assuming a continuous evolution from the lowest forms of life to the higher, without the intervention of any special creative act. This was not a new doctrine when Darwin took it up, but he made it his own by his novel grasp of principles and the thoroughness of his evidence. It declared for the derivative origin of all species, as against a separate creation. Under this law of evolution there is and has been everlastingly going on, in every particle of the surface of the earth, a struggle for existence among the forms of animal and vegetable organic life there existing. In this struggle the weaker succumb to the stronger, the stronger survive, mate with their equals and superiors, and multiply. According to conditions around them, these races vary and modify, these modifications increase, become distinct characteristics, and permanent. Thus we get the survival of the fittest, and by infinitely slow and ever-varying stages, we arrive at the superior species, of which man is the summit.

In 1871 Darwin carried his system further in the book on *The Descent of Man*. Defending his contention that man is but the outcome of a lower form of animal, his "reason" being much the same stuff as the "instinct" he condescendingly allows to his humbler kin, Darwin puts it that "the mental powers of man, though so different in degree to those of the higher animals, are yet the same in kind; while in the social instincts existing so strongly in many animals may be found the basis for the moral sense or

conscience of the human race. The following proposition seems to me in a high degree probable—namely, that any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well-developed, or nearly as well-developed, as in man.”

The charm of simplicity, not merely of style, but of mind, the transparent honesty of a child uttering its very thought, marks everything that comes from Darwin's pen. He is read with equal delight by the learned and the unlearned, and his humility wins perfect confidence in his judgment. Darwin was the very last man to countenance the claims of Darwinism. His sole ambition was to gather, assort and offer suggestions upon hitherto neglected facts in nature, that others might supersede his generalizations by their own better insight or reasoning. This enviable simplicity of nature was the characteristic of his life as well as his writings. Haeckel, the eminent German biologist, describes his first visit to Darwin at home. He was welcomed on the doorstep by “the great naturalist himself, a tall and venerable figure, with the broad shoulders of an Atlas supporting a world of thoughts, his Jupiter-like head highly and broadly arched and deeply furrowed, his kindly, mild eyes looking forth under the shadow of prominent brows, his amiable mouth surrounded by a copious silver-white beard. The cordial, prepossessing expression of the whole face, the gentle, mild voice, the slow, deliberate utterance, the natural and naive train of ideas which marked his conversation, captivated my whole heart in the first hour of our meeting, just as his great work had formerly taken my whole understanding by storm. I fancied a lofty world-sage out of Hellenic antiquity, a Socrates or Aristotle, stood before me.” Darwin died on April 19, 1882, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

(Darwin's Account of his Discovery.)

From September, 1854, I devoted my whole time to arranging my huge pile of notes, to observing, and to experimenting in relation to the transmutation of species. During the voyage

of the "Beagle" I had been deeply impressed by discovering in the Pampean formation great fossil animals covered with armor like that on the existing armadillos; secondly, by the manner in which closely allied animals replace one another in proceeding southwards over the Continent; and, thirdly, by the South American character of most of the productions of the Galapagos archipelago, and more especially by the manner in which they differ slightly on each island of the group; none of the islands appearing to be very ancient in a geological sense.

It was evident that such facts as these, as well as many others, could only be explained on the supposition that species gradually become modified; and the subject haunted me. But it was equally evident that neither the action of the surrounding conditions, nor the will of the organisms (especially in the case of plants) could account for the innumerable cases in which organisms of every kind are beautifully adapted to their habits of life—for instance, a woodpecker or a tree-frog to climb trees, or a seed for dispersal by hooks or plumes. I had always been much struck by such adaptations, and until these could be explained it seemed to me almost useless to endeavor to prove by indirect evidence that species have been modified.

After my return to England it appeared to me that by following the example of Lyell in Geology, and by collecting all facts which bore in any way on the variation of animals and plants under domestication and nature, some light might perhaps be thrown on the whole subject. My first note-book was opened in July, 1837. I worked on true Baconian principles, and without any theory collected facts on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed inquiries, by conversation with skillful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading. When I see the list of books of all kinds which I read and abstracted, including whole series of Journals and Transactions, I am surprised at my industry. I soon perceived that selection was the keystone of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants. But how selection could be applied to organisms living in a state of nature remained for some time a mystery to me.

In October, 1838, that is, fifteen months after I had begun

my systematic inquiry, I happened to read for amusement "Malthus on Population," and being well prepared to appreciate the struggle for existence which everywhere goes on from long-continued observation of the habits of animals and plants, it at once struck me that under these circumstances favorable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavorable ones to be destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. Here then I had at last got a theory by which to work; but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it. In June, 1842, I first allowed myself the satisfaction of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in 35 pages; and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of 230 pages, which I had fairly copied out and still possess.

But at that time I overlooked one problem of great importance; and it is astonishing to me, except on the principle of Columbus and his egg, how I could have overlooked it and its solution. This problem is the tendency in organic beings descended from the same stock to diverge in character as they become modified. That they have diverged greatly is obvious from the manner in which species of all kinds can be classed under genera, genera under families, families under sub-orders, and so forth; and I can remember the very spot in the road, whilst in my carriage, when to my joy the solution occurred to me; and this was long after I had come to Down. The solution, as I believe, is that the modified offspring of all dominant and increasing forms tend to become adapted to many and highly diversified places in the economy of nature.

Early in 1856 Lyell advised me to write out my views pretty fully, and I began at once to do so on a scale three or four times as extensive as that which was afterwards followed in my "Origin of Species;" yet it was only an abstract of the materials which I had collected, and I got through about half the work on this scale. But my plans were overthrown, for early in the summer of 1858 Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who was then in the Malay archipelago, sent me an essay "On the Tendency of Varieties to depart indefinitely from the Original Type;" and this essay contained exactly the same

theory as mine. Mr. Wallace expressed the wish that if I thought well of his essay, I should send it to Lyell for perusal.

The circumstances under which I consented at the request of Lyell and Hooker to allow of an abstract from my MS., together with a letter to Asa Gray, dated September 5, 1857, to be published at the same time with Wallace's Essay, are given in the "Journal of the Proceedings of the Linnean Society," 1858, p. 45. I was at first very unwilling to consent, as I thought Mr. Wallace might consider my doing so unjustifiable, for I did not then know how generous and noble was his disposition. The extract from my MS. and the letter to Asa Gray had neither been intended for publication, and were badly written. Mr. Wallace's essay, on the other hand, was admirably expressed and quite clear. Nevertheless, our joint productions excited very little attention, and the only published notice of them which I can remember was by Professor Haughton, of Dublin, whose verdict was that all that was new in them was false, and what was true was old. This shows how necessary it is that any new view should be explained at considerable length in order to arouse public attention.

In September, 1858, I set to work by the strong advice of Lyell and Hooker to prepare a volume on the transmutation of species, but was often interrupted by ill-health, and short visits to Dr. Lane's delightful hydropathic establishment at Moor Park. I abstracted the MS. begun on a much larger scale in 1856, and completed the volume on the same reduced scale. It cost me thirteen months and ten days' hard labor. It was published under the title of the "Origin of Species," in November, 1859. Though considerably added to and corrected in the later editions, it has remained substantially the same book.

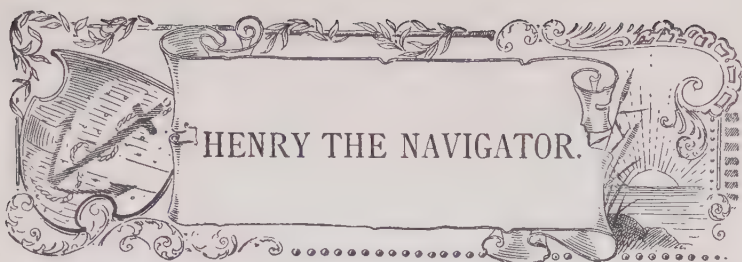
It is no doubt the chief work of my life. It was from the first highly successful. The first small edition of 1,250 copies was sold on the day of publication, and a second edition of 3,000 copies soon afterwards. Sixteen thousand copies have now (1876) been sold in England; and considering how stiff a book it is, this is a large sale. It has been translated into almost every European tongue, even into such languages as Spanish, Bohemian, Polish and Russian. Even an essay in

Hebrew has appeared on it, showing that the theory is contained in the Old Testament! The reviews were very numerous; for some time I collected all that appeared on the "Origin" and on my related books, and these amount (excluding newspaper reviews) to 265; but after a time I gave up the attempt in despair. Many separate essays and books on the subject have appeared; and in Germany a catalogue or bibliography on "Darwinismus" has appeared every year or two.

I have almost always been treated honestly by my reviewers, passing over those without scientific knowledge as not worthy of notice. My views have often been grossly misrepresented, bitterly opposed and ridiculed, but this has been generally done, as I believe, in good faith. On the whole I do not doubt that my works have been over and over again greatly over-praised. I rejoice that I have avoided controversies, and this I owe to Lyell, who many years ago, in reference to my geological works, strongly advised me never to get entangled in a controversy, as it rarely did any good and caused a miserable loss of time and temper.

Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, or that my work has been imperfect, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been over-praised, so that I have felt mortified, it has been my greatest comfort to say hundreds of times to myself that "I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this." I remember when in Good Success Bay, in Tierra del Fuego, thinking (and, I believe, that I wrote home to the effect) that I could not employ my life better than in adding a little to Natural Science. This I have done to the best of my abilities, and critics may say what they like, but they cannot destroy this conviction.—C. R. DARWIN.





ISE and judicious promotion of maritime discovery, though he himself did not participate in the numerous expeditions he equipped and sent out, gained for Prince Henry of Portugal the honorable surname of "The Navigator." His plans were based on scientific principles, and in spite of some early failures resulted eventually in the discovery of half the globe within one century. The world owes more to the Portuguese and Spanish navigators, intrepid and daring sailors, than it can ever repay; nor can it be hoped that the world will ever fully realize its debt. In combat with the bold fighters of the time of Drake they proved their courage, and their defeats were due more to their unwieldy vessels than to lack of courage. How much more might the early Portuguese discoverers have accomplished with ships of English or Norse construction? The Infant Dom Henrique was born in Oporto, March 4th, 1394. He was the fourth son of King John or João I. of Portugal, his mother being Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt. Thus Prince Henry was the nephew of Henry VI., of England, and great-grandson of Edward III. He early showed fondness for the study of mathematics and cosmography, and had also a warm passion for the glory of his country and the propagation of the Christian religion. Portugal was then recovering from her subjugation by the Moors. In 1415 Henry served with distinction at the taking of the Moorish city of Ceuta, which was accomplished in a single day, and for his valor he would

have received the honor of knighthood before his elder brothers, had he not warmly entreated that they should all share it together. Several other engagements in Africa gave him further distinction, and not only was he made by his father commander-in-chief of the Portuguese forces in that country, but the Pope, the emperor, the King of Castile, and Henry V. of England, invited him to take command of their respective forces. In pursuance of his grander designs, however, he obtained permission of his father to take up his abode on the extreme southwestern point of Europe, on the promontory of Sagres in Algarve, of which kingdom he was made governor in 1419. Although the west coast of Africa had not yet been explored, the thoughts of Prince Henry were already directed to the hope of reaching India by passing around the south point of Africa. For this unusual object of ambition, Henry, although a king's son, relinquished the pleasures of the court, and went to live on a small barren peninsula, near Cape St. Vincent. Its rocky surface showed no sign of vegetation, except a few stunted juniper trees, to relieve the sadness of a waste of shifting sand. Another spot so cold, so barren, or so dreary, could scarcely be found on the warm and genial soil of sunny Portugal. Here he built an observatory, and a town which in its plan and fortifications surpassed any other in Portugal. He devoted himself to the study of astronomy, and called to his aid Mestre Jacome, a famous master of the art of navigation and a skillful map-maker. He considerably improved the art of shipbuilding, greatly extended, if he did not introduce, the use of the compass in navigation, and determined the modes of ascertaining the longitude and latitude by astronomical observations. For this he recommended the use of the astrolabe, since superseded by the quadrant and sextant.

An expedition which Prince Henry sent out in 1418, under Zarco and Vaz, failed in the attempt to double Cape Bojador, on the coast of the Great African Desert, and proceeded only to an island which they named Puerto Santo. But in the next year they discovered the island of Madeira, which has remained a possession of the crown of Portugal. The nobles, however, complained much of the useless expense of his

expeditions, but the prince used the rich revenues of the Order of Christ, of which he was Grand Master. In 1434, one of his captains named Galianez passed Cape Bojador, and in the next year carried his discoveries considerably farther. The death of King John, in 1438, interrupted the prosecution of these discoveries; but in 1442 his captain, Alfonso Gonsalves, brought back from the coast of Africa some negroes and a quantity of gold dust. This prospect of rich returns led to the establishment of a trading company at Lagos under the auspices of Prince Henry. Acts of hostility with the natives ensued, such as have always unfortunately attended expeditions for discovery and commerce; but the humanity of Henry repressed them as much as possible. The discovery of the Azores took place in 1448; and in 1449 Prince Henry's fleets discovered the Cape Verde Islands, and coasted sixty leagues beyond that promontory.

Seldom, and only by affairs of State, was the Prince drawn from his studies at Sagres. He was determined to make accurate tables of the declination of the sun as an aid in navigation. In one more military undertaking, however, he engaged. In 1458, in company with his nephew, Alfonso V., he laid siege to Alcazar Seguer, and displayed humanity rare in that age, especially when the objects of it were infidels. After the capture of Alcazar Seguer he returned to Sagres, and there died, November 13th, 1460. A year later his body was removed to the splendid convent of Batalha.

Early in life Prince Henry had adopted as his motto "*Talent de bien faire*," and on this he always acted. He found the art of navigation still in its infancy; the sailors, timid and ignorant, crept along the coasts; when sent out on voyages of discovery they eagerly seized any imaginary danger or ridiculous report as a reason for returning. Close as Africa is to Portugal, the Portuguese, down to the beginning of the fifteenth century, do not appear to have sailed along the West coast beyond the ominously named Cape Non. For forty-two years Henry labored unceasingly, sent out at his own cost expedition after expedition on voyages of discovery, endeavored by sound reasoning to remove the absurd alarms of the sailors, encouraged their commanders by rewards, sug-

gested the great use of latitude and longitude in sailing, showed how these were to be ascertained by astronomical observations, and improved the art of shipbuilding. The knowledge of the west coast of Africa was now extended to the Rio Grande, or Jeba, in about 12° N. latitude, the Cape de Verde Islands discovered, Madeira and the Azores re-discovered. This is the sum of the direct result of the Prince's labors in his lifetime; but still more important was the grand impulse given to discovery, which before the close of the fifteenth century added a New World to the Old.

Prince Henry the Navigator may be regarded as the author of all the commercial prosperity to which his nation afterwards attained by her East Indian possessions. He is honored as a man stout of heart, keen in intellect, and extraordinarily ambitious of achieving great deeds. Free alike from luxury or avarice, he was so generous that the household of no uncrowned prince found so large and excellent a training school. All worthies of the kingdom and foreigners of renown found a welcome in his house; none left it without a proof of his generosity. His self-discipline was unsurpassed; his days, and often nights, were spent in hard work. He was a thoroughly scientific, and at the same time a thoroughly practical man. When his early experiments failed, he pressed on undaunted until he had trained his assistants to achieve success. He was constant in adversity, humble in prosperity, obedient to his sovereign, and devoted to the welfare of his country.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Very few details are left to us of the astronomical instruments used in the time of Prince Henry the Navigator. The altitude of a star was taken by the astrolabe and the quadrant by means of an alidade, or ruled index, having two holes pierced in its extremities, through which the ray passed. The quadrant hung vertically from a ring which was held in the hand. We do not know how these instruments were graduated, but it is to be presumed very roughly. The astrolabe, the compass, time-pieces, and charts were employed by sailors in the Mediterranean at the beginning of the fifteenth

century. The learned Count Libri, in his great work on the History of Mathematical Sciences in Italy, quotes in corroboration of this statement the Guerino Meschino, said to have been written at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The earliest allusion to the use of the compass in the Middle Ages yet discovered, occurs in a treatise, *De Utensilibus*, by Alexander Neckam, a native of St. Albans ; who, as early as 1180, when he was but twenty-three years of age, had become famous as a professor in the University of Paris. For the treatise in question we are indebted to the learned researches of our distinguished and indefatigable antiquary, Mr. Thomas Wright. It is given in a privately-printed "Volume of Vocabularies," illustrating the manners of our forefathers from the tenth century to the fifteenth. The earliest account of the mariner's compass previously known was contained in some often-repeated lines of a satirical poem entitled the "Bible," by Guyot de Provins, in which he wishes the Pope were as safe a point to look to as the North Star is to mariners, who can steer towards it without seeing it, by the direction of a needle floating in a straw on a basin of water, after being touched by the magnet.

Nothing can more clearly prove than these two passages, that the compass was in use in the West at the close of the twelfth century. But to show how limited that use must have been, even more than half a century later, it is only necessary to refer to a passage in the description of a visit paid by Brunetto Latini, the tutor of the immortal Dante, to Roger Bacon, at Oxford, apparently in the year 1258. When driven out of Florence by the Ghibelline faction, Latini had sought an asylum with the Earl of Provence, brother-in-law to King Henry the Third. He came over to England with the king's brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, then newly-elected King of the Romans, in the quality of preceptor to Henry d'Almaine, Richard's eldest son. From England he addressed descriptions of what he saw to the poet Guido Cavalcanti, who also had been one of his pupils. These interesting letters, written in the French patois of the Romansch language, were translated in 1802, under the title of "Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters." He says :

“The Parliament being summoned to assemble at Oxford [probably the Mad Parliament in 1258], I did not fail to see Friar Bacon as soon as I arrived, and (among other things) he showed me a black ugly stone, called a magnet, which had the surprising property of drawing iron to it; and upon which if a needle be rubbed, and afterwards fastened to a straw, so that it shall swim upon water, the needle will instantly turn towards the Pole-star; therefore, be the night ever so dark, so that neither moon nor star be visible, yet shall the mariner be able, by the help of this needle, to steer his vessel aright.

“This discovery, which appears useful in so great a degree to all who travel by sea, must have remained concealed until other times; because no master-mariner dares to use it lest he should fall under a supposition of his being a magician; nor would even the sailors venture themselves out to sea under his command, if he took with him an instrument which carries so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some infernal spirit. A time may come when these prejudices, which are of such great hindrance to researches into the secrets of nature, will probably be no more; and it will be then that mankind shall reap the benefit of the labors of such learned men as Friar Bacon, and do justice to that industry and intelligence for which he and they now meet with no other return than obloquy and reproach.”

Thus far we find the mariner possessed of a contrivance which, without the moral hindrance to its use referred to by Brunetto Latini, might possibly be used at sea, but certainly only under favorable conditions. It is clear that as yet it was known as an article of curiosity rather than one of practical utility. At what time it became effectively serviceable by being fitted into a box and connected with the compass-card, we have as yet no historical data to show; but we are told by Antonio Beccadelli, surnamed Il Panormita, from his birth-place, Palermo, and who was a contemporary of Prince Henry, that sailors were first indebted to Amalfi for the use of the magnet: “*Prima dedit nautis usum magnetis Amalphis*” (Amalfi first gave to sailors the use of the magnet); and, “*Inventrix præclara fuit magnetis Amalphis*” (“Amalfi was the illustrious inventor of the magnet.” The former line was

better calculated than the latter to win honor for the Amalfitan, Flavio Gioga, who is therein referred to. We have already seen that the invention of the magnet was certainly not due to him, for by common consent the period at which he flourished was the beginning of the fourteenth century ; but if the honor described in the former line of having given to sailors the use of the magnet might be taken in its severest meaning, we might gather that he supplied what was hitherto wanting, viz.: the box and fittings which made the compass available. Be this as it may, we have certain evidence of the practical use of the needle at sea before Prince Henry's time, not only by the above lines of Antonio Beccadelli, but from the words of Prince Henry himself, when urging on one of his navigators to the rounding of Cape Bojador.

—R. H. MAJOR.

NOTE.—There is no doubt that the polarity of the magnet and some use of the compass were known in China long before they are mentioned in European history. Some investigators find traces of the former in Chinese annals before 2600 B.C. The Chinese consider that the magnetic needle points to the south, and they assert that ships were directed by it in the Tsin dynasty, before 400 A.D. The needle is said to have been placed on a straw floating in a small dish of water. This rude index appears to have received little improvement until the Portuguese navigators penetrated the East Indies in the sixteenth century.





TO Magellan is usually, and in a certain sense justly, given the credit of having first circumnavigated the globe, for, though he perished before that great work was completely done, it was accomplished by the vessels which he had commanded. His name is familiar in the partly Latinized form, Magellan; Fernando Magalhães is its more exact Portuguese form. He was born in the province

of Alemtejo, in Portugal, about the year 1470. Having entered the Portuguese navy, he served for five years in the East Indies, under Alfonso Albuquerque, and greatly distinguished himself at the taking of Malacca in 1511. But, his merits being overlooked, he became dissatisfied, and returning to Europe, sought employment in the service of Spain.

These two nations were now engrossing maritime discovery, and so numerous and active were the navigators of the respective services that the claim of priority was often difficult to settle. But by the amicable arrangement made in 1494, all the lands west of a meridian passing down the Atlantic, 370 leagues west of the Azores, were to belong to Spain, and those east of that line to Portugal. The length of a degree had not then been correctly measured, and the dimensions of the earth were imperfectly known. The Moluccas, or Spice Islands, had been lately discovered, and great value was set upon them by both nations. Some held that they should belong to Portugal. Magellan maintained the opposite view, that they could most easily be reached by

sailing west, and should, therefore, be the property of Spain ; and he even offered to conduct a fleet thither by a western route round the south of the American continent.

Magellan was put in command of a squadron of five ships, two of 120 tons, two of 90, and one of 60, the crews numbering in all 236 men. He left S. Lucar de Barrameda on the 20th of September, 1519. His object being to discover a strait or open sea, which would take him to the Moluccas, he directed his course with great judgment to the southern shores of Brazil, and entered the La Plata River ; but he was soon convinced that it was not a strait. He then sailed southward, along the eastern coast of Patagonia, and was obliged to winter in the harbor of St. Julian. It was in April, 1520, that he arrived here, just at the beginning of the Southern winter, which lasts with great severity till October. Discomforts produced by the limited supply of provisions, and the rigors of the climate, ripened into loudly-expressed discontent and a demand for an immediate return home. At length an open mutiny broke out, headed by the officers of the other ships, and chiefly confined to those vessels. The officers were Spaniards and had chafed under the rule of a Portuguese. The ringleader, Louis de Mendoza, captain of the " Vittoria," having granted a conference to a messenger sent by Magellan, was treacherously stabbed by him, according to the instructions he had received. Resistance was not offered, and next day another captain was executed, and a third put ashore upon the inhospitable coast. Magellan weighed anchor in October, and by the end of the month had entered the strait which bears his name. He cleared it on the 28th of November, 1520, and he had the good fortune to traverse it in less than thirty days ; but his successors have frequently employed double or triple that time in passing through the strait from east to west. The difficulty is produced by the nearly continuous western gales, the great strength and irregularity of the current, the numerous rocks and cliffs in the western part of the strait, and the great humidity of the climate.

Clearing the strait, Magellan stood boldly out into the unexplored expanse of the vast Pacific. He had now but three ships : one had been wrecked before entering the strait ;

another had parted company in the strait and returned home. He navigated the Southern seas for three months and twenty days, and during this course he enjoyed continuous fair weather, with such favorable winds that he bestowed on the ocean the name "Pacific," which it still bears. The long voyage, however, reduced the crews to the greatest distress for want of food, and they began to suffer also from scurvy. So great were their hardships that Pigafetta, one of their number, who wrote an account of this voyage, was firmly persuaded that an expedition round the world would never again be undertaken; and, indeed, more than fifty years elapsed before the next voyage, that of Sir Francis Drake, in 1577.

Magellan first reached some small islands, which are now called Magellan's Archipelago. Subsequently he discovered a group which he named *Los Ladrones*, "the thieves," from the inclination to theft which the inhabitants displayed. After having refreshed his crews, he continued his course west, and on the 16th of March, 1521, made the Philippines, which he called the Archipelago of St. Lazaro. The King of Cebu, or Zebu, one of these lovely islands, was easily induced, by a promise of assistance against his enemies, to embrace Christianity, and, with a great number of his people, to receive the rite of baptism. Magellan was soon called upon to fulfill his promise, and undertake an expedition against a hostile chief, the King of the Island of Matan, which is opposite Cebu. Here he and his men were bravely opposed by the natives, and towards the close of the day, when the Spaniards were giving way, he was felled by a stone; a second broke his thigh bone, and he was speedily pierced by many lances. The baptized king immediately forgot his vows, and put to death all the Spaniards who were on shore. Those who remained on board were too few in number to manage three ships; one accordingly was burnt, and in the other two, the "Trinidad" and "Vittoria," they pursued their voyage in search of the Moluccas. At these islands they safely arrived and were kindly received.

The "Trinidad" remained here for repairs, and afterwards strove to reach America by crossing the Pacific, but was

driven back and her crew made prisoners by the Portuguese. The other ship, the "Vittoria," under the command of Sebastian del Cano, who had come out in the "Conception," as lieutenant, returned home by the Cape of Good Hope, and reached San Lucar de Barrameda the 6th of September, 1522, thus completing, in two years, eleven months and sixteen days, the first circumnavigation of the globe. The good ship was drawn ashore and long preserved as a monument of this most remarkable voyage. The day on which Sebastian arrived was, according to his reckoning, the 5th of September, a day having been lost in consequence of the westward motion of the vessel. As the ship's course was in the same direction as the apparent course of the sun, the time was reckoned in longer days than those at San Lucar; and, therefore, there were fewer in the given time. If a ship had arrived the same day, having circumnavigated the globe by sailing eastward, her captain would have called it the 7th of September, and the reckonings would have differed from one another by two days.

THE PARTITION OF THE WORLD.

To secure the possession of the vast countries discovered by Columbus, the King of Spain applied for the sanction of the Pope. Martin V. and other pontiffs had granted to Portugal all the countries which it might discover from Cape Bojador and Cape Non to the Indies; and the Portuguese monarch now complained that his neighbor, in visiting America, had violated the rights conferred on him by the Holy Father. While this complaint was undergoing investigation the court of Castile exerted its influence with Pope Alexander VI.; and on the 4th of May, 1493, a bull was issued, which most materially influenced the future course of maritime discovery. By this important document, the head of the Catholic Church, "with the plenitude of apostolic power, by the authority of God Omnipotent granted to him through blessed Peter, and of the vicarship of Jesus Christ, which he exercises upon earth," assigned to the Spanish sovereigns "all the islands and main-lands, with all their dominions, cities, castles, places, and towns, and with all their rights, jurisdictions, and appur-

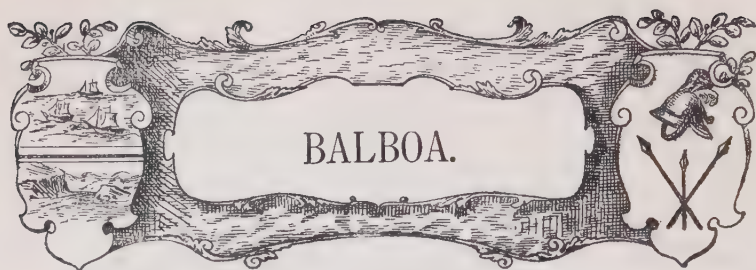
tenances, discovered, and which shall be discovered," to the west of an ideal line drawn from pole to pole, at the distance of a hundred leagues westward of the Azores. Thus did Spain at once acquire "an empire far more extensive than that which seven centuries of warfare obtained for the Romans!" This munificent grant was accompanied with one important injunction: Alexander adjured the sovereigns "by the holy obedience which you owe us, that you appoint to the said main-lands and islands upright men and fearing God, learned, skillful, and expert in instructing the foresaid natives and inhabitants in the Catholic faith, and in teaching them good morals, employing for that purpose all requisite diligence." The terrors of Divine wrath were thundered against those who should infringe the papal grant. "Let no person presume with rash boldness to contravene this our donation, decree, inhibition, and will. For if any person presumes to do so, be it known to him that he will incur the indignation of Almighty God, and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul." Even by orthodox princes, however, these threatenings were held light. As has been remarked by Purchas, "the Portugalls regarded them not; and not the bull, but other compromise stayed them from open hostilitie." By an agreement between the two nations of the Peninsula, concluded in 1494, it was covenanted, that the line of partition described in the ecclesiastical document should be extended 270 leagues farther to the west, and that all beyond this boundary should belong to Castile, and all to the eastward to Portugal. Thus their territories were defined with sufficient certainty on one side of the globe; but the limits on the other were left perfectly vague, and became a fertile subject of dispute. This agreement (sometimes called the Treaty of Tordesillas) was concluded on June 7th, but was not subscribed by Ferdinand till July 2d, 1493, and by John not till February 27th, 1494. It was confirmed by a bull in 1506.

Meantime, the Portuguese had achieved the grand object which they had so long labored to attain. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz reached the southern extremity of Africa, which he named the Cape of Storms; but the Portuguese monarch gave it the more auspicious title of Good Hope. Eleven

years after, Vasco de Gama doubled this dreaded promontory, and conducted a fleet to the rich shores of India—an event which was destined to exercise on the career of American discovery more than an indirect influence, powerful as that was. The vast treasures which Portugal drew from countries where the harvest of the adventurer was prepared before he visited the field, mightily inflamed the avidity of Spain, and breathed a new spirit of ardor into her enterprises. Nor did the former kingdom fail to contribute her exertions towards extending the knowledge of the new continent. In the year 1500, the second expedition which was fitted out for India, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, standing westward to clear the shores of Africa, discovered the coast of Brazil, and took possession of it in the name of the Portuguese crown. It has been well observed by an eminent writer on this subject, “that Columbus’s discovery of the New World was the effort of an active genius, enlightened by science, guided by experience, and acting upon a regular plan, executed with no less courage than perseverance. But from the adventure of the Portuguese, it appears that chance might have accomplished that great design which it is now the pride of human reason to have formed and perfected. If the sagacity of Columbus had not conducted mankind to America, Cabral, by a fortunate accident, might have led them a few years later to the knowledge of that extensive continent.”

—D. LARDNER.





INKED inseparably with the name of the Pacific Ocean is that of Balboa. His discovery was, in fact, the first sure proof that the New World discovered by Columbus was not, as that navigator believed, merely the other coast of Asia, but was really a separate continent. The picture of this heroic leader, standing on the summit of the isthmus range, waving his flag and encouraging

his followers to hasten and greet their eyes with a sight of the new ocean, has been most vividly described in history.

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa was born in Xeres, Estremadura, Spain, about 1475. Of a family of hidalgos, or Spanish gentlemen, he was poor, yet had expensive habits, which, in the early part of his life, kept him in a state of chronic indebtedness. At first he held some position in the house of Don Pedro Carrero, a Spanish nobleman of consequence; but when Rodrigo de Bastidas conceived his great project of discovery and mercantile enterprise in 1501, Balboa became one of the expedition.

By the year 1510, Balboa was well established in Hispaniola (or Hayti), in the settlement of Salvatierra, where he cultivated a farm; but, having fallen into debt, he resolved to quit the island and tempt fortune in another direction. At this time, Enciso was about to make a voyage of discovery to the Mainland, and the hidalgo, not knowing how otherwise to accomplish his purpose, had himself shipped as provisions, and rolled on board in a cask, and joined the expedition as a stowaway. Enciso was much irritated when he discovered

the stratagem, because, by a formal order of the Governor of Hispaniola, no commander of a vessel was allowed to carry any debtor pursued by his creditors. On arriving at Cartagena, where Ojeda had tried to found a colony, Enciso found that, on account of the obstinate resistance of the natives, Ojeda had been obliged to sail to Darien. There he had, with much difficulty, been able to build a few houses on the eastern side of the gulf, which had received the name of San Sebastian, and Ojeda himself was now sailing towards Hispaniola in search of Enciso. Ojeda never returned ; he died in Hispaniola in extreme poverty.

The settlers left at San Sebastian, despairing of their leader's return, sailed in two brigs to Cartagena, where they found Enciso's two vessels in the harbor. Under these circumstances, Enciso claimed command, and took the fleet of four brigs to Darien ; but the settlement was in ashes. Despair was on every countenance, when Balboa suggested that they should try the western side of the gulf, where he had seen a town some years before. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. The natives offered the most determined resistance ; but the Spaniards succeeded in entering the town and founding the colony of Santa Maria de la Antigua. The part which Balboa took in this successful enterprise affords proof of his capacity as a colonizer.

After their settlement, the Spaniards began to carry on trade with the natives, giving Spanish goods and trinkets in exchange for gold. Enciso forbade this traffic on pain of death. The men revolted, and great difficulty arose about the choosing of a leader. Nionesa, in whose province they were, was sent for, but those who opposed his action set him adrift on a crazy vessel with about seventeen companions ; they were never heard of again. Ultimately the contest lay between Balboa and Enciso, and Balboa conquered. This victory made him commandant of his associates. Charges of usurpation were brought against Enciso ; he was condemned to imprisonment and the loss of all his property ; but Balboa released him on condition that he should at once leave Darien. He did leave Darien, and made his way to Spain, to inform the king of what had taken place.

After this Balboa made a successful excursion through the country, conciliating the natives as he went, and made the acquaintance of a powerful cacique, who, besides telling him much that was useful about the country and its inhabitants, gave him also the first information about the great gold country of Peru. Then he sent a report to Columbus of the regions discovered, and requested a reinforcement of 1,000 men and provisions, so that he might be able to stay in the country without harrying the natives. With a brig and a few canoes, he next made his way to the coast of Veragua, where, leaving his vessels, he began a perilous and fatiguing march into the interior. On the 29th of September, 1513, he reached the summit of a mountain from which he had a commanding view of the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Like Columbus, falling on his knees, he thanked God for having granted him the favor of this great discovery. Then addressing his men, he requested them to remain faithful as they had hitherto been, and he would promise that none should equal them either in glory or riches. On reaching the sea-shore, Balboa stood knee-deep in the water, and took possession of sea and land around them in the name of the Crown of Castile. A notary registered the act, and the Spanish considered themselves the happy and lawful possessors of all they beheld. The particular part of the sea on the shore of which they stood was called the Gulf of St. Michael, because it was discovered on Michaelmas day.

The exploring party, after visiting several islands in the gulf, commenced the return journey; but the fatigue and anxiety of the expedition had proved too much for the physical endurance of even Balboa. He was seized with malignant fever, and had to be carried on a litter a great part of the way. His method of conciliating the natives had been most successful. All chroniclers agree that Balboa was eminently fitted for the functions which he had usurped, and of which he proved himself so worthy by his foresight, human sympathy, and, above all, by his tireless energy. Those who had remained in the colony received their full proportion of the proceeds of the enterprise, and in the meantime the untiring discoverer set about doing everything in his power

for the improvement and development of the young colony. A report was sent to Spain giving particulars of the discovery; but Enciso had not been idle, and had succeeded in stirring up such feeling against Balboa that the Spanish government had already determined not only to supersede him, but to try him for rebellion.

This commission was given to a nobleman named Pedrarias Davila, who, on arriving in the colony, in 1514, found Balboa helping some Indians to roof a house. This was surprising enough to Pedrarias, who, from the reports spread through Spain of the explorer's ambition, expected to find him living in a palace in regal state. Nevertheless, Balboa was put under arrest on a charge of ambitious pretensions, of making a conquest instead of a discovery, and others. Of all these he was acquitted, but had to pay a heavy fine as damages to Enciso, and was set at liberty. Pedrarias, however, managed to keep him in the background and from taking any part in colonial work. The direct consequence of this was that, through mismanagement, the colonists were reduced to such terrible straits that within a short time some seven hundred were reported dead from starvation and sickness. Pedrarias and his party explored the country in every direction in quest of gold, and not finding it in large quantities, as they expected, began to treat the natives with abominable cruelty, and succeeded only in making enemies of many who, through Balboa's conciliatory methods, had been on most friendly terms with the Spaniards. Balboa, however, was not altogether without friends at court. In 1515 he received the appointment of Governor of Darien and Coiba, under Pedrarias. There were no friendly relations between them; the situation was exceedingly irksome to Balboa, and he tried secretly to found a colony somewhere on the Pacific coast. This so enraged Pedrarias that he had Balboa arrested and imprisoned. The two men, however, became so far reconciled that a marriage was arranged between Balboa and the daughter of his quondam enemy.

Still the jealousy of the father-in-law never abated, and probably it was not with the best of motives that he sent Balboa in the direction of Port Careta, with orders to found a

colony, and also to build ships with which to explore some of the islands of the Pacific. The first part of the commission was carried out, and the second was in progress, when, through the misinterpretation or the misrepresentation of a messenger sent to Pedrarias, Balboa was put under arrest. He was tried and condemned to death as a traitor and usurper of the dominions of the king. The judge who found him guilty recommended him to mercy on account of his many services ; but Pedrarias roared out : " If he is a criminal, let him die for his crimes." He protested his innocence, and died like a hero, in the forty-second year of his age.

Balboa is described as a tall and graceful man, with flaxen hair and a pleasant countenance ; of keen understanding and great courage. He was rigid in his discipline, but when any of his soldiers were sick or wounded, he cared for them and consoled them like a friend and brother.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC.

It was the first of September that Vasco Nuñez embarked with his followers in a brigantine and nine large canoes or pirogues, followed by the cheers and good wishes of those who remained at the settlement. Standing to the north-westward, he arrived without accident at Coyba, the dominions of the cacique Careta, whose daughter he had received as a pledge of amity. That Indian beauty had acquired a great influence over Vasco Nuñez, and appears to have cemented his friendship with her father and her people. He was received by the cacique with open arms, and furnished with guides and warriors to aid him in his enterprise.

Vasco Nuñez left about half of his men at Coyba to guard the brigantine and canoes, while he should penetrate the wilderness with the residue. The importance of his present expedition, not merely as affecting his own fortunes, but, as it were, unfolding a mighty secret of nature, seems to have impressed itself upon his spirit, and to have given correspondent solemnity to his conduct. Before setting out upon his march, he caused mass to be performed, and offered up prayers to God for the success of his perilous undertaking.

It was on the sixth of September that he struck off for the mountains. The march was difficult and toilsome in the extreme. The Spaniards, encumbered with the weight of their armor and weapons, and oppressed by the heat of a tropical climate, were obliged to climb rocky precipices, and to struggle through close and tangled forests. Their Indian allies aided them by carrying their ammunition and provisions, and by guiding them to the most practicable paths.

Of the band of Spaniards who had set out with Vasco Nuñez in this enterprise, sixty-seven alone remained in sufficient health and spirits for the last effort. These he ordered to retire early to repose, that they might be ready to set off at the cool and fresh hour of day-break, so as to reach the summit of the mountain before the noon-tide heat.

The day had scarcely dawned when Vasco Nuñez and his followers set forth from the Indian village and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so way-worn, but they were filled with new ardor at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended, and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence from which they said the southern sea was visible.

Upon this Vasco Nuñez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannahs and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

At this glorious prospect Vasco Nuñez sank upon his knees and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then

called his people to ascend : " Behold, my friends," said he, " that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that He has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to Him that He will guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and in which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favor of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies ; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord ; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered and converted to our holy Catholic faith."

The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nuñez, and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vara, who lifted up his voice and chanted *Te Deum laudamus*—the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The people, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy ; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar than from that wild mountain summit. It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts. Was this the great Indian Ocean, studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the East? Or was it some lonely sea locked up in the embraces of savage, uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the Indian? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms and populous and powerful and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, but differing from Europe in their civilization ; who might have peculiar laws and customs, and arts and sciences ; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, inter-communing by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents, but who

might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nuñez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the sovereigns of Castile, and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of sixty-seven men, signed their names. He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot from whence he had at first beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved on the neighboring trees. The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder, and, while they aided to erect the cross and pile up the mound of stones, marvelled exceedingly at the meaning of all these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land. The memorable event here recorded took place on the 26th of September, 1513.—W. IRVING.





ADMIRAL ALFONSO DE ALBUQUERQUE has been honored with the surname of the Portuguese Mars, in acknowledgment of his warlike exploits in founding the empire of his nation in the East. He was born near Lisbon in 1453, and his father, Gonzalvo, held an important position under the king. The son, having been educated at the court of Alfonso

V., was appointed chief equerry to John II. In that age of maritime adventure and discovery, Portugal occupied a prominent position among the nations, and was already seeking dominion in the East Indies. Thither in 1503 Albuquerque conducted an expedition, sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, established the King of Cochin on his throne, and obtained permission to erect at Cochin the first Portuguese fort in India.

Albuquerque returned home in the following July, but was unwilling long to remain idle. King Emmanuel gave him the command of a squadron of the fleet of sixteen vessels, which in 1506 sailed to India under Tristan da Cunha. A secret commission which he bore with him authorized him to supersede Almeida as viceroy of India. On the way to its destination the Portuguese fleet made successful attacks on several Moorish cities on the east coast of Africa. On reaching Arabia, Albuquerque separated from Da Cunha, and attacked the Island of Ormuz, then one of the chief centres of Oriental commerce. After several battles by sea and land, a treaty

was made by which the King of Ormuz became tributary to Portugal. When Albuquerque arrived at the Malabar coast in 1508, and showed the commission by which he was appointed viceroy, Almeida, who was in the midst of important schemes for increasing Portuguese influence, refused to resign, and confined Albuquerque in prison about three months. In the next year Fernando Coutinho arrived with a large fleet and persuaded Almeida to obey the royal order.

Albuquerque on assuming power began to execute his ambitious projects. Early in 1510 Albuquerque and Coutinho attacked Calicut, but they failed—the former being wounded and the latter killed. Goa was next attacked, and, the king being absent, the inhabitants offered to admit him on condition that their lives and property should be saved, which terms were granted. The king, however, at the head of a large army of natives, compelled him to evacuate the city in August; but he returned in November and obtained permanent possession. He studied to make Goa a suitable capital for an empire by the construction of fortifications and other works.

In the next year he conducted a small army against Malacca, which was a rich emporium and centre of commerce. This city was captured, after a severe battle, and then fortified. Here he remained nearly a year, and settled the government on that firm and conciliatory principle which distinguished his policy. Leaving Malacca in 1512 he returned to the Malabar coast; but the ship which carried the treasure he had amassed was wrecked by a storm. He arrived in September at Goa, which he rendered the most flourishing of the Portuguese settlements in India.

The home government having ordered him to conduct an expedition to the Red Sea, he entered that sea with the first European fleet that ever navigated it. He besieged Aden, but was repulsed. His last warlike operation was a second expedition to Ormuz in 1515, with an armament so formidable that the king surrendered without resistance, and the Portuguese obtained permanent possession of this valuable port. But notwithstanding the importance of his services, the admiral's enemies at court had excited the jealousy of the king against him. As he was returning from Ormuz to Goa he

met a vessel with dispatches announcing that he was superseded by Soarez, his personal enemy. His power and influence were ended. Broken-hearted, he died at sea in December, 1515. The king was afterward convinced of his fidelity. His son wrote a history of his achievements.

THE CAPTURE OF GOA.

Albuquerque sought for some great city which his countrymen might establish as their capital, and where he could safely moor his fleets, and thence realize his plans of victory and colonization. Timoia, an Indian pirate, the trusty friend of the Portuguese, drew his attention to Goa. This town is situated upon an island twenty-three miles in circuit, separated from the land only by a salt marsh, fordable in many places. The surface is fertile, diversified by little hills and valleys, and almost sufficient of itself to supply a great city with every necessary of life. The surrounding territory, called Canara, forms the sea-coast of the Deccan. It had been conquered by the Mogul, and annexed to the dominions of Delhi; but, in the distracted state of that empire, several independent kingdoms had arisen in the south, among which Narsinga, with its capital of Bisnagar, set the example, although the sovereign of Goa, called the zabaim, was the most powerful of these rulers.

Timoia, however, gave notice that this prince, being occupied in war with several states of the interior, had left his capital almost unprotected. Albuquerque, readily embracing this suggestion, hastily assembled an expedition, and, in conjunction with his guide, arrived off Goa on the 25th of February, 1510. Several of the forts which defended the approaches having been taken, and the Portuguese fleet brought up close to the walls, the citizens, who were chiefly persons connected with trade, began seriously to ponder the consequences, were the place to be taken by storm, especially by an enemy whose deeds of mercy had never been conspicuous. They sent, therefore, a deputation, composed principally of merchants, who privately intimated that the Portuguese commander might obtain admission on certain conditions, including full protection to commerce and private

property. Albuquerque granted these terms, and was immediately put in possession of Goa. He fulfilled his stipulations in the strictest manner, adopting every measure calculated to preserve order and prosperity, and even continuing many of the natives in their civil employments.

Having occupied the palace of the zabaim, Albuquerque assumed at once the character of a great eastern potentate; sending an embassy to the King of Narsinga, and receiving in the most gracious manner those of Persia and Ormuz, who were then on a mission to the sovereign of Goa. But he soon found himself by no means in the secure and agreeable position he at first imagined. The zabaim, on hearing that his capital was in the possession of those hated foreign invaders, roused all his energies, and disregarded every object in comparison with their immediate expulsion. He at once concluded peace with his enemies, several of whom made common cause with him against this powerful adversary; and an army of upwards of 40,000 men began its march under his direction. Albuquerque undauntedly viewed its advance, though combined with an internal danger perhaps still more formidable. A faction of nine hundred Portuguese insisted that so brave an army ought not to be sacrificed to the obstinacy of one man, and began to form plots for wresting the power from their commander, and carry into effect their own counsels. But having traced this plot to its origin, he surprised the conspirators at a secret meeting, and threw the ringleaders into prison. The remainder sued for pardon, which he could not well refuse, being unable to want the services of any of his small number of troops; they were, therefore, with a very few exceptions, restored to their employments.

The zabaim meantime advanced upon the city. The chief hope of Albuquerque depended upon his success in defending the approaches to the island; but the channel separating it from the mainland was so narrow, and in many places so shallow, that it presented by no means an insuperable obstacle. He stationed chosen troops at all the exposed points, covering them with walls and intrenchments. The zabaim, completely baffled in his first attempts, had almost resigned himself to despair; but he at length bethought himself of a nocturnal

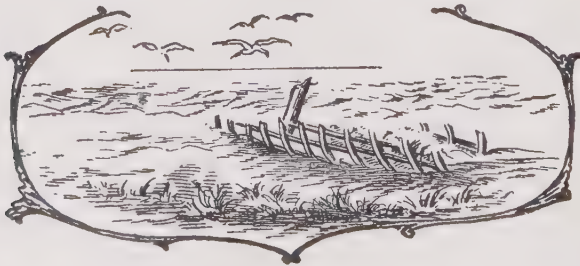
attack, favored by the monsoon. The night of the 17th of May being dark and stormy, two large bodies advanced at different points, and, though unable to surprise the Portuguese, succeeded in forcing their way into the island. The whole army was soon transported over, and commenced operations against the city. Albuquerque stood his ground with his characteristic firmness; but as the enemy was aided by repeated risings within the walls, while his own officers took occasion to renew their remonstrances as to the untenable nature of this new possession, he found at last no alternative but to retire into the fort, whence, by means of the river on which it was situated, he could still communicate with the fleet. But the zabain, having taken possession of Goa, immediately commenced operations for reducing this stronghold. By sinking large ships in the stream he endeavored to interrupt the communication, and at the same time provided pitch, sulphur, and other combustibles, for the purpose of setting fire to the Portuguese squadron. Albuquerque, unable to obstruct the progress of these fatal measures, at last felt that he must evacuate the fortress. Even this was become difficult; but he executed his resolution with vigor and success. Having conveyed privately on board all the guns, ammunition and provisions, and seen the troops embark in profound silence, he went himself last into the flagship. He might have reached the fleet unnoticed and unmolested had not the explosion of a magazine roused the enemy, and given rise to a severe encounter.

Albuquerque, thus compelled to move out to sea, was anxious to do something which might redeem the honor lost in this undertaking, and revive the spirits of his men. At Pangin, near Goa, the enemy had formed a strongly-intrenched camp, and frequently sent out vessels to annoy the Portuguese. The viceroy fitted out an expedition, which, approaching in deep silence, reached the shore at the first dawn, suddenly landed, and having sounded the drums and trumpets, and raised loud shouts, the Indians awoke in such a panic that they ran off without once facing the assailants. The European commander, at full leisure, carried off a great quantity of artillery and stores, as well as a large supply of provisions.

Learning soon after that a squadron was preparing to attack him, he anticipated the movement by sending a number of ships under his nephew, Antony Noronha, who was met by the Indian chief at the head of thirty paraos; but, after an obstinate conflict, the latter was compelled to retreat full speed to the shore. The Portuguese followed, when Peter and Ferdinand Andrade, with five men, boarded the admiral's vessel; but Noronha, mounting behind them, was severely wounded, and fell into the boat. Amid the general anxiety, and while all efforts were employed to remove the captain out of danger, the Andrades and their party were forgotten; the ship, by the receding of the tide, was left on dry land; they were attacked by immensely superior numbers, and could defend themselves only by prodigies of valor. When their condition was observed, it was for some time doubtful how to reach them; at length eight bold mariners pushed on shore in the longboat, attacked and made themselves masters of the ship; but, being unable to tow it off, were obliged to content themselves with the feat of rescuing their comrades. It is pleasing, amid the ferocity of this war, to find an exchange of chivalrous courtesy. The zabaim sent messengers, expressing his admiration of the valor of the Portuguese; and a polite answer was returned. A negotiation for peace was even opened, though without success.

The pride of the enemy being humbled, and the spirits and courage of the Portuguese revived by these exploits, Albuquerque sailed to Cananor, where he refitted his fleet, and received considerable reinforcements; resolving, as soon as the season allowed, to make a second attempt upon Goa. His confidence of a happier issue on this occasion seems to have been founded chiefly on the fact that the zabaim was involved in war with the kingdom of Narsinga, which was likely for some time to occupy the greater part of his forces. Unable, however, to muster more than 1,500 Portuguese and 300 native troops, it was a very serious undertaking to attack a large and strong capital, garrisoned by upwards of 9,000 men. Goa had been further strengthened by a new wall and ditch, and by a stockade drawn through the water, behind which the ships were moored in security, and stood like so

many towers. However, Albuquerque arrived in front of the city, and though there was no appearance of his ally Timoia, he determined not to delay the assault. In the morning he opened with his cannon a tremendous fire, and the whole shore was wrapped in a cloud of smoke, illumined only by the flashes. He landed and divided his troops into two parts, one of which was led by himself, and attacked the northern quarter; the other, in three separate bands, proceeded in an opposite direction. One division, led by the Limas and other chosen heroes, anticipated their commander, and drove the enemy within the walls. As the latter were shutting the gate, Fernando Melos thrust in a large spear, which prevented it from closing. Several others following the example, it was, after a most desperate struggle, forced open, and the Portuguese entered along with the fugitives. These, however, still made a resolute stand in the houses and corners of the streets, particularly in the palace of the zabaim. Here a strong body had taken post, and twenty Portuguese who rashly advanced were almost entirely cut to pieces. John de Lima, on forcing a passage, found his brother Jeronymo, with several of his comrades, lying in the agonies of death; but the fallen chief professed perfect resignation to his fate, and entreated that there might not, on his account, be an instant's delay. The enemy, driven from the palace, rallied on a neighboring hill. The commander, who had been extremely surprised to find the battle raging in the city, now entered, but had still to wage a hard contest of six hours' duration before Goa was completely in his power.—H. MURRAY.





PORTUGAL, though now often regarded as an obscure corner of Europe, has a noble past, historical and literary. Camoëns and Sa de Miranda were the developers of its speech into a great literary language. Camoëns belonged to the Portuguese heroic period, when the nation was full of chivalry, when Lisbon was the centre of gayety and luxury. Noble captains not only performed great deeds,

but literature flourished equally with the arts. Heroes won for their fatherland a lofty place. Alas, bigotry and narrow-mindedness crept in ; hastily acquired wealth and luxury enervated, until the once lofty people sank into insignificance.

The old name of Lisbon (Olisipo) was identified with that of the hero of the Odyssey, meaning the city of Ulysses, and Portugal was called by her writers Lusitania. They delighted in clinging to the classic name. Modern writers cling to the Roman, and prove that the *duumviri* and *boni homines* have their places in the present government ; everywhere are traces of Roman rule. Personal ambition became an incentive to a later race of warriors. When the great tournament, "The Tourney of Valdevez," between the Portuguese and Castilian knights, gave the former the victory, it was the turning point, and was known as the "Truce of Valdevez," and Portugal had a king, recognized by Pope Innocent II.

Incident and adventure inspired the people. The fifty years' reign of Dom Diniz (whom Camoëns celebrates in the Third Canto of the *Lusiad*) caused poetry and literature to replace incessant war. The king was himself a poet, and in his quaint and graceful lyrics developed the national dialect into a literary language. Camoëns immortalizes the characteristic features of his reign, while he commemorates all noble deeds of Portuguese heroes, and became the chronicler of all those most worthy of imitation. His gifted brain carried conviction and enthusiasm. He was not only an admirer of military renown, but was most accurate in all matters of history. Camoëns characterized courtiers as "venal, self-interested flatterers." Mickle says of him, "His political penetration was unequalled." He

"Trimm'd his lamps at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws, to arm the regal power."

Happy was it for Camoëns to have lived in the golden age—before the Inquisition brought disaster to literature. His descriptive powers are unsurpassed. He recites the most interesting and famous tales of glory and victory; he tells of the difficult achievements and perils of Vasco da Gama. His works were so full of living interest that his countrymen gloried in them; and yet their author experienced little but suffering and sorrow. He was most shamefully neglected by the grandees of his age. Now his name is famous everywhere. To many their knowledge of Portuguese history has come from reading his works.

This born poet, so full of life and energy, Luis de Camoëns, was the son of Simão Vaz de Camoëns, of gentle birth and high social position, one of the *fidalgua*, or "gentle born and well cultured." His mother was Ana de Sá é Miranda, one of the Gamas of Algarve and akin to the daring navigator, Vasco da Gama. Luis was born in 1525, most probably in Lisbon, though, as in other cases of great poets, four other towns have claimed the honor of his birth-place. In 1537 he was entered, as one of the honorable poor students, at the University of Coimbra, where his Uncle Bento was the first chancellor, and also the prior of the monastery of Santa Cruz.

He desired his nephew to enter the church, but the youth had no leaning towards it; with his habitual freedom of speech, he writes, "I felt the pulse of many states of life. I see the clergy take stronger hold of life than of the salvation of souls, and the monks, although shrouded in hood and habit, expose some small tokens inconsistent with their profession. He who turns his back upon the world for God, should desire nothing that the world can give." His *Amphitrioës*, an adaptation of one of Plautus's comedies, was performed during the vacation. "It satirized the mode in which the grave doctors of the university desired all instruction should be imparted." Resende replied with a satire, "to Luis Camoëns, reprehending those who, despising the learned, waste their time with jesters, and indicates Camoëns as a pitiful poet, an unlucky monster, boasting to be a Latin bachelor."

At eighteen years Camoëns returned to the court with every passport signed. Having become a "polished scholar," history, the classics and mythology were of most interest to him. The distinguished men at the University of Coimbra did not appreciate him, nor did he even leave with their friendship. There are many accounts of his varied gifts, while many jealousies followed in the train. At the court he found a poetic crowd assembled. Of this court Gil Vicente writes, "It is a sea in which many fished, but found the pastime dangerous." Intrigue was the fashion; Camoëns was idolized by the women. His sonnets and songs were fascinating and tender. He fell in love, but the arrow that pierced him was barbed. On a Good Friday he went to the Church of the Chagas in Lisbon. There he saw the one who, from that time on, so much influenced his fate. Caterina de Ataide, one of the queen's ladies of honor, was the daughter of Dom Antonio de Lima, a chamberlain in the royal household. Her friends were indignant. This handsome, polished, fascinating and accomplished gentleman was jealously accused of having aspired to above his rank, also of disregard of etiquette. He was banished from court, and ordered to leave Lisbon. His acrostic on the names of Luis and Caterina and his anagram turning Caterina into Natercia plainly give the name of the lady of his love.

Camoëns went to Santarem where he commenced his work on the discovery of India. He mingled history with poetry—when he said :

“ No searching eye can pierce the veil,
That o'er my secret love is thrown ;
No outward signs reveal its tale,
But to my bosom known.
Thus like the spark whose vivid light,
In the dark flint is hid from sight,
It dwells within, alone.”

Gold mines are scarce in Parnassus. Camoëns joined the Portuguese fleet against the Africans and distinguished himself before Ceuta. Unhappily in a naval engagement in the Straits of Gibraltar a splinter destroyed his right eye. If unacknowledged as a poet, he hoped to be known as a hero. He returned to be disappointed. The next three years yielded nothing to his credit. He was imprisoned for a fracas, from which he was only pardoned on condition that he should embark at once for India in the ship “San Benito,” in 1553. He was indignant, and with a bitter heart, as he sailed out of the golden-sanded Tagus, he exclaimed with Scipio, “Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones.”

The “San Benito” was the only one that ever reached port out of the fleet of four ; on arrival at Goa, without rest from the long voyage, Camoëns was ordered to join an expedition of the viceroy against the King of Pimenta. Returning to Goa a year later, he says, “We went to punish the King of Pimenta, and we succeeded well.” Then followed another expedition against the corsairs of the Red Sea, where they sought in vain for Moorish galleys. They wintered in the isle of Ormuz ; the unpleasant voyage of the return, he describes in Canto 10 :

“ Here fate's most cruel chances led me,
Here in this lonely, sterile, sun-scorched land,
Did fortune will that part of my brief life be passed—
And thus in fragments scattered lie throughout the world.”

Some biographers declare that Baretto, the governor, was not the poet's friend, and that he banished him from Goa to

China, apparently because of a satire he wrote. This could hardly have been true, as the removal was shortly followed by a lucrative appointment "to the custody of the property of absentees, and of Portuguese, who had died in India." Complaints had reached Lisbon as to how this charge had been cared for, and if Baretto had been inimical to Camoëns he would not have given him the succession, or have considered him as a proper, energetic, reliable man. On the coast of China he found Antonio, the Javanese slave, who so devotedly loved and tended him in the later years of his unhappy life. He lived at Macao five years, and his famous epic was all the fortune he brought away. In this island off Canton, high up among the rocks is a cave, in which he is supposed to have finished the six cantos of his epic. It is still known as the Grotto of Camoëns. While his sonnets and poems are beautiful, it is the *Lusiad* which has made his name immortal. He tells the sad pathetic historical story of Inez de Castro, the love of the heart of Dom Pedro, who at sixteen had been married to the daughter of the Duke of Penafiel, "that he might cement his father's alliance with Castile."

Charges were brought against Camoëns, and Baretto ordered his return. He was shipwrecked on the voyage, but he saved his manuscripts. He was immediately cast into prison on reaching Goa, and not till the following year was he released; and then not until Dom Constantinho de Bragança had arrived, who had been sent to replace Baretto. All charges against him were proved to be false, and then only had he any peace of mind. In the meantime he had learned of the death of the beloved of his youth. His early friend, Conde de Redondo, three years later was sent to replace Dom Constantinho. Again he was imprisoned for a trifling debt, from which, however, Conde, the new governor, at once released him.

After so long an absence from his native land, Camoëns became anxious to return once more to Portugal. An opportunity occurring, he went as far as Sofola, and here the ex-governor of Goa found him. Diego de Conto wrote of his condition thus: "Here we encountered that prince of poets, my fellow-sailor and friend, Luis de Camoëns, so poor that he lived upon his acquaintance, who found him necessary cloth-

ing and gladly gave him to eat." During that same winter he finished the *Lusiad*, as well as much of the *Parnasso*.

In November, 1569, he gladly sailed in the "Santa Clara," and on April 7th, 1570, his heart rejoiced once more at sight of the "golden-sanded Tagus." He exclaimed: "This is my native land, so fondly loved! which Heaven grant, all perils past, my task accomplished, these eyes behold once more before their light be dimmed forever!" Nothing ever crushed the glowing of his fancy or his vivid imagination. The great injustice that pursued him would have crushed many a less able man, but Camoëns' want of success seemed often to give him extra courage. After seventeen years of labor, trouble and much vexation, all that he brought back with him on this return was his beloved manuscript. He did not succeed in publishing his great poem of so national a character till reaching Lisbon; and in the end only a pension of about one hundred dollars came to him. He seemed to share in the same poverty that befell Cervantes. This wonderfully-gifted man, after living for a time upon what the slave, Antonio, could beg at night, finally died in a common hospital in Lisbon in 1579. And so ended this national poet, who, as time goes on, becomes more and more honored among men of all nations.

Voltaire wrote that Camoëns steered a new course, and acquired a reputation among his countrymen which is enduring. Many of Voltaire's criticisms on his epic are absurd and unreal, and his strictures are wanting in veracity; while at the same time he bestows many praises, and says it is full of great beauty. Camoëns declares his real object in the words,

"To be the herald of my country's fame,
My first ambition, and my dearest aim."

His enthusiasm deepened with his patriotic remembrance, while far away in Asia. Had it been the reverse, and he in Portugal in lieu of India, possibly he would have had a more Oriental style. One of his favorite studies had been the classical mythology, and that heathen deities should sometimes find place, or an invocation to the planets be admitted, would be quite *en règle*. In his narrative he revels in the ocean

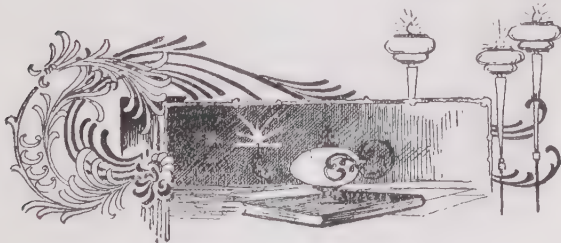
deities. It is a singular fiction that brings both heathen and Christian priests into conjunction. The Oriental realm no doubt clothed for him many a creature of imagination. The episode of Inez de Castro is not only true to history, but one of the most beautiful portions of the epic, and not to be read without being—

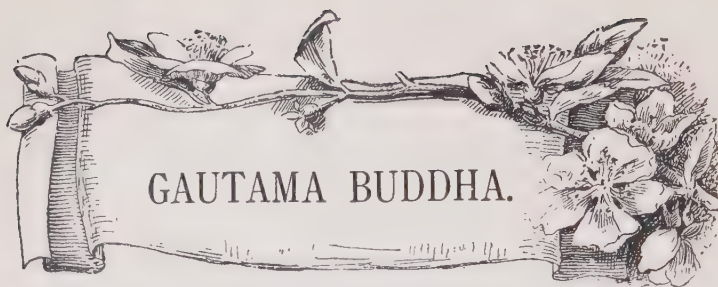
“Mindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance, and her lover’s power.”

The *Lusiad* leaves no soft and delicate impression on the mind, but conveys a grandeur, endowing real characters with reality and honor. Sometimes the realities verge into the satirical, and the chivalrous becomes the ludicrous! The careless gayety of his early years succumbed to his great adversity incurred later than when he wrote of “wandering by Mondego’s banks, careless and unfettered, in the free license of boyhood,” till he is compelled to say—

“Thou, my muse, the fairest of the train,
Calliope, inspire my closing strain.
No more the summer of my life remains,
My autumn’s lengthening evenings chill my veins.
Down the black stream of years by woes on woes
Urged on, I hasten to the tomb’s repose,—
The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain
My anchor never to be weighed again;
Never on other sea of life to steer
The human course. Yet thou, O Goddess, hear,
Yet let me live, though round my silvered head
Misfortune’s bitterest rage un pitying shed
Her coldest storms, yet let me live to crown
The song that boasts my nation’s proud renown.”

—EMMA THOMPSON.





BUDDHISM is the religion professed, in various forms, by nearly one-third of the human race. Though it has ceased to exist in India proper, the land of its origin, it has spread over the greater part of Asia, and has its adherents in Europe and its students in America. At the present moment it is increasing its control in Japan, notwithstanding the influence of Christian missionaries and the subtle teachings of European commerce. Nor does the fact that Shintoism is the court religion of Japan seem to retard the growth of Buddhism. The story of its founder has been embellished and encrusted with romantic marvels by Oriental writers. Yet the patient researches of scholars and investigators of Asiatic literature have succeeded in working out a narrative which bears the stamp of historic truth.

Buddha, meaning "the Enlightened," is rather an official designation than the name of the founder of this religious system. His family name was Gautama; his individual name was Siddhartha. He belonged to the tribe of the Sakyas, and hence is also called Sakya Muni, or the recluse of the Sakyas. He was the son of Suddhodana, the ruler or rajah of Magadha, near the base of the Himalayas, and was born in 624 B.C. The era of Siddhartha was a brilliant one in the history of the world. "The century between 650 and 550 B.C.," says the historian Grote, "appears to have been remarkable for the first diffusion and potent influence of distinct religious brotherhoods, mystic rites, and expiatory ceremonies." The work

and influence of Siddartha has been perhaps more potent and permanent than that of any of his contemporaries.

Siddartha's father is said to have been early warned that the prince would become a recluse, and therefore surrounded him with incitements to the pursuit of pleasure. At the age of nineteen, or even earlier, Siddartha was married to his cousin Yasodhara, and gave himself up to domestic enjoyment. When the nobles complained to his father that the prince would be unfit to lead them in war, Siddartha appointed a day for the trial of his prowess, and he not only defeated all his competitors in warlike exercises, but surpassed his teachers in knowledge. For ten years more he led a life of self-indulgence.

He was twenty-nine when he was aroused to the vanity of pleasure, and even of human life. While driving from the palace one day, the sight of a decrepit old man caused him to question his charioteer Channa, who said that such was the fate of all men. Again, after seeing a leper and a corpse his inquiries were answered in the same way. Finally he saw an ascetic of dignified appearance, and was informed of his character. Siddartha began to long for the peace of such a life. Returning home, he was greeted with the glad tidings of the birth of his first-born son. The whole capital gave loose rein to rejoicing, and the palace became a scene of festivity. But Siddartha, who had hitherto easily yielded to impulses from others, was meditating his escape from the toils by "the great renunciation." He fell asleep, but awaking at midnight, he saw the dancing-girls lying in an ante-room, and was filled with disgust. He glanced into the room where his wife was sleeping with her hand on the head of his child. Fearing to disturb her if he took the child in his arms, he tore himself away and escaped from the house. Attended only by Channa, he rode through the forest to a homeless life. At daybreak the groom was sent back with the horse, and a message to Gautama's father and his wife, "I will not return till I can bring them tidings of deliverance."

Of the several castes which arose from the conquests of the Aryas, the Brahmans stood highest; their office was to teach and to sacrifice. To them Gautama first turned for instruction; but he soon concluded that the power of their gods,

gained by austerity, was only such as could be acquired by man, and did not entitle them to adoration; that sacrifice, which involved suffering and death, was an abomination. Besides, it was useless in promoting his chief object, escape from decrepitude, disease and death.

Taking with him five Brahmans, he retired into the forest to search into the mystery of human misery. The great objects of nature around him, which he had seen worshiped as gods, became to him mere symbols of dissolution. Seeing that the beasts paid no more heed to him than to one of the meanest caste, he concluded that all distinctions of class and caste were worthless. Gautama next entered on a life of rigorous fasting and penance, which he carried to such an extreme through six years that his bodily strength was wasted. But, self-mortification bringing no solution of the problem, he resumed a less austere mode of life. He thus incurred the suspicion of lapsing into worldliness, and his Brahman associates forsook him.

A decisive hour was approaching which was to solve, to him at least, the enigma of human life. This last conflict with the powers of darkness is considered by Buddhists as the turning-point not only in Gautama's life, but in human history. The terrible battle maintained by the Sakya Muni against the hosts of Evil has been variously and powerfully described by Buddhist writers with all the resources of Oriental imagery; but the biographical materials furnished by the *Pitakas*—the recognized sources of authentic information—represent the crisis as one of intellectual insight, not of moral choice. Gautama rose from his meditations in triumph; he had found the way of deliverance. The Four Verities, or Four Noble Truths, rose clearly before his eyes :

- I. Suffering is coëxistent with animated being.
- II. The cause of suffering is desire.
- III. Deliverance from suffering is effected by the destruction of desire, or by attaining Nirvana.
- IV. Nirvana can be attained only by following the method of Buddha.

This method of Buddha is eight-fold and comprises : right belief, right aim, right speech, right conduct, right liveli-

hood, right endeavor, right recollectedness, right meditation. Gautama was assailed by temptation to be a Buddha for himself alone, but after another mental struggle determined to declare the way of escape to the world. Seeking again the five mendicants who had been his companions in the forest, he addressed to them his first sermon, or exposition of the law. In five months he had sixty disciples, who were sent forth, one by one, to preach the new doctrine in India.

The new religion spread with wonderful rapidity, penetrating to the palaces of kings, and finding adherents among all classes. Returning to his native Kapila Vastu, Gautama taught his doctrine to his wife, his father, and his son Rahula, and they also became his disciples. It was charged against his earliest teaching, that the destruction of all desire, and the adoption of the celibate and mendicant life, would destroy the family and put an end to society. The Buddha is represented as having replied that this supposed evil was in truth the best thing that could happen. Still, if men were to be mendicants, there must be an external community from whom they could beg. Thus a secondary system became necessary, in which men could pursue their ordinary avocations. By them the Nirvana could not be directly reached, but the present life could be made more tolerable, and more favorable conditions gained for the future attainment of the blessing longed for.

The Buddha never swerved from the way of life he had marked out for himself. He had chosen to become a recluse and so remained, despising worldly possessions, teaching and preaching from village to village and from town to town during the rest of his life. At last, from the effects of unwholesome food and the fatigue of a long journey, he was prostrated with disease, and died at the age of eighty.





MARCO POLO was the first European that entered China and gave mediæval Christendom accurate knowledge of Central Asia. The narrative of his travels was long regarded as a tissue of fictions, but modern research has confirmed its truth. His father, Niccolo Polo, a Venetian merchant of noble rank, in company with his brother, Maffeo, set out in 1250 on a trading journey to Asia. Having loaded a vessel with rich merchandise, they sailed to Constantinople, where

they disposed of their cargo, and then purchasing a stock of jewels and precious stones, crossed the Black Sea to the Crimea. They traveled by land from the Crimea to the court of a Tartar chief, Barkah Khan, to whom they sold many of their jewels. Crossing the desert of Bokhara, they spent three years among the Mongols and learned the Tartar language. A Persian ambassador sent by Hulagu to Kublai Khan, passing through Bokhara, met with the Polo brothers, and by magnificent promises persuaded them to accompany him to Cambalu, in Cathay. A year was consumed in this journey. Kublai, the Great Mogul who then ruled over Western China and Tartary, received and treated them with favor and distinction. So high was his opinion of their honor and capacity, that he

was induced to send them on an embassy to the Pope of Rome. After a dangerous journey of three years, they arrived at Venice in 1269.

Niccolo found that during his absence his wife had borne him a son, Marco, who had become a well-grown youth of nineteen years of age. Niccolo and his brother remained two years in Italy unable to perform their mission, because Clement IV. had recently died and there was delay in electing his successor. At last, toward the end of 1271, this business was accomplished, and the brothers again set out for the East. They were now accompanied by young Marco, and carried a letter from the new Pope. Kublai had requested the Pope to send a hundred men to teach his subjects, but only two friars were sent, and they failed to reach the court of Kublai. The Venetian travelers passed through Armenia, Persia, Turkestan, Cashmere, the Pamir or "Roof of the World," and Kashgar. They afterward crossed the desert of Shomo, or Gobi, to Karakorum. Marco Polo describes this celebrated capital of Tartary as three miles in circumference and fortified with earthen ramparts. After a journey of three years they arrived, in 1275, at the court of Kublai, in Cambaluc (Peking), and were graciously received. Marco was appointed to some office at court, and was instructed in the languages of the Tartar empire. In a short time he could speak and write fluently in four of these languages. Being a favorite of the emperor, he was sent on important missions to various parts of China and India. He rose from one degree of honor to another, and traversed all the provinces and territories of the empire. The ethnological and geographical knowledge he thus acquired surpassed even that of the wisest men of the Tartar court. Marco was governor of Yang-chow, and other towns, from 1277 to 1280.

Cambaluc was a large and opulent city, divided into twelve sections, in many of which, according to Marco's report, "the rich merchants have palatial residences; for commerce flourishes in this city, and more valuable merchandise is brought to it than to any other in the world. It is the emporium for the richest productions of India, including pearls and precious stones." At Cambaluc Kublai had a grand palace one mile

long, in the midst of a prodigious park which was thirty-two miles in circuit, and was surrounded by a high wall and a deep ditch. In Southern China Marco visited a city called Quinsay, which he declared to be a hundred miles in circumference, and richly furnished with the luxuries of civilization. It stood on a large river, and was intersected by innumerable canals which rendered the streets navigable, and were crossed by 12,000 bridges.

When the three Venetians had passed seventeen years in the service of Kublai, and had amassed large fortunes, they wished to return to their native land. Kublai, though reluctant to part with them, finally consented that they should go home by sea, and carry to Persia a princess whom the Khan of Persia wished Kublai to give him in marriage. He equipped for them a fleet of fourteen ships, with which they sailed from China in 1292. In their voyage through the Indian Ocean, they touched at many islands which Marco describes. The fleet was detained several months on the coast of Sumatra, giving opportunity for thorough exploration. After visiting Ceylon, India, and Ormuz, they conducted the princess to the Persian court. Thence embarking on the Black Sea, the Venetians traveled by water to their native city, which they reached late in 1295, and astonished the merchant princes with diamonds, rubies, etc., of great value.

In September, 1298, Marco, while commanding a galley, was captured by the Genoese in a naval battle and shut up in prison. During this seclusion from active life he dictated to a fellow-captive the narrative of his adventures and discoveries in the remote East and far Cathay. He was probably liberated when peace was made in July, 1299, but some say he was confined four years. His book, however, was received as a mere romance, and from the large numbers occurring in it he was nick-named Marco Millions. Six centuries elapsed before later European explorers confirmed the truth of his statements. His own relatives besought him, for the good of his soul, to retract his stories, but he maintained their correctness. He is now considered a man of veracity, and holds high rank among the great explorers. Marco Polo died in 1324.

KUBLAI KHAN.

At Chandu, in Cathay, the Venetian travelers beheld the stupendous palace which Kublai Khan had erected in that city. Neither the dimensions nor the architecture are described by Marco Polo, but it is said to have been constructed, with singular art and beauty, of marble and other precious materials. The grounds of this palace, which were surrounded by a wall, were sixteen miles in circumference, and were beautifully laid out into meadows, groves, and lawns, watered by sparkling streams, and abundantly stocked with red and fallow deer, and other animals of the chase. In this park the khan had a mew of falcons, which, when at the palace, he visited once a week, and caused to be fed with the flesh of young fawns. Tame leopards were employed in hunting the stag, and, like the cheetah, or tiger, used for the same purpose in the Carnatic, were carried out on horseback to the scene of action, and let loose only when the game appeared.

Kublai Khan was a fine, handsome man, of middle stature, with a fresh complexion, bright black eyes, a well-formed nose, and a form every way well proportioned. He had four wives, each of whom had the title of empress, and possessed her own magnificent palace, with a separate court, consisting of three hundred maids of honor, a large number of eunuchs, and a suite amounting at least to ten thousand persons. He, moreover, possessed a numerous harem besides his wives; and in order to keep up a constant supply of fresh beauties, messengers were dispatched every two years into a province of Tartary remarkable for the beauty of its women, and therefore set apart as a nursery for royal concubines, to collect the finest among the daughters of the land for the khan. As the inhabitants of this country considered it an honor to breed mistresses for their prince, the inspector had no difficulty in finding whatever number of young women he desired, and generally returned to court with at least five hundred in his charge. So vast an army of women were not, however, marched all at once into the khan's harem. Examiners were appointed to fan away the chaff from the corn—that is, to discover whether any of these fair damsels snored in their sleep,

or had an unsavory smell, or were addicted to any mischievous or disagreeable tricks in their behaviour. Such, says the traveler, as were finally approved, were divided into parties of five, and one such party attended in the chamber of the khan during three days and three nights in their turn, while another party waited in an adjoining apartment to prepare whatever the others might command them. The girls of inferior charms were employed in menial offices about the palace, or were bestowed in marriage, with large portions, upon the favored officers of the khan.

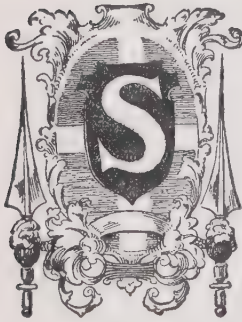
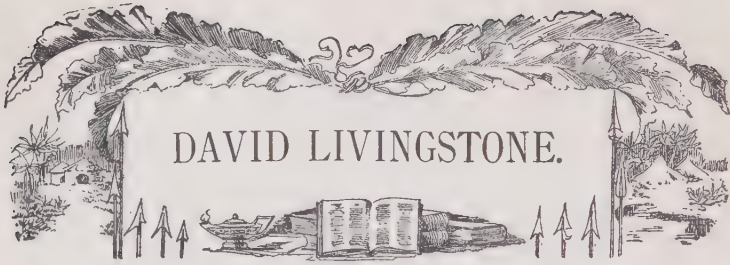
The imperial city of Cambalu—the modern Pekin—formed the residence of the khan during the months of December, January and February. The palace of Kublai stood in the midst of a prodigious park, thirty-two miles in circumference, surrounded by a lofty wall and deep ditch. This enclosure, like all Mongol works of the kind, was square, and each of its four sides was pierced by but one gate, so that between gate and gate there was a distance of eight miles. Within this vast square stood another, twenty-four miles in circumference, the walls being equidistant from those of the outer square, and pierced on the northern and southern sides by three gates, of which the centre one, loftier and more magnificent than the rest, was reserved for the khan alone. At the four corners, and in the centre of each face of the inner square, were superb and spacious buildings, which were royal arsenals for containing the implements and machinery of war, such as horse-trappings, long- and cross-bows and arrows, helmets, cuirasses, leather armor, etc.

The space between the first and second walls was bare and level, and appropriated to the exercising of the troops. But having passed the second wall, you discovered an immense park, resembling the paradises of the ancient Persian kings, stretching away on all sides into green lawns, dotted and broken into long sunny vistas or embowered shades by numerous groves of trees, between the rich and various foliage of which the glittering pinnacles and snow-white battlements of the palace walls appeared at intervals. The palace itself was a mile in length, but not being of corresponding height, had rather the appearance of a vast terrace or range

of buildings than of one structure. Its interior was divided into numerous apartments, some of which were of prodigious dimensions and splendidly ornamented; the walls being covered with figures of men, birds and animals, in exquisite relief and richly gilt. A labyrinth of carving, gilding, and the most brilliant colors—red, green and blue—supplied the place of a ceiling; and the united effect of the whole oppressed the soul with a sense of painful splendor. On the north of this poetical abode, which rivalled in vastness and magnificence the Olympic domes of Homer, stood an artificial hill, a mile in circumference and of corresponding height, which was skillfully planted with evergreen trees, which the Great Khan had caused to be brought from remote places, with all their roots, on the backs of elephants. At the foot of this hill were two beautiful lakes, imbosomed in trees and filled with a multitude of delicate fish.

That portion of the imperial city which had been erected by Kublai Khan was square, like his palace. It was less extensive, however, than the royal grounds, being only twenty-four miles in circumference. The streets were all straight and six miles in length, and the houses were erected on each side, with courts and gardens like palaces. At a certain hour of the night a bell was sounded in the city, after which it was not lawful for any person to go out of doors unless upon the most urgent business—for example, to procure assistance for a woman in labor—in which case, however, they were compelled to carry torches before them. Twelve extensive suburbs, inhabited by foreign merchants and by trades-people, and more populous than the city itself, lay without the walls.—J. A. ST. JOHN.





SCHOOL maps of Africa fifty years ago conveyed the impression that the great continent was a vast blank waste of sand, fringed around the coast-line with missionary and trading stations. The century closes with a map of new Africa, its desert transformed into a picture of luxuriant animal and vegetable life, teeming with strange tribes, highly skilled in arts of rude civilization, its surface netted with the boundary lines of newly created states and territories larger than European kingdoms. This new Africa is fast becoming the El Dorado of adventurers of every nationality, who are eagerly grasping greater or less sections of its soil in the name of monarchs or companies, by treaty with natives, by strategy, or by conquest. To Africa are turned the eyes of those whose dream is of wealth, wealth to be gotten by magic, not by the slow process of trade; and in Africa lie the hopes of world-reforming seers, who have all but despaired of finding a fit outlet for the energies of congested populations. Of all the marvellous developments the nineteenth century has borne, this re-discovery of the Africa of antiquity as the newest of New Worlds, must crown the glorious record. In the fulness of time, when the human mind seems nearly to have exhausted its power of harnessing and driving the forces of nature whither it will, the veil has been lifted from the face of the mysterious land where civilization has followed civilization, rising, culminating, crumbling, burying their traces in the awful silence of dead cen-

turies. Trackless Saharas and forests to be thoroughfared, climates to be modified, waste-places and fever-lands to be made habitable, mountains and waters to be explored, mines of gold and gems to give up their hoard, native races to be taught industries and arts, railways, canals, steam-engines, factories to be created; in short, one more civilization to be transplanted into Africa the golden.

To Livingstone is admittedly due the impetus of modern exploration, and his discoveries "practically taught us all we know of Southern Africa on both banks of the Zambesi, from one side of the continent to the other." David Livingstone, born of humble parentage in Scotland in 1813, offered his services to the London Missionary Society in 1838, and went out to Cape Colony as a medical missionary in 1840. Three years later he married the daughter of Dr. Moffat, the well-known missionary, who first committed the Bechuana language to writing. His encounter with a furious lion which he had wounded broke his arm in a peculiar way, which served as identification when his remains were, thirty years later, borne to England. The story of his labors among various tribes is fascinating still. He discovered Lake Ngami, and afterward the Zambesi river and the Loanda country. For three years and a half Livingstone (his wife and three children had been sent home to England) had not spoken his native language, and only partially during thirteen years. When he sailed for home, in 1856, he found it hard to express himself fluently.

His narrative of his travels and labors made a strong and lasting impression on all classes of British people. In 1858 he was given charge of a Government expedition, whose object was to explore the Zambesi country. He had resigned his connection with the London Missionary Society, but never ceased to be the Christian pioneer. His mission was to heal "the open sore of the world," as he called the African slave trade. He was appointed British Consul for East Africa, and as such wore the official gold-lace cap which Stanley bore home, a trophy of his success in finding the long-lost traveler. Livingstone's discoveries during the next year or two included the Shiré river, Murchison Falls, Lake Shirwa, Lake Nyassa, and Victoria Falls. His wife died of fever in 1863, and Livingstone

was in despair. "For the first time in my life I feel willing to die." But duty called and he responded. The horrors of the slave trade stunned him to the heart. He found that the country of the Shiré, which a year before had been well populated, was now deserted, and the river choked with the corpses of those that had fled to death from the Arab slave-dealers. Troubles arose with the Portuguese, through jealousies, and Livingstone was recalled. He had spent the \$30,000 his book had gained him in fitting out a boat, the *Lady Nyassa*, in which he had made several perilous voyages. In this little iron steamer, with himself as captain of the little crew of thirteen, Livingstone sailed twenty-five hundred miles across the Indian Ocean to Bombay, rather than sell his boat to the Portuguese in Africa, to be used in the slave-trade.

In 1865 he made his third and last journey to the Zambesi, with a small force of Sepoys from India, who proved a complete failure. The Royal Geographical Society desired him to settle the question of the water-sheds of South Africa, beginning at the Rovuma and working up to Lake Tanganyika. He had sold his steamer for only one-half what it had cost him, and lost this through the failure of the bank he had entrusted it to. Men deserted him, and troubles inconceivable tormented him, and often he fell ill, but Livingstone knew nothing of losing heart. He pushed ahead through warring tribes and came upon Lake Moero, which he hoped might solve the mystery of the Nile and Congo. Another he named Lake Lincoln, in honor of the President. Next he discovered the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. For two years he had received no English letters, and when he reached Ujiji he was too ill to walk and almost destitute. This is the summary of his Journal for 1870: "In this journey I have endeavored to follow with unswerving fidelity the line of duty. My course has been an even one, though my route has been tortuous enough. All the hardship, hunger and toil were met with the full conviction that I was right in persevering to make a complete work of the exploration of the sources of the Nile. I had a strong presentiment during the first three years that I should not live through the enterprise, but it weakened as I came to the end of the journey, and an eager desire to dis-

cover any evidence of the great Moses having visited these parts bound me—spell-bound me, I may say. I have to go down the Central Lualaba, or Webb's Lake River, then up the Western, or Young's Lake River to Katanga headquarters, and then retire—I pray that it may be to my native home. I received information of Mr. Young's search trip up the Shiré and Nyassa only in February, 1870, and now take the first opportunity of offering hearty thanks, in a dispatch to H. M. Government and all concerned in kindly inquiring as to my fate."

The English people had grown intensely excited at Livingstone's years of silence. The above extract is from one of the Journals brought home by Stanley in 1872. An English expedition was dispatched in March of that year; but when Stanley in person informed them at Zanzibar that he had already found and succored Livingstone, the members disbanded. Stanley had found him, as all the world knows, in the direst straits, foiled in his purposes, wilfully or otherwise, by the British Consul at Zanzibar, who sent him as helpers slaves, thieves who stole his supplies, kept his letters, and declared they had been instructed to force him to return. Stanley spent four months with the man whom he reveres as a Christian hero, and on leaving gave Livingstone supplies for himself and fifty servants for two years. The narrative of the finding will long hold its place among the most charming stories of adventure. Together they made a voyage on Lake Tanganyika, traversing three hundred miles of water and making valuable observations. Livingstone refused to accompany his deliverer to England. He was determined to strike across from the Tanganyika to the Lualaba River and find there the old fountains of the Nile. This was to take him eighteen months. But fevers and chills from prolonged rains and wading swamps at last battered down his strong constitution. He died among his faithful followers at Ilala, in Central Africa, on the banks of the Lulimala, on May 1, 1873. They embalmed his remains and brought them to London. A slab in the pavement of the middle nave in Westminster Abbey marks the devoted explorer's place of rest.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNEY.

With fifty-six men and two women, Livingstone set out from Unyanyembe on his last march on August 25, 1872. It ended on April 30, 1873, in Chitambo's village of Ilala, on the southwestern shore of Lake Bangweolo. His reasons for the route chosen seem to have been as follows : From careful sifting of the reports of native travelers he was inclined to believe that the story told by the priest of Minerva to Herodotus, in the temple of Sais, of the two conical hills in Central Africa, Crophi and Mophi, from the unfathomed fountains at whose feet flowed two rivers, the one to the north, through Egypt, the other to Ethiopia, was worth more than the Father of History had assigned to it. He would satisfy himself as to this by visiting the two hills due west of Bangweolo. Then turning due north, and visiting the copper mines and underground excavations in the Katangas country by the way, he hoped in twelve days to strike the head of the unexplored lake, where he looked for the final solution of his doubts. "Then I hope devoutly to thank the Lord of all, and turn my face along Lake Kamalondo, and over Lualaba, Tanganyika, Ujiji and home !"

This last and crowning expedition would therefore have put a girdle outside his previous explorations in these districts, keeping to the westward of Lake Moero, and so up north by Lake Lincoln till he struck the Lualaba on its west bank, beyond the point where he had been foiled and turned back two years before. He would have there crossed into the Manyema territory, and returned to his starting-point round the northern end of Lake Tanganyika. A truly heroic piece of work for a man of sixty, worn by previous hardships and subject to a cruel and exhausting form of dysentery from over-exertion or exposure.

Knowing the event as we do, it is a pathetic task to follow him. War was raging over much of the district east of Tanganyika through which his path lay, adding greatly to the danger and difficulties of the march, the people being distrustful and unwilling or unable to sell provisions. Sometimes he rode one of the donkeys, but as a rule tramped

along till September 21st, when his old enemy, which had already attacked him, had to be seriously met. "Rest here," runs the entry, "as the complaint does not yield to medicine or time; but I begin to eat now, which is a favorable symptom," and then follow notes on the habits of kites, and on the gingerbread palm. And even as disease gains on him, similar notes on the products and people are made day by day, with observations, when these could be taken, the direction of the route and distance traversed, and the daily orders to his men. His loving heart, too, is open all the way. Here it is a poor woman of Ujiji who had followed one of Stanley's men, and been cast off by him; "she had quarreled all round; her temper seems too excitable; she is somebody's bairn, nevertheless."

"*November 18th.*—One of the men picked up a little girl deserted by her mother. As she was benumbed by cold and wet, he carried her, but when I came up he threw her into the grass. I ordered a man to carry her, and we gave her to one of the childless women."

"*November 27th.*—As it is Sunday we stay here at N'daris village, for we shall be in an uninhabitable tract to-morrow beyond the Lofu. The head-man cooked six messes for us, and begged us to remain for more food, which we buy. He gave us a handsome present of flour and a fowl, for which I return him a present of cloth. Very heavy rain and high gusts of wind, which wet us all." The rainy season had set in severely, and the hot ground, which had scorched their feet on the rocky paths near Tanganyika, had turned into a vast sponge or swamp on the eastern and southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, which they were now approaching.

His humor never forsook him even in these dreary days. At a large stream beyond the Lofu "a man came to the bridge to ask for toll. As it was composed of one stick only, and unfit for our use, because rotten, I agreed to pay, provided he made it fit for us, but if I remade and enlarged it, I said he ought to give me a goat. He slunk away, and we laid large trees across."

"*December 3d.*—We crossed the Kanomba, 15 yards wide and knee deep. Here our guide disappeared. So did the path."

In December the rains come on, and the whole country soon becomes a large sponge. The ominous single word "Ill" appears in the journal; still every stream crossed is entered in his pocket-book, with observations when they could be taken, and the marching orders, and direction of route. And no suffering is allowed to interfere with discipline.

"*April 10th.*—I am pale, bloodless, and weak from bleeding profusely ever since 31st of March: an artery gives off a copious stream, and takes away my strength."

The party are now all together again and marching slowly.

"*18th.*—Crossed two large sponges, and I was forced to stop at a large village after traveling two hours. Very ill all night, but remembered that the bleeding and most other ailments in this land are forms of fever. Took two scruple doses of quinine, and stopped it quite . . . not all pleasure this exploration." And then follows the last note on the country he seems ever to have made. "The Lavusi hills are a relief to the eye in this flat upland. Their forms show you an igneous origin. The river Kazya comes from them, and goes direct to the lake. No observations now; owing to great weakness. I can hardly hold a pencil, and my stick is a burden. Tent gone. The men built a good hut for me and the luggage."

From this time, though scarcely conscious, he still pushes on. On the 21st he even made an effort to ride the donkey, but fell off directly. Chumah threw down his gun, ran on to stop the men ahead, and on his return bent over his master, who said, "Chumah, I have lost so much blood there is no strength left in my legs; you must carry me." He was lifted on to Chumah's shoulders, and carried back to the village.

"*From the 23d to the 26th of April.*"—No entry but the date, but he still struggled forward on a rough litter. While halting on the latter day, though prone with pain and exhaustion, he directed Susi to count the bags of beads, and twelve being still in stock, directed him to buy two elephant's tusks, to be exchanged for cloth when they reached Ujiji.

The last entry on April 27th runs, "Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on

the banks of the Molilamo." The goats could not be bought, and on the 29th, in the last stage of pain and weakness, he was carried to the Molilamo and ferried across. Ilala, the village of Chitambo, a friendly chief, was now close by, but twice on the way he desired to be left where he was, the intense pain of movement having mastered him. The last halt was for an hour in the gardens outside. While his men prepared the raised bed of sticks and grass inside, and banked the hut round, a curious crowd gathered round to gaze at the best friend Africa had ever had, and was about to lose. Drizzling rain was falling, and a fire was lighted outside the door. The boy Majwara slept inside the tent.

In the morning Chitambo came, but the dying man sent him away, telling him to come next day, when he hoped to be able to talk. At eleven p. m. Susi was called in by the boy. There was shouting in the distance, and Livingstone asked, "Are our men making that noise?" "No. The people are scaring a buffalo from their dura fields." A pause. "Is this the Luapula?" "No, Ilala, Chitambo's village." "How many days to the Luapula?" "I think three days, Bwana (master)." He dozed off again. An hour later Susi again heard the boy's "Bwana wants you, Susi." Susi went in; he was told to boil water and then to get the medicine chest and hold the candle, and he noticed that his master could hardly see. He selected the calomel with difficulty, and was told to put a cup with water, and another empty by the bed. "All right; you can go out now," in a feeble voice, were the last words he heard. About four A.M. Majwara came again: "Come to Bwana, I am afraid. I don't know if he is alive."

Susi, Chumah, and four others were at the tent-door in a moment. The Doctor was kneeling by the bed, his face buried in his hands on the pillow, dead.—T. HUGHES.





ESPITE obstacles and jealousies of the most disheartening kind, Stanley has by sheer force of character hewn his name high and deep in the tablet of fame. The story of his adventures in Africa is one continuous account of pluck, determination, ingenuity and unwearying endurance. Starting with few friends and without anything like general public interest, he carved his own way. The little fellow born in Wales, in 1840, as John Rowland, ran away to sea and was adopted by a kind-hearted American gentleman of New Orleans, who named him after himself, Henry Morton Stanley. The premature death of this benefactor threw the youth again upon the world. He fought in the Confederate Army under Sydney Johnston, was taken prisoner at Pittsburg Landing, escaped to England, worked his passage back, enlisted in the Federal Navy, and when the war ended he served as newspaper correspondent with one of the expeditions against the Indians of the plains.

Stanley was now sent to Africa by the *New York Herald*, and as its representative was the first to give an account of the capture of Magdala in the Abyssinian expedition. When, on his return, James Gordon Bennett, the owner of that paper, abruptly ordered Stanley to go to Africa and "find Livingstone," he obeyed with military precision, without hesitation or waste of words. The task was stupendous, and to any other young man of thirty would have been appalling. A new life, unknown perils, utterly strange conditions, no time for deliberate study of the problem, the masterly planning of his expedition, which proved so com-

plete a success, can only be appreciated after reading his book, *How I Found Livingstone*. The most experienced of explorers could not have improved upon the methods Stanley's own clear-headed ingenuity adopted. Livingstone's work had been saved for posterity by Stanley's daring venture, and now the apostle of exploration has fallen asleep in the land to whose people he had devoted his life.

In 1874 Stanley was employed to complete Livingstone's unfinished task. His book, *Across the Dark Continent*, gives an idea of the perils he faced and overcame. On the way to Lake Victoria they had to hack their slow way through miasmatic jungle with axes, step by step, through the famine-stricken land, with hostile savages to overcome and traitorous guides to punish. Five of his men fell dead. Lions had to be eaten for food. Sickness attacked the whole party. Nevertheless the lake was reached and navigated, the hostile forces were fought and beaten, and the friendly King Mtesa was converted to Christianity. Stanley rested, then carried his steamboat, "Lady Alice," three hundred and fifty miles, from Ujiji to Livingstone's river, Lualaba, which Stanley now discovered to be one and the same with the great Congo river. He descended the stream, fighting as before with sickness, cannibal foes, and almost insurmountable difficulties. He was resolved to follow the river right down to the sea, the first cataract being named the Stanley Falls. There are fifty-seven cataracts in eighteen hundred miles. Navigation was full of dangers, and besides many lives much treasure was lost. By this effort Stanley succeeded in opening up that magnificent water-way into the heart of Africa.

On his return with the famous record of his achievement, Stanley was engaged by Leopold II., King of the Belgians, to establish an organized government on behalf of the African International Association, founded by the king, with the object of suppressing the slave trade and colonizing the country. Thus the rise of the great Congo Free State grew out of Stanley's indomitable perseverance in pursuing Livingstone's programme. Its area is about 800,000 square miles (roughly, one-fifth of the United States), with a population bordering on ten millions.

The death of General Gordon at Khartoum, in 1885, left Emin Pasha, Governor (under Gordon) of Equatorial Africa, in grave peril. The British abandonment of the Soudan stirred public feeling to the pitch of subscribing for a rescue expedition, which Stanley was desired to command. He proffered to do this gratuitously, and arrived at Zanzibar early in 1887. The march through dense forests to the interior of Africa was fraught with tremendous difficulties and perils. A race of pigmies was discovered, poisoned arrows from hostile tribes caused many deaths, and it took five weeks to cover fifty miles of the journey, owing to lack of food, except fungi and wild-fruit. Stanley had reckoned a fortnight as ample time to traverse the forest, but it needed one hundred and sixty terrible days to get through. When the expedition finished its work, it was found that over three hundred men had died from starvation and in fighting. Stanley had traveled 5,400 miles in three years at a cost of under \$150,000, rescuing three hundred people, discovering the fabled Mountains of the Moon, and the sources of the White Nile. One direct result of his splendid life-work has been the rapid extension of British influence in Africa. Stanley married an English wife on returning from his last expedition, and became a member of Parliament.

STANLEY FINDS LIVINGSTONE.

On the 3d of November, 1870, while encamped on the banks of the Malagarazi, Stanley learnt from the leaders of a caravan that a white man, "old, with white hair on his face, and ill," had recently arrived at Ujiji from Manyema, and that they had seen him as lately as eight days before. This could only be Livingstone, for Baker, the only other white man known to be in the interior, was comparatively young. By dint of large bribes, Stanley aroused his men to something like excitement and energy, and pressing forward as speedily as possible, paying large tribute at every town, if only so as not to lose time, resisted continually by the savage chieftains of the country, crossing quagmires and streams, and, as the main track was infested by bands of warriors on the warpath, plunging into jungle depths and the wildest

parts of a tropical wilderness, on November 10, the two hundred and thirty-sixth day from Bagamoyo, at the head of his men, he surmounted a steep and lofty ridge, and beheld the Tanganyika and Ujiji at his feet.

All the dreary incidents, all the constantly recurring dangers of the long march from the Indian Ocean were in a moment forgotten; Ujiji lay before them, and Livingstone was in Ujiji. With his heart beating high with excitement, Stanley marshalled his caravan in order, and then with horns blowing, guns firing, and flags flying, they descended the hill towards Ujiji. The people came out in crowds to meet them, and in the midst of the uproar, Stanley was accosted by Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone, who, in good English, told him that the doctor was indeed alive, though poor in health.

The news had quickly spread that a white man was coming, and all the chief Arabs had gathered in front of the Doctor's house, there to await the new arrival. For the rest—is it not a matter of history and engraved in the hearts of thousands, to whom the story of the great traveler and missionary has been as an epic? But let Stanley tell his own tale once more.

“I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semi-circle of Arabs, in front of which stood the white man with the grey beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap, with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of grey tweed trousers; I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

“‘Dr. Livingstone, I presume?’

“‘Yes,’ said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

“I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud:

“I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.”

The whole of the next few days were occupied by the white men in talking—sitting on the mud verandah of Livingstone's house, talking; talking not only of what Stanley had experienced, and why he had come, and what the world thought about Livingstone, but also what the great traveler himself had done in the regions beyond the Tanganyika, and how it was he returned to Ujiji sick and helpless.

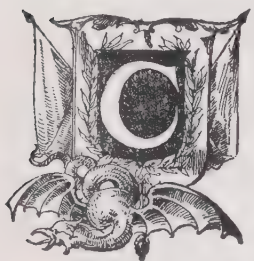
Since leaving Zanzibar in 1866, Livingstone had traveled over thousands of miles of wild country, and met with enough misfortune to paralyze any ordinary man. He had gone up the Rovuma river, skirted the shores of Lake Nyassa, and penetrated into the country of Lunda, whose king was the powerful Cazembe. On his way thither, most of his men had deserted, among them the scoundrel Musa, who had spread the report of Livingstone's death. During the next two years he was engaged in explorations in the basin of the Chambesi River, in the countries bordering on Lunda. He reached the southwestern point of Tanganyika and discovered Lake Moero. From the southern end of that lake he followed the course of the Luapula River till it issued from Lake Bangweolo. Proceeding along this lake, he found the last link in this chain of lake and river, and proved beyond doubt that the Chambesi, flowing into the eastern extremity of Bangweolo (or Bemba), was the beginning of the Luapula, and in no way connected with the Zambezi, a fact hitherto unascertained.

Returning to Cazembe's capital, he had struck out for Ujiji, meeting with many accidents and losing all his followers by desertion—save two, Susi and Chumah. After a three months' stay at Ujiji he plunged once more into the undiscovered countries westward of the Tanganyika, and though obliged to rest at Bambarre for six months, owing to the ulcerous condition of his feet, he managed to get over an enormous amount of ground. He discovered those large lakes, Kamolondo and Lincoln, and striking the course of the Lualaba, followed it through the former lake and south to Lake Moero. Thus he had completed the chain of inves-

tigations needed to prove the Chambesi, the Luapula, and the Lualaba but one great river of lacustrine character.

On his return journey down the Lualaba, he was unable to proceed further north than Nyangwe, whence he returned across the wild but attractive country of Manyema to Ujiji, a distance of seven hundred miles. Here it was that Stanley found him, and in terrible plight. For the goods which had been awaiting his arrival at Ujiji, the bales of cloth and sacks of beads which would have enabled him to complete his investigations on the Lualaba, had been squandered by the rascals in charge of them—in riotous living. They had divined on the Koran and found, conveniently, that the Doctor was dead! Livingstone was in despair, almost broken-hearted at this culminating misfortune, when Stanley appeared, just in the nick of time. The latter, therefore, not only found Livingstone, but, with the amount of stores he had left at Unyanyembe, and the unlimited credit he had at Zanzibar, was in a position to help him as well. The doctor was both found and relieved.—A. MONTEFIORE.





CHRONICLES of Arctic explorers, from the sixteenth-century searchers for the north-west passage down to the Peary, Nansen and Jackson expeditions of 1895, have all a unique fascination of which we never tire. Nor does the Arctic explorer, apparently, ever lose his eagerness to try again. There seems to be some strange fascination about

these forbidding regions which the explorers all find irresistible. The unvarying tale of perils, patient endurance, failures, and the horrors of starvation, is lit up with but few gleams of triumph, and they are chiefly to the score of cold science. Yet there is never a dearth of hardy volunteers eager to map the millions of miles of still unknown land and water, and the rivalry of nations grows keener as the practicability of reaching the North Pole seems to grow more remote. Some venture the task for mere glory, others for selfish ends, and a few in sheer disinterested desire to increase the sum of human knowledge. The attitude of governments and the learned societies that have lent their aid to the expeditions of our time is that of practical interest in serious efforts to ascertain all that remains to be known of the northern latitude. Public help awaits skilled explorers who are willing to undertake geographical research with a view to scientific results. The reaching of the Pole is of itself of no more consequence than the attainment of any other point of high latitude. The main features of the Arctic region were discovered and mapped out by the brave adventurers who named Hudson's Strait, Davis Strait, Baffin's Bay and

Smith Sound, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The eighteenth witnessed the establishment of settlements in Greenland and Hudson's Bay Territory, and the development of the whale and seal fisheries. Captain Bering, a Dane, was put in command of an expedition by Peter the Great in 1725, and discovered the strait between Asia and America which bears his name. Captain Cook, the English explorer, penetrated to the western extremity of America in 1778, and a later expedition failed because of the ice-pack.

Renewed efforts to promote Polar exploration were made in 1815, and Sir John Barrow induced the British Government to offer a reward of \$100,000 for the discovery of the North-West Passage, and of \$25,000 for reaching 89° N. In 1818 two boats were dispatched, in one of which young John Franklin was lieutenant, and the other was commanded by Captain John Ross and Lieutenant Edward Parry. The latter made two voyages in 1819 and 1820, returning in 1823, having added largely to the stock of geographical knowledge, and established invaluable precedents in sanitary arrangement and scientific methods. The next chapter in the story of Arctic adventure is fairly comprised in the life of Sir John Franklin. He was born in 1786, and had charge of the signals on board the "Bellerophon" at the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805. In 1818 he commanded the hired brig that accompanied Captain Buchan in the "Dorothea" in search of the Pole, *via* Spitzbergen and Greenland. Both ships got into ice-trouble and gave up the task; but Franklin set out next year to gain accurate knowledge of the northern coast. With him were Dr., afterwards Sir John Richardson; also two midshipmen, Hood and Back, who was knighted years later. They followed the Coppermine and Saskatchewan rivers, but were unable to move for several months, owing to the stoppage of supplies through the hostility of rival trading companies. Then the party of twenty-eight men, three women and three children, left Fort Providence on the north shore of Great Slave Lake, with a large party of Indian hunters. Frost set in late in August, which forced them to winter in a hut, called Fort Enterprise. Not till June, 1821, were they able to leave, the Indians going another way.

Franklin soon found the open sea, navigated the coast, named Capes Barrow and Flinders, and, at a hazard, went up a river he named Hood, after his young comrade. Soon he had to cut down his big boats into little ones, reduce their baggage, and make as best they could for Fort Providence, across the Barren Grounds. Now began their terrible experience of the rigors of Arctic travel—hunger, weakness, cold that killed, young Hood murdered, followed by the disciplinary execution of his slayer. The remnant reached the fort in December, by help of the Indian hunters, after an awful drag of 5,550 miles in such conditions. But Franklin won fame when he got home, and his book was the rage.

In 1825 he sailed with Captain Parry, found and named Garry Island, on the Mackenzie River, after the Deputy-Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and they wintered among the settlements. The substantial additions he made to geographical knowledge gained Franklin his knighthood. From 1830 to 1833 he was in command of the Mediterranean station, and from 1836 till 1843, Governor of Van Dieman's Land, then a convict colony, for which he did wonders in founding and endowing a college, a scientific society, and in improving the social conditions.

The famous ships "Erebus" and "Terror" had then returned from the Antarctic region, which fact Franklin seized upon to good practical account. The Government were satisfied of the existence of a North-West Passage, but doubted if it were navigable. They were induced to fit up another expedition, but Franklin's ardor was damped by the unlucky accident of his age, as at sixty the rules retired him. Undaunted by this he overrode all mere considerations of dates and red-tape, stoutly protested he was "only fifty-nine, not sixty," claimed the command and actually got it.

On March 3, 1845, the refitted "Erebus" and "Terror" sailed for the Arctic ocean, provisioned, as was supposed, for three years. Franklin commanded the "Erebus," and Crozier the "Terror." Franklin believed strongly in the southern course, making direct for 74° N., 98° W., in the vicinity of Cape Walker, thence southward and west towards Bering Straits.

A year and a half passed; nothing was heard of the expedition. In the summer of 1847 a rescue party went out under Richardson and Dr. Rae, of the Hudson Bay Company. Still there was no news. Early in 1848 a number of relief expeditions went out, public and private, from England and America. Nothing was learned. In 1850 Captain Ommanney found traces of Franklin on Beechey Island, which proved that he had wintered there—but how they had fared could be only too painfully surmised from the immense stacks of putrid canned meats, which culpable negligence, possibly cruel fraud, had supplied for the food of the poor explorers.

Still the Arctic ice kept its secret. Besides Richardson and Rae's expedition in 1847, five others sailed in 1848, three in 1849, ten in 1850, nine in 1852, five in 1853, two in 1854, one each in 1855 and 1857, and there was the brave venture into Smith's Sound in 1853, by Dr. Kane, of the United States Navy.

The Hudson Bay Company bore the expense of Dr. Rae's boat expedition in 1854, in the course of which he learned that a party of white men had crossed the ice near King William's Land four years before, and Eskimo residents declared they had subsequently come upon the bodies of these white men near a large river, supposed to be Back's Great Fish River. They showed silver spoons and other things, with an engraved silver plate bearing Sir John Franklin's name. The British Government did not see fit to send out in further search, but Lady Franklin paid the cost of Captain McClintock's expedition in 1857. Her devotion, and her unshaken faith that her husband was still in life, met with no reward until 1859, and then it was the melancholy one of knowing that hope had come to an end. Captain—afterward Sir Allen—Young learned from the Eskimos that one of the ships had sunk in deep water, and the other had been dashed into pieces on the shore. All had perished. "Some," said an old Eskimo woman, "fell down dying as they walked." Franklin did not share the fate of his people. A paper was found giving brief entries of work done by the crews from 1845-46 down to April 25, 1848, on which date appears the following entry, which is the last:

"H. M. ships 'Terror' and 'Erebus' were deserted on 22 April, five leagues N.N.W. from this, having been beset since 12 September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Capt. F. R. M. Crozier, landed here, in latitude $69^{\circ} 37' 42''$ N., longitude $98^{\circ} 41'$ W. Sir John Franklin died on 11 June, 1847, and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men. We start to-morrow, the 26th, for Back's Fish River."

Franklin is credited with having discovered the North-West Passage. He was as genial as he was brave, and it is lamentable to think that a fate so terrible may have come upon devoted men through unskilled or dishonest provisioning.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONS.

Pluck, enterprise and practical sympathy with the distressed of any nationality have always distinguished the American character, and never more nobly than in the sending out of the Grinnell expedition in search of Franklin. Henry Grinnell, of New York, fitted out the "Advance" and the "Rescue" in 1850, under Lieutenants De Haven and Griffith, accompanied by Dr. Elisha K. Kane. The latter, a man of restless activity, was the surgeon and naturalist, and later the historian of the expedition. He had already been a noted traveller in Asia and the Malay Archipelago, and had visited Africa and South America. Dr. Kane, after publishing his book, determined to set out again on the perilous quest, and Grinnell, with some friends, in 1853 furnished and equipped the "Advance" for this purpose. Much new information was gained by the novel methods adopted, but the "Open Polar Sea," which Kane believed he had seen in the first expedition, has never been found. The great Humboldt glacier was crossed by dog-sledges, and the coast-line of Smith Sound explored, but hardships defeated the main object in view. Dr. Kane abandoned the "Advance" in 1855, and found refuge in the Danish settlement at Upernavik, while a search expedition rescued his crew. On his return he published his second book, one of the most attractive of its class. He died in 1857, at the age of thirty-seven.

In 1860 Dr. Hayes, who had been with Kane, followed on his track and made original observations. An interesting and valuable exploration was made in 1860-62 by Charles F. Hall, of Cincinnati, and a second in 1864-69, in which he found remains of a hut built by Sir Martin Frobisher on Warwick Island in 1578, and also the bones of some of Franklin's companions. Again, in 1871, he explored the channel for 250 miles north of Smith Sound, and wintered in $81^{\circ} 38' \text{ N.}$

Lieutenant Schwatka's expedition set out in 1879 to follow Franklin's track. He explored the Great Fish River, and accomplished a most successful venture in a region where the cold registered 70° below zero. In the same year Lieutenant De Long went out in the "Jeannette," chartered by James G. Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, and officered from the U. S. Navy. No tidings having been heard of her, a search expedition went out in 1881. The "Rodgers," under Lieutenant Berry, made a valuable exploration of the coast and interior of Wrangell Land, but did not find the "Jeannette." It was afterward ascertained that the "Jeannette" had been crushed and sunk in June, 1881, latitude $77^{\circ} 15' \text{ N.}$, longitude 155° E. Dreadful sufferings overtook the crew in their three boats, one of which was lost, and the survivors afterward discovered the dead bodies of Lieutenant De Long and two of his crew, who had perished from exhaustion and starvation.

Lieutenant Greely, with an army staff, accompanied by Dr. Parry, went to Lady Franklin Bay in 1881, one of the American stations established by agreement with European nations for winter work. In 1883, the relief expeditions not having then reached the station, Lieutenant Greely undertook a trip on the western shore of Smith Sound. Here they wintered, but provisions gave out, and after terrible suffering, from which several died, Greely and six of his comrades were rescued when at the point of death. The expeditions of Lieutenant Peary, who spent two years in surveying and mapping the mainland coast-line, and, in 1894, in an unsuccessful attempt to reach the Pole, are the latest and by no means unproductive American expeditions.

BARON NORDENSKJÖLD.

Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Germans and English have vied with each other in the work of exploration. This noble rivalry led to the establishment, in 1882, of a circle of Arctic winter stations, supported and manned by Norwegians, Swedes, Dutch, Russians (two stations); Americans (two stations); English, Germans, Danes and Austrians. Captain Nares, of the English expedition of 1876, managed to penetrate to the farthest point as yet attained, $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$ N., but pronounced the Pole impracticable. Other expeditions followed, Sir Allen Young's, Lieutenant Beyuen's, Captain Markham's, Leigh Smith's, each contributing valuable results. Professor Nordenskjöld made his first voyage in 1870, with Berggren, the botanist, and two Greenlanders. They advanced thirty miles over the difficult Greenland ice to a height of 2200 feet above the sea. He had made six explorations to Greenland and Spitzbergen before; in 1875 he resolved to try the sea north of Siberia. He sailed in the "Proven" to the mouth of the Yenisei, where he found Port Dickson, which he named in honor of the supporter of the expedition. In 1878 he commanded a well-equipped expedition, backed by the King of Sweden, Mr. Dickson, of Gothenburg, and Mr. Sibireakoff, a Siberian merchant, which reached the most northerly point of Asia, Cape Severo, $77^{\circ} 41'$ N. Nordenskjöld was convinced that the Northeast Passage was practicable through the warm currents of summer, and in the following year he tried again. His ship, the "Vega," after being stuck fast in the ice for nine months, got safely through without loss of life, and the Northeast Passage, which Sir Hugh Willoughby had attempted in 1553, was successfully made. In 1883 Nordenskjöld took another expedition across the inland ice of Greenland, penetrating 84 miles to the east at a height of 5000 feet. A party of Laplanders who accompanied Nordenskjöld were sent on snowshoes 143 miles further, crossing a snow-field 7000 feet above the sea level. The scientific results of Nordenskjöld's latest journey are said to be unparalleled.

The end of 1895 shows three Arctic expeditions either in

progress, or decided upon : the Jackson-Harmsworth English expedition, from which much is expected in the matter of reaching the Pole across the ice ; the next is that of the Swede, Frithiof Nansen, who is now making his dangerous experiment in the strong boat, the "Fram." He proposes to allow it to be imbedded in the ice-pack, being provisioned for five years, in the belief that, sooner or later, he will be drifted into the open sea at the Pole. The third venture is that of M. Andrée, who has constructed a special balloon, with elaborate photographic apparatus, in which he, with one companion, intends to float in May or June, 1896, from Spitzbergen direct to the Pole, some 700 miles. He is sanguine of success, believing the round trip can be made in a few hours with absolute safety. The balloon idea is not a new one. Commander Cheyne, of the English navy, offered the Government his services if they would equip the expedition, but his scheme was declined. Thus the noble rivalry goes on, and with the heartiest wishes of every nation for the success of them all.





THE strongest proof of the intellectual force of the ancient Greeks, and especially of the Athenians, is the rapidity with which they rose to heights never perhaps to be surpassed in each form of literature which they essayed. Epic and lyric poetry, tragedy and comedy, history and oratory, each in turn absorbed their genius. As the precious relics of Greek art have been the models for succeeding generations, so the remaining works of

their poets, tragedians and orators have been the study of every civilized people. Of all their poetical achievements, none is so characteristic and unique as the Greek Tragedy. It originated in the religious festivals celebrated by the Greeks from the earliest ages. In connection with the sacrifices offered by each tribe at certain seasons of the year, and especially in the worship of Bacchus, mythological stories were recited and hymns were sung by a chorus which danced around the altar.

Thespis, in 535 B.C., is regarded as the inventor of the drama, because he interspersed the recitation with questions and comments from the chorus, who were dressed as satyrs in goat-skins and had their faces smeared with wine-lees,

while he in reciting wore a mask. In a rude cart he journeyed through Attica from village to village, assisting the tribal worship in each. But when Athens rose to a predominant position, the roving cart was changed to a fixed stage, and the rude disguise became dresses indicating the character assumed.

Æschylus, the first great tragic poet, born in Attica in 525 B.C., fought at Marathon in 490, and took part in the destruction of the fleet of Xerxes ten years later. He brought a second actor on the stage; the recitation became a dialogue, and the chorus was restricted to the part of sympathizing spectators. Æschylus added more expressive masks and arranged an appropriate back-ground. It was not till a much later period that scenery was used. The tragedy of Æschylus was usually a solemn poetical rendering of some episode of the national mythology. It was heightened with the pomp and music of a religious festival. Yet the defeat of the Persians at Salamis was felt to be an event of such importance as to justify an exception in its favor. Of his seventy plays, most of which were presented in competition with other authors, only seven survive. Though the excellence of his works was promptly and generously acknowledged, they show an aristocratic spirit. His conservatism probably rendered him apprehensive of the increasing power of the democracy in Athens. This disagreement with the tendency of affairs was probably a reason for his resorting to Sicily, where Hiero, King of Syracuse, eagerly patronized literary men. Here he enjoyed the company of Simonides and other poets. Yet he returned to take part in the dramatic competition at Athens. Altogether he won the prize for dramatic superiority thirteen times. His career closed with the presentation of the trilogy, or group of three tragedies, relating to Orestes. He died at Gela, in Sicily, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. There was a common story that while he was meditating on the sea-shore, an eagle which had seized a tortoise and borne it aloft, let it fall on his head. His tomb bore this inscription testifying to his patriotism :

“ Here Æschylus lies, from his Athenian home
Remote, 'neath Gela's wheat-producing loam ;

How brave in battle was Euphorion's son,
The long-haired Mede can tell who fell at Marathon."

Æschylus was the most sublime of the Greek tragedians; his moral tone is pure, his character earnest, his belief in his country's gods thoroughly sincere. Yet in his *Prometheus Bound* he testified to a power of righteousness beyond what was exhibited in the rule of Zeus in the world.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

Atossa. Which navy first advanced to the attack?
Who led to the onset, tell me? the bold Greeks,
Or, glorying in his numerous fleet, my son?
Messenger. Our evil genius, lady, or some god
Hostile to Persia, led to ev'ry ill.
Forth from the troops of Athens came a Greek,
And thus addressed thy son, the imperial Xerxes:
"Soon as the shades of night descend, the Greeks
Shall quit their station; rushing to their oars,
They mean to separate, and in secret flight
Seek safety." At these words, the royal chief,
Little conceiving of the wiles of Greece
And gods averse, to all the naval leaders
Gave his high charge:—"Soon as yon sun shall cease
To dart his radiant beams, and dark'ning night
Ascends the temple of this sky, arrange
In three divisions your well-ordered ships,
And guard each pass, each outlet of the sea:
Others enring around the rocky isle
Of Salamis. Should Greece escape her fate,
And work her way by secret flight, your heads
Shall answer the neglect." This harsh command
He gave, exulting in his mind nor knew
What Fate design'd. With martial discipline
And prompt obedience, snatching a repast,
Each mariner fixed well his ready oar.
Soon as the golden sun was set, and night
Advanced, each train'd to ply the dashing oar,
Assumed his seat; in arms each warrior stood,
Troop cheering troop through all the ships of war.
Each to the appointed station steers his course;

And through the night his naval force each chief
 Fix'd to secure the passes. Night advanced,
 But not by secret flight did Greece attempt
 To escape. The morn, all beauteous to behold,
 Drawn by white steeds bounds o'er the enlighten'd earth;
 At once from ev'ry Greek with glad acclaim
 Burst forth the song of war, whose lofty notes
 The echo of the island rocks return'd,
 Spreading dismay through Persia's hosts, thus fallen
 From their high hopes; no flight this solemn strain
 Portended, but deliberate valor bent
 On daring battle; while the trumpet's sound
 Kindled the flames of war. But when their oars,
 The pæan ended, with impetuous force
 Dash'd the resounding surges, instant all
 Rushed on in view: in orderly array
 The squadron on the right first led, behind
 Rode their whole fleet, and now distinct we heard
 From ev'ry part this voice of exhortation:—
 "Advance, ye sons of Greece, from thralldom save
 Your country,—save your wives, your children save,
 The temples of your gods, the sacred tomb
 Where rest your honor'd ancestors; this day
 The common cause of all demands your valor."
 Meantime from Persia's hosts the deep'ning shout
 Answered their shout; no time for cold delay;
 But ship 'gainst ship its brazen beak impell'd.
 First to the charge a Grecian galley rush'd;
 Ill the Phœnician bore the rough attack,
 Its sculptured prow all shattered. Each advanced
 Daring an opposite. The deep array
 Of Persia at the first sustain'd the encounter;
 But their throng'd numbers in the narrow seas,
 Confined, want room for action; and, deprived
 Of mutual aid, beaks clash with beaks, and each
 Breaks all the other's oars: with skill disposed
 The Grecian navy circled them around
 In fierce assault; and rushing from its height
 The inverted vessel sinks: the sea no more
 Wears its accustomed aspect, with foul wrecks
 And blood disfigured; floating carcasses
 Roll on the rocky shores: the poor remains

Of the barbaric armament to flight
Ply every oar inglorious: onward rush
The Greeks amidst the ruins of the fleet,
As through a shoal of fish caught in the net,
Spreading destruction: the wide ocean o'er
Wailings are heard, and loud laments, till night
With darkness on her brow brought grateful truce.
Should I recount each circumstance of woe,
Ten times on my unfinished tale the sun
Would set; for be assured that not one day
Could close the ruin of so vast a host.

Atoss. Ah, what a boundless sea of woe hath burst
On Persia and the whole barbaric race!

Mess. These are not half, not half our ills; on these
Came an assemblage of calamities,
That sunk us with a double weight of woe.

Atoss. What fortune can be more unfriendly to us
Than this? Say on, what dread calamity
Sunk Persia's host with greater weight of woe?

Mess. Whoe'er of Persia's warriors glow'd in prime
Of vig'rous youth, or felt their generous souls
Expand with courage, or for noble birth
Shone with distinguish'd lustre, or excell'd
In firm and duteous loyalty, all these
Are fall'n, ignobly, miserably fall'n.

Atoss. Alas, their ruthless fate, unhappy friends!
But in what manner, tell me, did they perish?

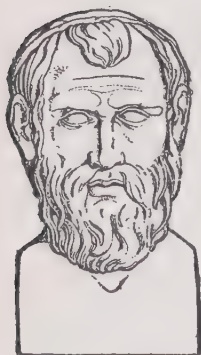
Mess. Full against Salamis an isle arises,
Of small circumference, to the anchor'd bark
Unfaithful; on the promontory's brow,
That overlooks the sea, Pan loves to lead
The dance: to this the monarch sends these chiefs,
That when the Grecians from these shatter'd ships
Should here seek shelter, these might hew them down
An easy conquest, and secure the strand
To their sea-wearied friends; ill-judging what
The event: but when the fav'ring god to Greece
Gave the proud glory of this naval fight,
Instant in all their glitt'ring arms they leap'd
From their light ships, and all the island round
Encompassed, that our bravest stood dismay'd;
While broken rocks, whirl'd with tempestuous force,

And storms of arrows crushed them ; then the Greeks
Rush'd to the attack at once, and furious spread
The carnage, till each mangled Persian fell.
Deep were the groans of Xerxes when he saw
This havoc ; for his seat, a lofty mound
Commanding the wide sea, o'erlooked his hosts.
With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,
And through his troops embattled on the shore
Gave signal of retreat ; then started wild,
And fled disorder'd. To the former ills
These are fresh miseries to awake thy sighs.

Atoss. Invidious Fortune, how thy baleful power
Hath sunk the hopes of Persia ! Bitter fruit
My son hath tasted from his purposed vengeance
On Athens, famed for arms ; the fatal field
Of Marathon, red with barbaric blood,
Sufficed not ; that defeat he thought to avenge,
And pull'd this hideous ruin on his head.
But tell me, if thou canst, where didst thou leave
The ships that happily escaped the wreck ?

Mess. The poor remains of Persia's scattered fleet
Spread ev'ry sail for flight, as the wind drives,
In wild disorder ; and on land no less,
The ruined army.—ÆSCHYLUS, *translated by* W. POTTER.





COMEDY as well as Tragedy was the peculiar invention of the highly-gifted Athenian people. It grew out of the common celebration of the great festival of Dionysus, or Bacchus, at the yearly vintage. The merry songs of the people had been made the vehicle of hits at passing events. Public men were held up to ridicule; political conflicts were made the subject of jokes. Comedy did not appear until Tragedy had, by lapse of time, lost much of its impressive force. While Euripides, the third and

last of the great tragic poets, was still furnishing serious and didactic dramas, though of less lofty one than those of his predecessors, Aristophanes came before the pleasure-loving Athenians with a charming variation. He gave them lively dialogue, full of banter on public men and events. His plots, instead of being repetitions of mythological story, were witty burlesques of the serious affairs of the time. Instead of having the chorus comment on the action as developed in the play, he caused it to address the audience directly on current events or personal matters.

Aristophanes, the greatest of comic writers, was born about 448 B.C. His father held property in Ægina, and he may have been born there, as he was prosecuted in later life for having usurped the rights of citizenship. His first play was *The Revellers*, which was exhibited in 427 B.C., and attacked the teaching of the Sophists, then becoming fashionable. The *Acharnians*, exhibited in 425 B.C., is the earliest of his extant plays. The Peloponnesian war had been

raging for over six years, and the country people, cooped up within the walls of Athens, were unable to celebrate the vintage festival according to their wont. Aristophanes brings forward a farmer, who makes peace with the Spartans on his own account and enjoys comfort and plenty. The Acharnian charcoal-burners attack him, but he pleads his cause so well as to convert half of them to his view. Lamachus, the general, is called in to punish the traitor, but is wounded and put to flight. The whole play is a plea for peace and an exposure of the selfish motives of the war-party.

The Knights (424 B.C.) was the first play produced in the author's name. It is an open attack on Cleon, who is represented as the trusted slave of Demos ("the people"), a superstitious old man. Two other slaves, with the knights, representing the aristocratic party, have Cleon removed and a sausage-seller substituted. By his management Demos is cut up and boiled, and thus restored to youth and vigor. Aristophanes was at all times an upholder of established institutions and old ways. His most famous comedy is *The Clouds* (423 B.C.), which ridicules Socrates as the head of the Sophists, who were diffusing skepticism among the people. Strepsiades is represented as grieving over his spendthrift son, Pheidippides, until he resolves to send him to the new Phrontisterion or Thinking-shop, where Socrates can teach him to make the worse appear the better reason. Socrates is found raised on high in a basket that he may worship the Clouds. After a good deal of wrangling, the son becomes a pupil, and learns his lesson so thoroughly that at a feast on his return home, he beats his father and justifies the act by his new sophistry. The father, enraged, rushes out and sets the Thinking-shop on fire.

The Peace (421 B.C.) was intended to set forth the excellent results to be expected from the Peace of Nicias. *The Birds* (414 B.C.) is a vague satire on the brilliant projects of Alcibiades. *The Frogs* (405 B.C.) shows Dionysus as going to Hades to get a good poet, the three great tragic poets being dead. In the presence of Pluto there is a contest between Æschylus and Euripides, in which the former wins the prize. Two or more of the comedies relate to the vexed question of

women's rights. In the *Lysistrata*; or, *Strike of the Wives* (411 B.C.), the women of Greece refuse to obey their husbands until they consent to make peace. In the *Ecclesiastæ*; or, *Women in Politics* (393 B.C.), he makes the women, dressed as men, take their seats in the Pnyx, and frame a new constitution, establishing full community of property and wives. Out of a total of fifty-four plays ascribed to Aristophanes, only eleven remain. In spite of the extravagance of the plots and absurdity of the situations represented, the plays abound in graceful descriptions of country life and in genuine poetry. His last play was *Plutus* (388 B.C.), which treats of the unjust distribution of wealth. The witty poet appears to have died in the same year at the age of sixty.

THE SCHOOL, OF SOCRATES.

Strepsiades. Open the school, and let me see your master:
I am on fire to enter—Come, unbar!

(*The door of the School is unbarred. The Socratic scholars are seen in various grotesque positions.*)

O Hercules, defend me! who are these?

What kind of cattle have we here in view?

Disciple. Where is the wonder? What do they resemble?

Streps. Methinks they're like our Spartan prisoners,
Captur'd at Pylos. What are they in search of?
Why are their eyes so riveted to the earth?

Dis. There their researches centre.

Streps. 'Tis for onions
They are in quest—Come, lads, give o'er your search;
I'll show you what you want, a noble plat,
All round and sound.—But soft! what mean those gentry,
Who dip their heads so low?

Dis. Marry, because
Their studies lead that way: They are now diving
To the dark realms of Tartarus and Night.

Streps. But why are all their cruppers mounted up?

Dis. To practice them in star-gazing, and teach them
Their proper elevations: but no more.

Streps. But look! who's this suspended in a basket?

(*SOCRATES is discovered.*)

Dis. (*with solemnity*) HIMSELF. The HE.

Streps. The HE? What HE?

Dis. Why, Socrates.

Streps. Hah! Socrates!—Make up to him and roar,
Bid him come down! roar lustily.

Dis. Not I:

Do it yourself: I've other things to mind.

[*Exit.*

Streps. Hoa! Socrates—What hoa, my little Socrates!

Socrates. Mortal, how now! Thou insect of a day,
What wouldst thou?

Streps. I would know what thou art doing.

Soc. I tread in air, contemplating the sun.

Streps. Ah! then I see you're basketed so high,
That you look down upon the gods—good hope,
You'll lower a peg on earth.

Soc. Sublime in air,
Sublime in thought I carry my mind with me,
Its cogitations all assimilated
To the pure atmosphere, in which I float;
Lower me to earth, and my mind's subtle powers,
Seiz'd by contagious dulness, lose their spirit;
For the dry earth drinks up the generous sap,
The vegetating vigor of philosophy,
And leaves it a mere husk.

Streps. What do you say?
Philosophy has sapt your vigor? Fie upon it.
But come, my precious fellow, come down quickly,
And teach me those fine things I'm here in quest of.

Soc. And what fine things are they?

Streps. A new receipt
For sending off my creditors, and foiling them
By the art logical; for you shall know
By debts, pawns, pledges, usuries, executions,
I am rackt and rent in tatters.

Soc. Why permit it?
What strange infatuation seiz'd your senses?

Streps. The horse-consumption, a devouring plague;
But so you'll enter me amongst your scholars,
And tutor me like them to bilk my creditors,
Name your own price, and by the gods I swear
I'll pay you the last drachm.

Soc. By what gods?
Your gods? Gods are not current coin with me.

Streps. How swear you then? As the Byzantians swear,
By their base iron coin?

Soc. Art thou ambitious
To be instructed in celestial matters,
And taught to know them clearly?

Streps. Aye, aye, in faith,
So they be to my purpose, and celestial.

Soc. And if I bring you to a conference
With my own proper goddesses, the Clouds?

Streps. 'Tis what I wish devoutly.

Soc. Come, sit down;
Repose upon this sacred couch.

Streps. 'Tis done.

Soc. Now take this chaplet—wear it.

Streps. Why this chaplet?
Would'st make of me another Athamas,
And sacrifice me to a Cloud?

Soc. Fear nothing;
It is a ceremony indispensable
At our initiations.

Streps. What to gain?

(*A basket of stones is showered on the head of Strepsiades.*)

Soc. 'Twill sift your faculties as fine as powder,
Bolt 'em like meal, grind 'em as light as dust;
Only be patient.

Streps. Truly, you'll go near
To make your words good; an' you pound me thus,
You'll make me very dust, and nothing else.

Soc. Keep silence then, and listen to a prayer,
Which fits the gravity of age to hear—
Oh! Air, all powerful Air, which dost enfold
This pendant globe, thou vault of flaming gold,
Ye sacred Clouds, who bid the thunder roll,
Shine forth, approach, and cheer your suppliant's soul!

Streps. Hold, keep 'em off awhile, till I am ready.
Ah! luckless me, would I had brought my bonnet,
And so escap'd a soaking.

Soc. Come, come away!
Fly swift, ye Clouds, and give yourselves to view!
Whether on high Olympus' sacred top
Snow-crown'd ye sit, or, in the azure vales
Of your own father Ocean sporting, weave

Your misty dance, or dip your golden urns
 In the seven mouths of Nile; whether ye dwell
 On Thracian Mimas, or Mæotis' lake,
 Hear me, yet hear, and thus invok'd approach!

Chorus of Clouds. Ascend, ye watery Clouds, on high,
 Daughters of Ocean, climb the sky,
 And o'er the mountain's pine-capt brow
 Towering your fleecy mantle throw:
 Thence let us scan the wide-stretch'd scene,
 Groves, lawns, and rilling streams between,
 And stormy Neptune's vast expanse,
 And grasp all nature at a glance.
 Now the dark tempest flits away,
 And lo! the glittering orb of day
 Darts forth his clear ethereal beam,
 Come let us snatch the joyous gleam.

Soc. Yes, ye Divinities, whom I adore,
 I hail you now propitious to my prayer.
 Didst thou not hear them speak in thunder to me?

Streps. (kneeling, and affecting terror.)
 And I too am your Cloudships' most obedient,
 And under sufferance trump against your thunder. . . .

Soc. Forbear
 These gross scurrilities, for low buffoons
 And mountebanks more fitting. Hush! be still,
 List to the chorus of their heavenly voices,
 For music is the language they delight in.

Chorus of Clouds. Ye Clouds, replete with fruitful showers,
 Here let us seek Minerva's towers,
 The cradle of old Cecrops' race,
 The world's chief ornament and grace;
 Here mystic fanes and rites divine
 And lamps in sacred splendor shine;
 Here the gods dwell in marble domes,
 Feasted with costly hecatombs,
 That round their votive statues blaze,
 Whilst crowded temples ring with praise;
 And pompous sacrifices here
 Make holidays throughout the year,
 And when gay spring-time comes again,
 Bromius convokes his sportive train,

And pipe, and song, and choral dance
Hail the soft hours as they advance.

Streps. Now, in the name of Jove, I pray thee tell me
Who are these ranting dames, that talk in stilts?
Of the Amazonian cast no doubt.

Soc. Not so,
No dames, but Clouds celestial, friendly powers
To men of sluggish parts; from these we draw
Sense, apprehension, volubility,
Wit to confute, and cunning to ensnare.

—ARISTOPHANES, *translated by T. MITCHELL.*

THE PLAGUE OF WOMEN.

They're always abusing the Women as a terrible plague to men:
They say we're the root of all evil, and repeat it again and again:
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed; all mischief, be it what it
may:—

And, pray then, why do you marry us, if we're all the plagues
you say?

And why do you take such care of us, and keep us so safe at home;
And are never easy a moment, if ever we chance to roam?

When you ought to be thanking heaven that your Plague is out
of the way,

You all keep fussing and fretting—"Where is my Plague to-
day?"—

If a Plague peeps out of the window, up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring until she looks out again.

—ARISTOPHANES, *translated by L. COLLINS.*





ARIOSTO.



ODOVICO ARIOSTO, one of the greatest poets of Italy, was born at Reggio, in Lombardy, on the 8th of September, 1474, and died in 1523. He was the greatest Italian poet between Petrarch and Tasso. His great romantic epic, "Orlando Furioso," is often referred to with Dante's "Commedia," not in comparison as regards excellence, but to indicate the change in religious thought.

Dante's poem was more mediæval, more pagan; Ariosto's indicated the result of the skepticism of his age. His father, Niccolo Ariosto, who held the post of military governor at Reggio, destined him for a legal career, but fate having decreed otherwise, he was finally prevailed upon to permit his son to indulge his predilection for literature, thus giving to the world a poet of the highest distinction.

The youthful Lodovico early applied himself to the study of the classics; but his father died in 1500, leaving him at the age of twenty-six to care for his nine younger brothers and sisters, and manage the affairs of the estate. In 1503 he was appointed one of the gentlemen of the household of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. Ariosto was not satisfied with his position, and his patron, in fact, hardly seems to have realized the genius of the poet, whom he employed as a sort of confidential agent. Matters came to an open rupture when Ariosto refused to accompany him to Hungary in 1518, and in the same year he entered the service of the cardinal's brother, Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara. The latter appears to have shown appreciation of his literary ability, and given him

but little to do except the superintendence of the ducal theatre.

Thus did Ariosto spend four happy years working on the revision of the *Orlando Furioso* (conceived and begun in 1505 and published in 1516), to which work he devoted a large portion of the remaining years of his life. Some of his earliest literary efforts were translations of Latin comedies, and since then he had written *Cassaria* (1508), and the *Suppositi* (1509). The latter was reproduced in the Vatican in 1519, and pleased Leo X. so much that he requested another comedy of the author. The result was the completion of *Negromante*, which the poet had kept in hand for some ten years. The first performance of *Lena* was in 1528, while the *Scolastica* was left unfinished at his death. In the performance of his comedies, Ariosto was active also as actor and manager, and it was by his advice and according to his plans that Alphonso, in 1532, built the first theatre in Ferrara, which burned down in the same year.

On February 7, 1522, the poet's quiet existence was interrupted by his appointment as Ducal Commissary for the government of Garfagnana. This wild district had suffered much from raids from without and internal feuds, as well as from banditti, and a strong government was needed. From a pecuniary point of view the position was a more desirable one than that under the duke, and Ariosto endured this uncongenial life until June, 1525, finding diversion in occasional visits to Ferrara, in his correspondence, and in the penning of some of his strongest satires.

The remaining years of his life were quietly spent in Ferrara, excepting a few short journeys. The final edition of the *Orlando Furioso* was issued in 1532, just about a year before the death of the author, which occurred, as the result of consumption, on June 6th, 1533. About the time of his final settling at Ferrara Ariosto had been married to Alessandra Benucci, a Florentine lady, widow of Tito Strozzi, to whom he had long been attached. His only children, however, were two natural sons, Giovanni Battista and Virginio. The latter, whom he loved dearly, collected the Latin poems after the death of his father, prepared the *Cinque Canti* for

the press in 1545, assisted his uncle Gabriele in the completion of *La Scolastica*, and wrote some short recollections of his father. Though Ariosto won the honor and respect of the first men of his age, and of the princes of Italy, we do not know that he received any substantial token of their admiration for his art; his scanty pensions, even, were irregularly paid.

The most enduring monument to his memory is his romantic, imaginative epic, the *Orlando Furioso*, a completion of and improvement on the unfinished *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo. The first edition (1516) contained 40 cantos; that of 1532 contained 46, the text having been subjected to minute alteration, revision, and polishing, for, as his son Virginio wrote, "he was never satisfied with his verses, but altered them again and again." There is unity in the poem, although the main subject is not quite clearly defined. However, it is concerned principally with the siege of Paris, the defeat of the Saracens, Orlando's madness, and the loves of Ruggiero and Bradamante, the whole being plentifully interspersed with panegyrics upon the House of Este. It is marked by a vivid imagination, vivacity, fertility of resource, and fine word-painting, and its absolute beauty of style won for its author the appellation *the divine*, bestowed by Galileo. The genius of the Renaissance is mirrored in this elaborate epic.

As J. A. Symonds says :

"The *Orlando Furioso* gave full and final expression to the *cinque cento*, just as the *Divina Commedia* uttered the last word of the Middle Ages. The two supreme Italian singers stood in the same relation to their several epochs. Dante immortalized medieval thoughts and aspirations at the moment when they were already losing their reality for the Italian people. . . . When Ariosto appeared, it was his duty to close the epoch which Petrarch had inaugurated and Boccaccio had determined, by a poem investing Boccaccio's world, the sensuous world of the Renaissance, with the refined artistic form of Petrarch. This he accomplished. But even while he was at work, Italy underwent those political and mental changes . . . which ended the Renaissance and opened a new age with Tasso for its poet."

Ariosto's comedies, already mentioned, are modeled after Plautus and Terence; his *Scolastica*, however, is quite free from this influence, and is marked by excellent character-drawing. His minor poems, concerned more or less with the circumstances of his life, are perhaps the least remarkable of his works. His Satires, however, rank next to his *Orlando Furioso*, and are of special interest, giving an admirable insight into the character of the man. In them the sagacity, the sound philosophy of life born of an intimate knowledge of the world, the piquant irony of this somewhat world-weary poet, with his elegant tastes, are made manifest. He had no great aims, nor the energy to carry them through; an easy-going man, who counted "court-life as a mere slavery;" he was content to be let alone to turn out his finest phrases and loveliest thoughts in ease. Free from illusions, he accepted life as he found it, and painted the world as he saw it.

ANGELICA AND MEDORO.

The troop then follow'd where their chief had gone,
Pursuing his stern chase among the trees,
And left the two companions there alone,
One surely dead, the other scarcely less.
Long time Medoro lay without a groan,
Losing his blood in such large quantities,
That life would surely have gone out at last,
Had not a helping hand been coming past.

There came, by chance, a damsel passing there,
Dress'd like a shepherdess in lowly wise,
But of a royal presence, and an air
Noble as handsome, with clear maiden eyes.
'Tis so long since I told you news of her,
Perhaps you know her not in this disguise.
This, you must know then, was Angelica,
Proud daughter of the Khan of great Cathay.

You know the magic ring and her distress?
Well, when she had recovered this same ring,
It so increased her pride and haughtiness,
She seem'd too high for any living thing.

She goes alone, desiring nothing less
 Than a companion, even though a king:
 She even scorns to recollect the flame
 Of one Orlando, or his very name.

But, above all, she hates to recollect
 That she had taken to Rinaldo so;
 She thinks it the last want of self-respect,
 Pure degradation, to have look'd so low.
 "Such arrogance," said Cupid, "must be check'd."
 The little god betook him with his bow
 To where Medoro lay; and, standing by,
 Held the shaft ready with a lurking eye.

Now when the princess saw the youth all pale,
 And found him grieving with his bitter wound,
 Not for what one so young might well bewail,
 But that his king should not be laid in ground,—
 She felt a something strange and gentle steal
 Into her heart by some new way it found,
 Which touch'd its hardness, and turn'd all to grace;
 And more so, when he told her all his case.

And calling to her mind the little arts
 Of healing, which she learned in India,
 (For 'twas a study valued in those parts
 Even by those who were in sovereign sway,
 And yet so easy too, that, like the heart's,
 'Twas more inherited than learned, they say),
 She cast about, with herbs and balmy juices,
 To save so fair a life for all its uses.

And thinking of an herb that caught her eye
 As she was coming, in a pleasant plain
 (Whether 'twas panacea, dittany,
 Or some such herb accounted sovereign
 For stanching blood quickly and tenderly,
 And winning out all spasm and bad pain),
 She found it not far off, and gathering some,
 Returned with it to save Medoro's bloom.

In coming back she met upon the way
 A shepherd, who was riding through the wood

To find a heifer that had gone astray,
And been two days about the solitude.
She took him with her where Medoro lay,
Still feebler than he was, with loss of blood;
So much he lost, and drew so hard a breath,
That he was now fast fading to his death.

Angelica got off her horse in haste,
And made the shepherd get as fast from his;
She ground the herbs with stones, and then express'd
With her white hands the balmy milkiness;
Then dropp'd it in the wound, and bath'd his breast,
His stomach, feet, and all that was amiss:
And of such virtue was it, that at length
The blood was stopp'd, and he look'd round with strength.

At last he got upon the shepherd's horse,
But would not quit the place till he had seen
Laid in the ground his lord and master's corse;
And Cloridan lay with it, who had been
Smitten so fatally with sweet remorse.
He then obey'd the will of the fair queen;
And she, for very pity of his lot,
Went and stay'd with him at the shepherd's cot.

Nor would she leave him, she esteem'd him so,
Till she had seen him well with her own eye;
So full of pity did her bosom grow,
Since first she saw him faint and like to die.
Seeing his manners now, and beauty too,
She felt her heart yearn somehow inwardly;
She felt her heart yearn somehow, till at last
'Twas all on fire, and burning warm and fast.

The shepherd's home was good enough and neat,
A little shady cottage in a dell:
The man had just rebuilt it all complete,
With room to spare, in case more births befell.
There with such knowledge did the lady treat
Her handsome patient, that he soon grew well;
But not before she had, on her own part,
A secret wound much greater in her heart.

Much greater was the wound, and deeper far,
Which the sweet arrow made in her heart's strings;
'Twas from Medoro's lovely eyes and hair;
'Twas from the naked archer with the wings.
She feels it now; she feels, and yet can bear
Another's less than her own sufferings.
She thinks not of herself: she thinks alone
How to cure him by whom she is undone.

The more his wound recovers and gets ease,
Her own grows worse, and widens day by day.
The youth gets well; the lady languishes,
Now warm, now cold, as fitful fevers play.
His beauty heightens, like the flowering trees;
She, miserable creature, melts away
Like the weak snow, which some warm sun has found
Fall'n, out of season, on a rising ground.

And must she speak at last, rather than die?
And must she plead, without another's aid?
She must, she must: the vital moments fly:
She lives—she dies, a passion-wasted maid.
At length she bursts all ties of modesty:
Her tongue explains her eyes; the words are said;
And she asks pity, underneath that blow
Which he, perhaps, that gave it did not know.

The young Medoro had the gathering
Of the world's rose, the rose untouch'd before;
For never, since that garden blush'd with spring,
Had human being dared to touch the door.
To sanction it—to consecrate the thing,—
The priest was called to read the service o'er,
(For without marriage what can come but strife?)
And the bride-mother was the shepherd's wife.

All was perform'd, in short, that could be so
In such a place, to make the nuptials good;
Nor did the happy pair think fit to go,
But spent the month and more within the wood.
The lady to the stripling seemed to grow.
His step her step, his eyes her eyes pursued;

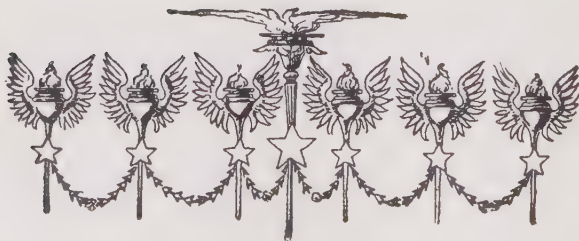
Nor did her love lose any of its zest,
Though she was always hanging on his breast.

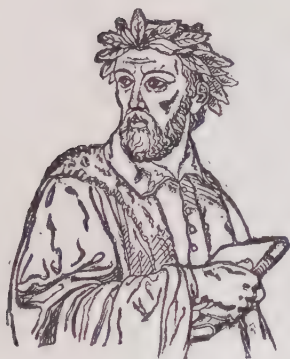
In doors and out of doors, by night, by day,
She had the charmer by her side forever;
Morning and evening they would stroll away,
Now by some field or little tufted river;
They chose a cave in middle of the day,
Perhaps not less agreeable or clever
Than Dido and Æneas found to screen them,
When they had secrets to discuss between them.

And all this while there was not a smooth tree,
That stood by stream or fountain with glad breath,
Nor stone less hard than stones are apt to be,
But they would find a knife to carve it with;
And in a thousand places you might see,
And on the walls about you and beneath,
ANGELICA AND MEDORO, tied in one,
As many ways as lovers' knots can run.

And when they thought they had outspent their time,
Angelica the royal took her away,
She and Medoro, to the Indian clime,
To crown him king of her great realm, Cathay.

—ARIOSTO, *translated by* LEIGH HUNT.





MORBID mental and moral phenomena are frequent attributes of genius. Tasso forms a noteworthy instance of this. His irritability, moodiness, restlessness, self-consciousness, proud sensibility,—in a word, the various manifestations of vanity and weakness of character—were, no doubt, in a large measure, responsible for the miseries he had to endure. Favored by nature, a prodigy in childhood, attaining literary fame almost at a bound while still a boy, named with Dante, Petrarch and Ariosto as one of the foremost poets of Italy, he practically accomplished his life-work in three decades, the remainder of his existence being artistically ineffectual—a round of mental suffering. The story of his life has been called a “veritable Odyssey of malady, indigence and misfortune,”—of “derangement, exile, imprisonment, poverty and hope deferred.” He was out of joint with the world.

Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in Naples, on the 11th of March, 1544, as the son of Bernardo Tasso, a poet of some distinction, author of a romantic epic, *L'Amadigi*. The elder Tasso, knowing by sad experience the uncertainty of the poet's existence, sent his son to study law at Padua (about 1560). There the youth, instead of applying himself to legal studies, produced a narrative poem (before the end of 1562) called *Rinaldo*. It was intended to “combine the regularity of the Virgilian with the attractions of the romantic epic,” and its marked originality brought fame to the author and

pride to his father's heart. The latter, though unwilling to have his son follow in his footsteps, found it vain to oppose him.

After a short period of philosophical studies at Bologna, Tasso had the first conception of his famous *Gerusalemme Liberata* ("Jerusalem Delivered,") a poetic record of the taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon. The mingled motives of the poet are thus described by Lamartine: "Urged by piety no less than by the Muse, Tasso dreamed of a crusade of poetic genius, aspiring to equal, by the glory and the sanctity of his songs, the crusaders of the lance he was about to celebrate. . . . The names of all the noble and sovereign families of the West would be revived in this epic catalogue of their exploits, and would attract to the author the recognition and favor of the great. . . . Finally, the poet was himself a knight; noble blood flowed in his veins; to celebrate warlike deeds seemed, as it were, to be associating his name with those of the heroes who had performed them on the field of battle: thus religion, chivalry, the glory of heaven and earth, the hope of eternal fame, all combined to urge him to the undertaking."

In 1565 he received an appointment from Cardinal Luigi d'Este (to whom *Rinaldo* was dedicated), and took up his residence at the court of the cardinal's brother, Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, to whom his service was transferred about five years later. Thus he entered that castle at Ferrara, where he was destined to attain glory and endure cruel suffering; it was the theatre both of his renown and his misery. For some years he led a happy existence: young, handsome, a courtier, a writer already illustrious, he became a favorite at this most brilliant court. Milman describes him: "He was very tall, of strong and active frame, of stately carriage, a little short-sighted, and with a slight hesitation in his speech, but of that grave and melancholy beauty which is said to be most attractive in men. He excelled in all warlike and knightly exercises." He was not indifferent to the beauties of the court, but the famous story of his love for the Princess Leonora, sister of the duke, resulting in misery and madness for him, has been often controverted, and is now

believed to have no foundation in fact. Both Leonora and her sister Lucrezia, however, received him into their friendship.

In 1573 the *Aminta*, a simple and charming pastoral drama, was published ; and a few years later the *Gerusalemme Liberata* was completed. These two works are practically all that he had to give to literature, although he continued writing to the last, and his productions are very voluminous. Of the *Aminta*, J. A. Symonds says : " It appeared at the critical moment when modern music, under Palestrina's impulse, was becoming the main art of Italy. The honeyed melodies and sensuous melancholy of *Aminta* exactly suited and interpreted the spirit of its age. We may regard it as the most decisively important of Tasso's compositions, for its influence, in opera and cantata, was felt through two successive centuries." The same author writes of the *Jerusalem* as follows : " As in the *Rinaldo*, so also in the *Gerusalemme*, he aimed at ennobling the Italian epic style by preserving strict unity of plot, and heightening poetic diction. He chose Virgil for his model, took the first Crusade for his subject, and infused the fervor of religion into his conception of the hero, Godfrey. But his own natural bias was for romance. In spite of the poet's ingenuity and industry the main theme evinced less spontaneity of genius than the romantic episodes with which, as also in *Rinaldo*, he adorned it. Godfrey, a mixture of pious Æneas and Tridentine Catholicism, is not the real hero of the *Gerusalemme* Rinaldo, Ruggiero Tancredi divide our interest and divert it from Goffredo. Armida, Clorinda, Erminca, lovely pagan women, rivet our attention, while we skip the battles, religious ceremonies, conclaves and stratagems of the campaign. The truth is, that Tasso's great invention as an artist was the poetry of sentiment. . . . This sentiment, refined, noble, natural, steeped in melancholy, exquisitely graceful, pathetically touching, breathed throughout the episodes of the *Gerusalemme*, finds metrical expression in the language of its mellifluous verse, and sustains the ideal life of those seductive heroines whose names were familiar as household words to all Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. . . . A great and romantic poem was embedded in a dull and not very correct epic." "Tasso's epic,"

wrote Leigh Hunt, "with all its faults, is a noble production, and justly considered one of the poems of the world. . . . The 'Jerusalem Delivered' is stately, well-ordered, full of action and character, sometimes sublime, always elegant and very interesting,—more so, I think, as a whole, and in a popular sense, than any other story in verse, not excepting the *Odyssey*." And at another place the same author says: "His poem is that of tenderness. . . . Love is its all in all." Its commanding qualities, its lyrical grace, endeared it to the people as well as to persons of culture.

Unfortunately, instead of publishing his poem as he had conceived it, Tasso, actuated by critical scrupulosity, sent it to various eminent literary men, asking for their opinions and strictures. The constraint felt by the author, under the appeal to so many opinions and judgments, probably did much to mar the poem. Sublimity and originality were kept down in a flow of sonorous and excessively finished verse.

The merciless criticisms passed on his work, no doubt, contributed much towards worrying him into a morbid melancholy that threatened his reason. Irritable in temperament, vain, sensitive, suspicious, the calumnies and insults of jealous courtiers drove him into fears of danger. He believed that he was denounced as a heretic to the Inquisition, threatened with death by assassination, watched and betrayed by spies. In 1577, having drawn a dagger upon a servant, he was arrested and confined, and soon after sent to Belriguardo for his health. Haunted by the dread of the duke's vengeance, he fled for refuge to his sister at Sorrento; but soon yearned again for the excitement of court-life and humbly asked permission to return. This was granted on condition that he underwent medical treatment for his "melancholy humor." He returned, but his suspicions and fears were increased by the retention of certain papers belonging to him, and he soon ran off again, finally reaching Turin. In February, 1579, drawn by his incomprehensible yearning for the scene of his misfortunes, he was once more at Ferrara. Alfonso was about contracting his third marriage, and no notice was taken of the arrival of the morbidly sensitive poet; who, making no allowance for the preoccupation of his patron, broke into loud and

intemperate denunciation of what he considered a want of respect shown in his reception. Upon this violent outburst, he was packed off (March, 1579) to the madhouse of St. Anne, where he remained until July, 1586. While here, the *Gerusalemme Liberata* was published (1580-81), without his sanction or corrections, in an incomplete and sadly incorrect edition, arousing a storm of applause and controversy.

He appears, however, to have enjoyed some freedom, and was, it seems, conscious of his mental disorder. We are told that he showed a dignified bearing under his affliction. The most intricate questions in poetry and philosophy were calmly and learnedly discussed by this poor, wild genius in a madhouse, whose healthier faculties seemed even aroused in his misfortunes, and whose "mind, in spite of all weakness, was," as Hunt says, "felt to tower above its age." He wrote much—perhaps one-half of all his works—in this hospital of St. Anne. Meanwhile, his friends were interceding for him, and Vincenzo Gonzaga, prince of Mantua, finally obtained permission to take him away. Thus the poet left Ferrara, a prematurely old man of forty-two. At Mantua he completed the tragedy of *Torrismondo* (published 1587). But his discontented, morbidly self-conscious spirit soon drove him off again, in restless, erratic wanderings from city to city (1590-94). In 1592 he published *Le sette Giornate* ("Seven Days of the Creation"), a dreary rendering of the first chapter of Genesis, and a new version of his great poem, entitled the *Gerusalemme Conquista*, a feeble, emasculated production, characterized by Leigh Hunt as "a mere tribute of his declining years to bigotry and new acquaintances." With increasing feebleness in health had come decay of inspiration.

Even the last honor granted him formed a climax to his disappointments. He was invited to Rome to receive the crown of laurel at the Capitol, as had Petrarch before him; but there was a delay, and Tasso died in the convent of Santo Onofrio, April 25, 1595, in the fifty-first year of his age, before the honor could be conferred. However, coronation was performed on the poor dead body, and the head wreathed with laurel. Thus even the ray of hope that cheered his last days served but to throw a halo of glory around his bier.

THE FIRST CRUSADERS REACH JERUSALEM.

The odorous air, morn's messenger, now spread
Its wings to herald, in serenest skies,
Aurora issuing forth, her radiant head
Adorn'd with roses pluck'd in Paradise;
When in full panoply the hosts arise,
And loud and spreading murmurs upward fly,
Ere yet the trumpet sings: its melodies
They miss not long, the trumpet's tuneful cry
Gives the command to march, shrill sounding to the sky.

The skillful Captain, with a gentle rein
Guides their desires, and animates their force;
And though 'twould seem more easy to restrain
Charybdis in its mad volubil course,
Or bridle Boreas in, when gruffly hoarse
He tempests Apenninus and the gray
Ship-shaking Ocean to its deepest source,—
He ranks them, urges, rules them on the way;
Swiftly they march, yet still with swiftness under sway.

Wing'd is each heart, and winged every heel;
They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly;
But by the time the dewless meads reveal
The fervent sun's ascension in the sky,
Lo, tower'd Jerusalem salutes the eye!
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;
"Jerusalem!" a thousand voices cry,
"All hail, Jerusalem!" Hill, down, and dale,
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, "Jerusalem, all hail!"

To the pure pleasure which that first far view
In their reviving spirit sweetly shed,
Succeeds a deep contrition, feelings new,—
Grief touch'd with awe, affection mix'd with dread;
Scarce dare they now upraise the abject head,
Or turn to Zion their desiring eyes,
The chosen city! where Messiah bled,
Defrauded Death of his long tyrannies,
New clothed his limbs with life, and reassumed the skies.

Low accents, plaintive whispers, groans profound,
 Sighs of a people that in gladness grieves,
 And melancholy murmurs float around,
 Till the sad air a thrilling sound receives,
 Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves,
 When with autumnal winds the forest waves ;
 Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves
 On lonely rocks, or lock'd in winding caves,
 Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild low cadence raves.

Each, at his Chief's example, lays aside
 His scarf and feather'd casque, with every gay
 And glitt'ring ornament of knightly pride,
 And barefoot treads the consecrated way.
 Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed array,
 Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse,—
 Tears, that the haughtiest temper might allay;
 And yet, as though to weep they did refuse,
 Thus to themselves their hearts of hardness they accuse :

“ Here, Lord, where currents from thy wounded side
 Stain'd the besprinkled ground with sanguine red,
 Should not these two quick springs at least, their tide
 In bitter memory of thy passion shed!
 And melt'st thou not, my icy heart, where bled
 Thy dear Redeemer ? Still must pity sleep?
 My flinty bosom, why so cold and dead ?
 Break, and with tears the hallow'd region steep :
 If that thou weep'st not now, forever shouldst thou weep ! ”

—TASSO, *translated by J. H. WIFFEN.*





CERVANTES.



THE world has accepted Cervantes de Saavedra as the literary representative of Spain, and *Don Quixote* as his representative work. Such national distinction is yielded to no other writer of ancient or modern times. Spain herself, whatever pride she may show in other authors, has acquiesced in the general verdict, and by virtue of his merits claims a high rank in literature.

Miguel Cervantes De Saavedra was born in 1547 at Alcalá, in New Castile, of ancient but poor family. In 1569 he went to Italy in the train of Cardinal Acquaviva. Having volunteered in the army of Mark Antony Colonna, he served on board the fleet commanded by Don John of Austria at the famous battle of Lepanto, in 1571, where he had the misfortune to lose his left hand, but obtained a share of the booty. For four years more he continued to be a soldier, serving under several leaders, till he was captured by an Algerine corsair. His sufferings and adventures during his five years of slavery in Algiers are described in an episode in *Don Quixote*. He was treated with mildness, but made three attempts to escape. A large price was paid for his ransom, which, together with subsequent expensive living, entirely exhausted his store. He had already established a poetical reputation in his country before he published, in 1584, his *Galatea*, dedicated to Ascanio Colonna. This was a pastoral romance, mixing prose and verse, in which he represented, under feigned names, himself and the lady whom he immediately married. He settled in Madrid and composed various pieces for the Spanish theatre, which he assisted in

raising from a state of barbarism. Yet his writings failed to bring him fortune. He was reduced to great distress, became an agent for naval stores, and finally was imprisoned for debt in Argamasilla, in the cellar of a house which has become a shrine, for in this forlorn situation he meditated the work which has conferred immortal honor on his name. In 1603 he was free again and moved to Valladolid, chosen by Philip III. as his capital. The first part of *Don Quixote* was printed at Madrid in 1605. The critics of the day were puzzled by it, but the people soon perceived its merits and its success was prodigious. It was read by all ages and ranks; its fame spread into foreign countries, and editions and translations of it were multiplied. Its first notable effect was in correcting the public taste, and putting a stop to the fabrication of the high-flown romances of chivalry, which had formed the favorite reading of the people. But neither the court nor the people freed themselves from the disgrace of suffering their greatest genius to sink under the depression of poverty.

In 1613 Cervantes published the *Exemplary Novels*, a collection of twelve stories, some of which are the only minor works of his that are at all worthy the author of *Don Quixote*. These tales resemble others introduced into the adventures of *Don Quixote*, and display his inventive and descriptive talents in serious story, as the other had done in burlesque. The aged novelist now underwent the mortification of seeing his *Don Quixote* supplemented by Avellaneda, an Arragonian writer of mean genius, who not only debased the original, but loaded the author with much personal abuse, calling him "a miserable old cripple." Cervantes, however, reclaimed his right by publishing, in 1615, a true Second Part, which sufficiently proved that the author of the first was alone capable of an adequate continuation. This addition was received with avidity by all who had been interested in the genuine *Don Quixote*. His *Journey to Parnassus* was an ironical satire upon the Spanish poetry of his time, and upon the bad taste of patrons. This was more likely to increase the number of his enemies than to acquire him new favor. He was obliged to sell eight plays and as many interludes to a bookseller for want of means to print them on his own account. The indif-

ferent terms he was upon with actors prevented him bringing them on the stage; and the rising reputation of Lope de Vega had eclipsed that of Cervantes as a dramatic writer. His last work, *Persiles and Sigismunda*, was a romance which he left unpublished. In his preface that humor which had illuminated *Don Quixote* still flashes out, and dispels the gloom of poverty and sickness. In the affectionate dedication to his best patron, the Count de Lemos, he mentions that he had already received extreme unction; but he did not expire until four days later, on April 23, 1616.

Cervantes, though he chose to make the fictions of chivalry the object of his ridicule, had much of the romantic in his own composition; and in matters of heroism and love was a true Spaniard, while he discarded the follies of enchantment and supernatural agency. Yet it is unjust to say that "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away." The change in the Spanish character from aggressive bravery to indolent pride is due to the new movement of the world in which Spain, for other reasons, took no part. *Don Quixote*, the terminal monument of its chivalry, has not only become a classic throughout the world, but has, in a manner, obscured the fame of all the other literature of its country. It has enriched every modern language with words and phrases to express new ideas, and has been ranked among the capital productions of human invention. All intelligent readers are familiar with the fantastic hero, the grave and generous knight, whose excessive reading of romances had bewildered his judgment, and with his faithful, matter-of-fact attendant, Sancho Panza, whose homely, hard sense well sets off his master's lofty ideals.

DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST BATTLE.

The knight and his squire went on conferring together, when Don Quixote perceived, in the road on which they were traveling, a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them; upon which he turned to Sancho, and said, "This is the day, O Sancho, that shall manifest the good that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, on which shall be proved, as at all times, the valor of my arms,

and on which I shall perform exploits that will be recorded and written in the book of fame, there to remain to all succeeding ages. Seest thou that cloud of dust, Sancho? It is raised by a prodigious army of divers nations, who are on the march this way." "If so, there must be two armies," said Sancho; "for here, on this side, arises just such another cloud of dust." Don Quixote turned, and, seeing that it really was so, he rejoiced exceedingly, taking it for granted there were two armies coming to engage in the midst of that spacious plain; for at all hours and moments his imagination was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagances, combats and challenges detailed in his favorite books, and in every thought, word, and action he reverted to them. Now, the cloud of dust he saw was raised by two great flocks of sheep going the same road from different parts, and as the dust concealed them until they came near, and Don Quixote affirmed so positively that they were armies, Sancho began to believe it, and said, "Sir, what then must we do?" "What," replied Don Quixote, "but favor and assist the weaker side? Thou must know, Sancho, that the army which marches towards us in front is led and commanded by the great Emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Taprobana; this other, which marches behind us, is that of his enemy, the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm—for he always enters into battle with his right arm bare." "But why do these two princes bear one another so much ill will?" demanded Sancho. "They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is most beautiful, and also a Christian; but her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and turn Christian." "By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is in the right; and I am resolved to assist him to the utmost of my power." "Therein wilt thou do thy duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but listen with attention whilst I give thee an account of the principal knights in the two approaching armies; and, that thou mayest observe them the better, let us retire to that rising ground, whence both armies may be distinctly seen."

Seeing, however, in his imagination what did not exist, he began, with a loud voice, to say, "The knight thou seest yonder with the gilded armor, who bears on his shield a lion crowned, couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge. The other, with the armor flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent, in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolemba, Grand Duke of Quiracia. The third, with gigantic limbs, who marches on his right, is the undaunted Brandabarbaran of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabias. He is armed with a serpent's skin, and bears, instead of a shield, a gate, which fame says is one of those belonging to the temple which Samson pulled down when, with his death, he avenged himself upon his enemies."

In this manner he went on naming sundry knights of each squadron, as his fancy dictated, and giving to each their arms, colors, devices and mottoes, extempore; and, without pausing, he continued thus: "That squadron in the front is formed and composed of people of different nations. Here stand those who drink the sweet waters of the famous Xanthus; the mountaineers who tread the Massylian fields; those who sift the pure and fine gold-dust of Arabia Felix; those who dwell along the famous and refreshing bank of the clear Thermodon; those who drain, by divers and sundry ways, the golden veins of Pactolus; the Numidians, unfaithful in their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and Medes, who fight flying; the Arabians, perpetually changing their habitations; the Scythians, as cruel as fair; the broad-lipped Ethiopians; and an infinity of other nations, whose countenances I see and know, although I cannot recollect their names."

How many provinces did he name! how many nations did he enumerate, giving to each, with wonderful readiness, its peculiar attributes! Sancho Panza stood confounded at his discourse, without speaking a word; and now and then he turned his head about, to see whether he could discover the knights and giants his master named. But seeing none, he said, "Sir, not a man, or giant, or knight of all you have named, can I see anywhere." "How sayest thou, Sancho?" answered Don Quixote; "hearest thou not the neighing of

the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and the rattling of the drums?" "I hear nothing," answered Sancho, "but the bleating of sheep and lambs:" and so it was; for now the two flocks were come very near them. "Thy fears, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "prevent thee from hearing or seeing aright; for one effect of fear is to disturb the senses, and make things not to appear what they really are; and if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me alone; for with my single arm I shall insure victory to that side which I favor with my assistance." Then, clapping spurs to Rosinante, and setting his lance in rest, he darted down the hillock like lightning.

Sancho cried out to him, "Hold, Signor Don Quixote, come back! they are only lambs and sheep you are going to encounter; pray come back; what madness is this! there is neither giant, nor knight, nor horses, nor arms, nor shields quartered or entire, nor true azures, nor devices; what are you doing, sir?" Notwithstanding all this, Don Quixote turned not again, but still went on, crying aloud, "Ho, knights, you that follow and fight under the banner of the valiant Emperor Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see with how much ease I revenge him on his enemy Alifanfaron of Taprobana." With these words he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, as courageously and intrepidly as if in good earnest he was engaging his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flock called out to him to desist; but, seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings and began to salute his ears with a shower of stones. Don Quixote cared not for the stones, but, galloping about on all sides, cried out, "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Present thyself before me; I am a single knight, desirous to prove thy valor hand to hand, and to punish thee with the loss of life for the wrong thou dost to the valiant Pentapolin Garamanta."

At that instant a large stone struck him with such violence that he believed himself either slain or sorely wounded; and, remembering some balsam which he had, he pulled out the cruse, and, applying it to his mouth, began to swallow some of the liquor; but before he could take what he thought suf-

ficient, another hit him on the hand, and dashed the cruse to pieces, carrying off three or four of his teeth by the way, and grievously bruising two of his fingers. Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight fell from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and verily believed they had killed him; whereupon in all haste they collected their flock, took up their dead, which were about seven, and marched off without further inquiry.

All this while Sancho stood upon the hillock, beholding his master's actions, tearing his beard, and cursing the unfortunate hour and moment that ever he knew him. But seeing him fallen to the ground, and the shepherds gone off, he descended from the hillock, and, running to him, found him in a very ill plight, though not quite bereaved of sense, and said to him, "Did I not beg you, Signor Don Quixote, to come back, for those you went to attack were a flock of sheep, and not an army of men?" "How easily," replied Don Quixote, "can that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, transform things or make them invisible! However, do one thing, Sancho, for my sake, to undeceive thyself, and see the truth of what I tell thee: mount thy ass, and follow them fair and softly, and thou wilt find that when they are got a little farther off they will return to their first form, and, ceasing to be sheep, will become men, proper and tall, as I described them at first. But do not go now, for I want thy assistance: come hither to me, and see how many of my teeth are deficient; for it seems to me that I have not one left in my head."

He now raised himself up, and, placing his left hand upon his mouth, to prevent the remainder of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hand on Rosinante's bridle, who had not stirred from his master's side, such was his fidelity, and went towards his squire, who stood leaning with his breast upon the ass, and his cheek reclining upon his hand, in the posture of a man overwhelmed with thought. Don Quixote, seeing him thus, and to all appearances so melancholy, said to him, "Know, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, only inasmuch as he does more than another. So do not afflict thyself for the mischances that befall me,

since thou hast no share in them." "How? no share in them!" answered Sancho; "peradventure he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son, and the wallets I have lost to-day, with all my movables, belong to somebody else?" "What! are the wallets lost?" quoth Don Quixote. "Yes, they are," answered Sancho. "Then we have nothing to eat to-day?" replied Don Quixote. "It would be so," answered Sancho, "if these fields did not produce those herbs which your worship says you know, and with which unlucky knights-errant like your worship are used to supply such wants." "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "at this time I would rather have a slice of bread and a couple of salt pilchards than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, though commented upon by Dr. Laguna himself. But, good Sancho, get upon thy ass and follow me; for God, who provides for all, will not desert us, since He neglects neither the birds of the air, the beasts of the earth, nor the fish of the waters; more especially being engaged, as we are, in His service." "Your worship," said Sancho, "would make a better preacher than a knight-errant." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "the knowledge of knights-errant must be universal; there have been knights-errant in times past who would make sermons or harangues on the king's highway as successfully as if they had taken their degrees in the University of Paris; whence it may be inferred that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance." "Well, be it as your worship says," answered Sancho; "but let us begone hence, and endeavor to get a lodging to-night; and pray God it be where there are neither blankets nor blanket-heavers, hobgoblins nor enchanted moors."

—M. DE CERVANTES-SAAVEDRA, *translated by* JARVIS.



ROGER BACON.



THE darkness of the Middle Ages was illuminated with the discoveries of several inventors. Though not altogether free from the common errors of their time, they deserve note for the greatness of their genius, which enabled them, in some measure, to attain the truth. The most celebrated of these is the monk, Roger Bacon, sometimes reckoned the inventor of gunpowder.

He was born at Ilchester, England, about 1214, studied at Oxford, and then proceeded to Paris. He entered the Order of the Franciscans about the time he returned to Oxford in 1250. Some friends furnished the means of pursuing his experiments in physics. His discoveries and strange instruments caused him to be regarded as a magician, and his brother monks, jealous of his superiority, fostered the notion. In 1257 he was imprisoned at Paris, and forbidden all human intercourse. Guy de Foulques, who, when papal legate in England, had heard of him, wished to see his writings, but was prevented. In 1265 Guy was made Pope as Clement IV., and Bacon requested a hearing. Clement asked to see his works, and Bacon drew up his *Opus Majus*, and sent it and two other works to the pope by his pupil, John of London. Scarcely had they reached his Holiness, when illness and death prevented his examination of them.

Bacon in 1267 was granted more freedom and resumed his labors for ten years. In 1278 the General of the Franciscan Order, Jerome of Ascoli, condemned his writings, and ordered him to imprisonment again. His confinement was sanctioned

by the pope, and lasted ten years. In 1288 Jerome became pope, taking the name Nicholas IV., and Bacon, to win his favor, sent him a treatise on warding off the infirmities of old age. He was not released, however, till 1292. He died at Oxford two years later.

Roger Bacon was an alchemist, a firm believer in astrology, and engaged in the search for the philosopher's stone. He made several discoveries in optics, and invented a magnifying glass. In his chemical investigations, he made an explosive mixture of sulphur, saltpetre and charcoal. Though he studied astronomy chiefly for astrological purposes, he was sufficiently skilled to find errors in the calendar, and proposed to Pope Clement IV. means for correcting them. Among the learned of his time he won the name of "Doctor Admirabilis;" among the vulgar he was known as the mighty magician, Friar Bacon, who held intercourse with the Devil, and practiced the black art. He was declared to have fabricated a brazen head which was able to speak, and which solved difficult problems.

THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER.

Some consider Roger Bacon the greatest mechanical genius that has appeared since the days of Archimedes. It is evident, from the testimony of his own writings, that he had at least speculated profoundly as to what might be done by mechanic power, and meditated many curious contrivances, some of which we can hardly doubt that he had actually executed, from the terms in which he speaks of them. In a little work which he calls his *Discovery of the Miracles of Art and Nature, and of the Nullity of Magic*, he has a chapter on "Admirable Artificial Instruments," which, in reference to this point, is in the highest degree interesting. Among other machines which he speaks of here, although he does not describe their construction, are a ship which might be managed by one man as well as one of the common construction could by a whole crew; a chariot which ran with inconceivable swiftness entirely by machinery; an apparatus for flying, and an engine for depressing or elevating the greatest weights by the application of a very small force,

which he describes as only three fingers high and four broad. Another instrument, he says, may be easily made whereby one man may, in despite of all opposition, draw to himself a thousand men, or any other thing that is tractable. A contrivance to serve the same purpose as the modern diving-bell is also mentioned. "Such engines as these," he remarks, "were of old, and are made even in our days." All of them, he tells us, he has himself seen, "excepting only," he adds, "that instrument of flying which I never saw, or know any who hath seen it, though I am exceedingly acquainted with a very prudent man who hath invented the whole artifice."

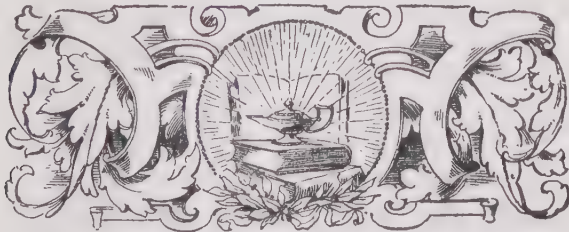
There can be little doubt that some of the mechanical designs we have just mentioned were merely his imaginations of what might be accomplished by the most perfect combinations of certain natural powers. It is with the same looseness that we find him in another place asserting the possibility of making lamps that would burn forever, and talking, on the authority of Pliny, of a certain stone which attracts gold, silver, and all other metals, "the consideration whereof," he remarks with some simplicity, "makes me think there is not anything, whether in divine or outward matters, too difficult for my faith."

He was a believer in all the wild pretensions both of astrology and alchemy. Of the latter art, indeed, he was one of the earliest disciples among the Latins. It is sufficient to remark, that the influence of the stars upon human affairs is one of the fundamental laws of his astronomy; and that he has no doubt of the existence of a universal menstruum, or solvent, having the power both of converting all other metals into gold, and of purifying the human body from all its corruptions, and prolonging life through many ages.

In his pursuit of the philosopher's stone, however, Bacon had undoubtedly acquired a considerable knowledge of the properties of various natural substances, and made several real discoveries in chemistry. Of these, the most remarkable of which his works give us any notice is his discovery of gunpowder. He was indebted for it to the accident of a vessel, in which the different ingredients of the composition happened to be mixed, exploding on being heated. The way

in which he himself mentions the matter is exceedingly curious, and very characteristic of the philosophy of the times. In his treatise on the Miracles of Art and Nature, he enumerates among "his strange experiments," "the making of thunder and lightning in the air; yea, with a greater advantage of horror than those which are only produced by nature; for a very competent quantity of matter, rightly prepared (the bigness of one's thumb), will make a most hideous noise and coruscation." In another place he ventures so far as to intimate that the preparation in question is a compound of "nitre, or saltpetre, and other ingredients." In one passage only, however, does he record the name of these other ingredients, and even then in a mysterious *anagram*. "The substance is prepared," says he, "from the *luru mope can ubre*, of saltpetre, and of sulphur." The sentence is in Latin; and the letters in italics, when restored to their proper order, make the words *pulvere carbonum*, or in English, the *powder of charcoal*; so that the meaning is, that the composition is formed by mixing together the powder of charcoal, of saltpetre, and of sulphur. This curious passage proves incontrovertably Bacon's possession of the secret; but it is not at all probable that it is to him or his writings that the world at large has been indebted for the knowledge of it; for the barbarous syllables to which he thus confided it retained their trust so faithfully that they continued an unexplained riddle for nearly five hundred years. It may be added, that this mode of recording scientific discoveries was common long after the time of Bacon. Newton himself first announced an important portion of his doctrine of fluxions by an anagram.

—S. SMILES.





VERSATILITY, a characteristic of not a few Italian artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, was especially marked in the case of Leonardo da Vinci. "He who excels in every art," wrote Luca Paciolo of him, and Leonardo himself, when offering his services to Duke Lodovico Sforza, drew up a remarkable document avowing his proficiency in military science especially, but also in architecture, engineering, sculpture and painting. He was also a musician and a courtier, with a talent for managing public festivities, which he subsequently had frequent opportunity to display at the duke's court. A philosopher, too, a writer, and a *savant*, a bold thinker, to whom even the honorable name of "father of modern science" has been given, for it appears that various important discoveries of a later date were anticipated by him in those voluminous manuscript notes which he has left us. Yet, with all his manifold activity, we have but few tangible results, especially of his art-work.

Born in 1452, at the Castle Vinci, in the valley of the Arno, as the natural son of Ser Piero Antonio da Vinci, Leonardo made early and rapid progress in arithmetic, music, drawing and modeling. His father placed him with Andrea del Verrocchio, of Florence (about 1470), and the young student was soon permitted even to finish his master's paintings, notably the "Baptism of our Lord." Of his early works, none remain, neither paintings nor sculpture. However, the "Adoration of the Kings," though unfinished, gives decided

proof of his genius. Leonardo frequently left his work unfinished, and this fact was explained by Lomazzo thus: "When setting to work to paint, it was as if he were mastered by fear. So also he could finish nothing which he had begun, his soul being full of the sublimity of Art, whereby he was enabled to see faults in pictures which others hailed as miraculous creations."

About 1480, Leonardo removed to Milan, under the patronage of Lodovico Sforza, and remained there for nearly twenty years. During that period he seems to have been busy mostly as an engineer and architect, director of an art-academy, and master of ceremonies at court. Still, his fame as an artist rests to a great extent on a picture painted at this time (1488-'98), the well-known "Last Supper," which is, as one critic says, "the most perfect composition in the history of painting in all ages." Much damaged and frequently restored, it is to-day a mere wreck. Another important work on which Leonardo was engaged during his stay in Milan was the colossal horse for an equestrian figure, to be executed in bronze, in memory of Lodovico's father, Francesco. This wonderful model, at which he worked for a decade, was never cast, however, and was permitted to fall into decay.

In 1500, after the downfall of Duke Lodovico, Leonardo left Milan. He appears to have gone to Venice, and from there to Florence; in 1502 he was inspecting fortresses for Cæsar Borgia. But the latter's rule was of but short duration, and we find Da Vinci in Florence again in 1503. Here was prepared the cartoon of the Madonna, St. Anne, the Infant Christ and John, executed for the Servite monks, and received with admiration, but never carried out in a finished picture. The excellent portrait of Mona Lisa (now in the Louvre) was also painted at about this period. But his principal work, executed in Florence, was the large composition for the Sala del Consiglio in the Palazzo della Signoria, the subject being the "Battle of Anghiari," in which absolutely new rules regarding the painting of battle-pieces were introduced. Unfortunately, the original cartoon no longer exists, only a copy by Rubens of a portion of it—"Battle of the Standard"—being preserved, in which Leonardo's masterly

way of depicting horses is apparent. This cartoon was exhibited together with the one by Michelangelo ("Soldiers Bathing") for the same Sala, a fact which no doubt served to accentuate the rivalry which, it seems, existed between these two giants in art.

In 1506, Leonardo followed an invitation to return to Milan, and in the same year entered the service of the French government as "painter and court engineer," to use Louis XII.'s words. After Francis I.'s victory at Marignano (1515), he accompanied that monarch to France; but poor health, and perhaps a natural dilatoriness (Mrs. C. W. Heaton speaks of him as one "whose impatient genius loved to conceive rather than to execute") prevented him from making many contributions to art during his short stay in that country. On the second of May, 1519, he died.

An authentic portrait of Leonardo, by himself, depicts an old man with a broad forehead, long, flowing hair and beard, a strong nose, determined mouth, and bushy brows overhanging deep-set, penetrating eyes. Grimm speaks of him as "beautiful in countenance, strong as a Titan, generous, with numerous servants and horses, and fanciful furniture; a perfect musician, fascinatingly charming with high and low; poet, sculptor, architect, engineer, mechanic; a friend of princes and kings; and yet, as a citizen of his country, having an obscure existence."

Jean Paul Richter has summarized his achievements in art thus: "Among the greatest masters of the Florentine Renaissance stands Leonardo da Vinci, side by side with Michelangelo and Raphael. As the earliest, so, too, was he the real initiator of the highest phase of the Renaissance. . . Leonardo was the first who ventured to base all art instruction exclusively and entirely upon the study of nature. . . Leonardo da Vinci's name has been and ever will be a popular one; the art of Leonardo can never be that: it is too lofty, too sublime."

THE LAST SUPPER.

The work upon which rests Leonardo's claim to take a place among the greatest painters of the world, in the same rank with Raphael and Correggio, is, of course, the *Cenacolo*,

or Last Supper, a production which, as repeated in engravings and circulated throughout the world, is more extensively known and admired than any other great work of art. Fortunately, its essential excellencies have been perpetuated by the inspired burin of Morghen; who conceived his subjects with the sensibility of an artist, and reproduced them with a spirituality and power that set the *interpreter* "on a level with the author." His engraving will to future times be the true original of this matchless work. I shall offer no comment upon the work itself, but shall merely describe its position and present condition.

It is painted upon the wall of the refectory of the suppressed convent of Dominicans adjoining the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan. The convent was, when I visited it in 1851, chiefly occupied as a caserne for the Austrian troops. Making my way into the interior of a large quadrangle, the court-yard of which was filled with the refuse of the stables, I entered the refectory. It is a long room, with a brick floor, a lofty ceiling, and side windows very high up. On the wall at one end, is a Crucifixion by Montorfano, and opposite to it, and pretty high up, is the Last Supper. It is painted, not in fresco, but in oils, and the figures are larger than life. It seems as if casualty and ignorance and imbecility had actively combined together for the extinction of this glory of art and religion. The situation of the room is low and damp; and it is subject to inundations. Twice has the picture been painted over, not by ordinary bunglers, against whose stupidity some rays of excellence might have struggled; but by caitiffs who seem to have been animated by the spirit of destruction. A door was cut through the centre, which took away the feet of the Saviour, and a large part of the table-cloth. The room was used by the French, both as a barn and a stable. Even now it stands exposed to all the vicissitudes of heat and cold, and dampness. A large piece has recently scaled off from the neck of the Saviour. Its overthrow is complete and irretrievable; yet from beneath the veil of ruin still gleams the lustre of a divineness of beauty and majesty which "cannot, but by annihilation, die." There yet lingers around this robbed and violated shrine of genius an interest and impres-

siveness which enchain the observer's mind. The composition may still be admired in all its force and perfection ; and in distribution and variety, action and significance—for the union of individuality with harmony—it cannot be exceeded. The principles upon which composition may be made to depend, are various ; and the key to the quality by which the composition is produced will commonly be found in the faculty, or talent, for which the artist is most eminent. Leonardo's favorite contemplation was of the effect of the passions upon the face and frame, in diversified characters ; in this instance, the arrangement and attitudes of the group are entirely worked out by the play of the moral feelings.

Of the figures, none retains any really effective power, excepting the head of the Saviour. In spite of all that fatality and folly have done to dim and defeature it, the essential divinity which once was impressed upon it, still shines forth with obscured but unextinguishable grandeur. Mild, sad majesty—sorrow, sharp as the blade of death, and the grace of a spiritual sweetness which the treason of friends and the triumph of enemies disturb not, but deepen—are stamped in glorious power upon this matchless face. The flowing hair, the bowing head, the submitting expostulation of the hands, form certainly the worthiest image of the Blessed Saviour that ever came from mortal thought. In the moment in which his humanity is so potently signalized by the gloom that fills his soul and bends his venerable form, his divinity is revealed the more earnestly in the abstraction and inwardness of musing that separates him mysteriously from his followers. Shrouded in the mist of long decay, the dulled lustre of that heavenly form yet has a power to dazzle and rebuke. The fable that Leonardo left the head of the Saviour unfinished, and that it was completed by some meaner hand, is one of those foolish idle figments which a certain class of minds delight to repeat.

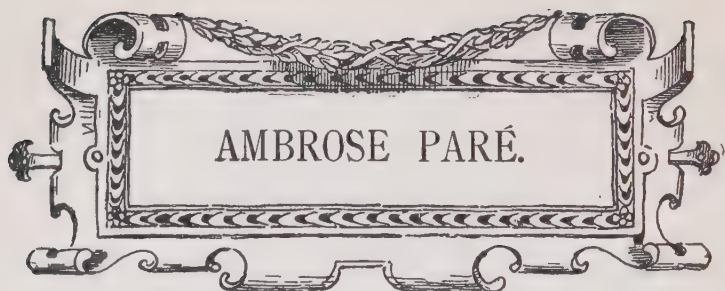
As the colors now are, the figure of the Saviour is arrayed in a scarlet tunic, with a blue robe over the left shoulder and arm. The left hand has been badly painted over, and the right hand is much gone. In the face of St. John, though the outline has almost completely vanished, there linger still some faint vestiges of an expression that was put there by

Leonardo. In like manner, the face of St. James the Greater, whose mouth is opened, and his arms stretched out, aghast, bears decidedly his mark. St. Thomas has been painted over and changed. St. Philip has been painted black, and is the most ruined head of all. St. Matthew is also depraved. St. Thaddeus retains some expression ; though nearly white. St. Simon's head is quite washed out of shape, by the damp ; and his hands are badly painted over. St. Bartholomew and St. James the Less are totally altered. St. Andrew is one of the freshest and brightest figures ; but I imagine it to be totally changed from its original condition. St. Peter's face is quite good ; and Judas has an expression of much character. To show how much the painting is obliterated, it is quite impossible to make out the salt-cellar under Judas' hand, which is in the engraving. The effect of the light behind the blue hills in the distance, remains good.—H. B. WALLACE.

THE LAST SUPPER—SONNET.

Though searching damp and many an envious flaw
 Have marred this work, the calm, ethereal grace,
 The love, deep-seated in the Saviour's face,
 The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
 The elements, as they do melt and thaw
 The heart of the beholder, and erase
 (At least for one rapt moment) every trace
 Of disobedience to the primal law.
 The annunciation of the dreadful truth
 Made to the Twelve survives: lip, forehead, cheek,
 And hand reposing on the board in ruth
 Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
 Unquestionable meanings, still bespeak
 A labor worthy of eternal youth !—W. WORDSWORTH.





AMBROSE PARÉ.



SURGERY is the oldest form of medical treatment. The stanching of blood, the binding up of wounds, the support of broken limbs with splints, were called for by the fights of savage tribes, and soon gave employment to a class of practitioners. The Egyptian monuments testify to a trained class using lancets and probes. The knowledge of medicine as well as surgery passed to Greece, and thence was gradually diffused over Western Europe. Hippocrates and Galen are still revered names in the healing art. In the Middle Ages medical science stood still; dissection of the human body was prohibited. All knowledge must be derived from the ancient writings. Finally, in the sixteenth century, the lethargy was broken. Two men of original genius appeared, Paracelsus and Paré. The former has unfortunately, from his mystical theories, come to be generally regarded as a charlatan, while the latter is duly honored as "The Father of Modern Surgery."

Ambrose Paré was born at Laval in France in 1517, and in his seventeenth year became apprentice to a barber-surgeon in Paris. He improved his opportunities, studied at the hospital, and when only nineteen accompanied the army of Francis I. to Italy as surgeon. Here, instead of treating gunshot wounds with hot oil, according to the practice of the time, he used simple dressings and bandages. Trusting much to the healing power of nature, he discarded other prevailing barbarous practices. Instead of searing limbs with a hot iron after amputation, he tied up the blood-vessels to pre-

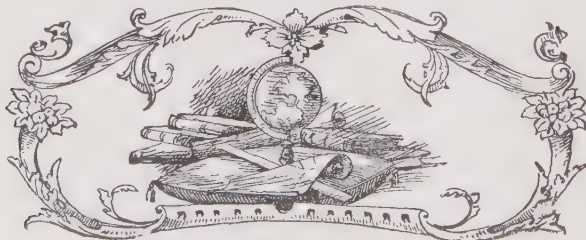
vent hemorrhage. In 1545 he published his first treatise, treating of military surgery. He attended the lectures of Sylvius, the anatomist, and became his prosector. He extended the practice of ligature to large arteries, and thus greatly enlarged the use of amputation. His innovations were opposed by the regular faculty, and he was obliged to find support for his practice in the writings of Galen. He was, however, strongly supported by successive French kings, who made him their surgeon, and he had the thanks of the common soldiers. Discarding the pedantry of his profession, he endeavored to render every operation intelligible to his students. He made it a rule that in searching for a bullet the patient should be placed in the same posture as when the wound was received. Paré was an adherent of the Reformed faith; but his surgical skill and the favor of the court protected him from the persecution which attended his co-religionists. He died at Paris on the 22d of December, 1590.

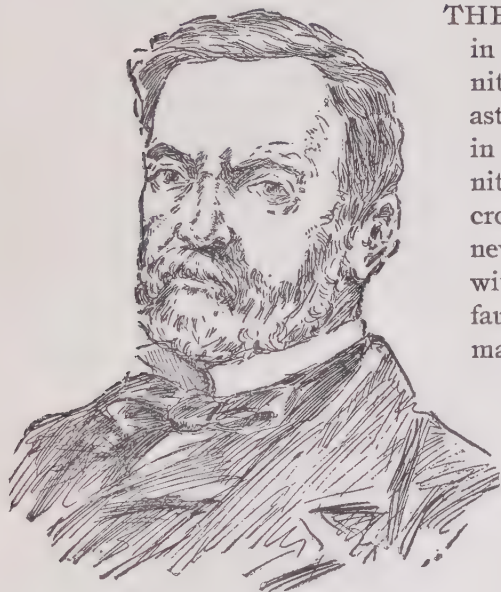
PARÉ'S TREATMENT OF GUNSHOT WOUNDS.

In the year of our Lord 1536, Francis, the French king, for his acts in war and peace styled the Great, sent a puissant army beyond the Alps, under the government and leading of Annas of Montmorency, High Constable of France, both that he might relieve Turin with victuals, soldiers, and all things needful, as also to recover the cities of that province, taken by the Marquis of Gnast, general of the emperor's forces. I was in the king's army, the chirurgion of Monsieur of Montejan, general of the foot. The Imperialists had taken the Straits of Suze, the castle of Villane, and all the other passages, so that the king's army was not able to drive them from their fortifications but by fight. In this conflict there were many wounded on both sides, with all sorts of weapons, but chiefly with bullets. To tell the truth, I was not very expert at that time in matters of chirurgery, neither was I used to dress wounds made by gunshot. But I had read in John de Vigo that wounds made by gunshot were venenate or poisoned, by reason of the gunpowder; wherefore, for their cure, it was expedient to burn or cauterize them with oil of elders, scalding hot, with a little treacle mixed therewith.

But, since I gave no credit neither to the author nor remedy, because I knew that caustics could not be poured into wounds without excessive pain, I determined, before I would run a hazard, to see whether the chirurgeons who went with me in the army used any other manner of dressing to these wounds. I observed and saw that all of them used that method of dressing which Vigo prescribes, and that they filled as full as they could the wounds made by gunshot with tents and pledgets dipped in this scalding oil at the first dressing, which encouraged me to do the like to those who came to be dressed by me.

It chanced, on a time, that by reason of the multitude that were hurt, I wanted this oil. Now, because there were some few left to be dressed, that I might seem to want nothing, and that I might not leave them undressed, I was forced to apply a digestive, made of the yolk of an egg, oil of roses, and turpentine. I could not sleep all that night, for I was troubled in mind, and the dressing of the preceding day troubled my thoughts, and I feared that the next day I should find them dead, or at the point of death, by the poison of their wounds, whom I had not dressed with scalding oil. Therefore I rose early in the morning and visited my patients; and, beyond expectation, I found such as I had dressed with a digestive only, free from vehemency of pain, to have had good rest, and that their wounds were not inflamed or tumefied; but, on the contrary, the others that were burnt with the scalding oil were feverish, tormented with much pain, and the parts about their wounds were swollen. When I had many times tried this, on divers others, I thought this much, that neither I, nor any other, should ever cauterize any wounded with gunshot.—A. PARÉ: *Translated by T. JOHNSON.*





THE modern discoveries in the world of the infinitely little are not less astonishing than those in the world of the infinitely great. The microscope has brought new regions, teeming with marvelous flora and fauna, within the domain of science. Research has proved that the physical well-being or ill-being of higher animals is largely dependent on organisms detected only by the microscope.

Beyond all others, the chemist Pasteur deserves the credit of exploring this new world and revealing its lessons.

Louis Pasteur was born at Dôle, France, on the 27th of December, 1822. His father was a tanner, who had served in Napoleon's armies. The son was taught at Besançon, and at the Normal School in Paris, and then at the Sorbonne, having already devoted himself to chemistry. He took his doctor's degree in 1847, and taught at Dijon, Strasburg, and Lille; but returned in 1857 to teach science in the Normal School.

His researches in regard to fermentation first attracted general notice, and proved to be the foundation of all his later

work. The great German chemist Liebig held that fermentation was a chemical change due to the action of oxygen of the air on fermentable substances. This opinion was universally accepted among chemists until Pasteur took up the study. He found that acetic fermentation is the work of a minute fungus which spreads over the surface of the liquid. He studied the deterioration of vinegar, wine and beer, revealed its cause, and showed the means of preventing it. What his opponents considered the ferments he proved to be the food of the ferments, which are always living plants and animalcules. He was thus brought to the question of spontaneous generation, which had been revived in the scientific world. The theory itself belongs to remote antiquity, and had been announced by Aristotle, who said, "All dry bodies which become damp, and all damp bodies which are dried, engender animal life." In this crude form the doctrine had been discarded except by the ignorant; but in a more plausible guise it had been accepted by the eminent naturalist Buffon. Finally, in 1858, another naturalist, Pouchet, claimed to have observed and proved by experiment the occurrence of the lowest forms of life without preceding germs. When Pasteur entered the field in opposition, the Academy of Sciences in 1866 formally censured the chemist for dabbling in biology, and rejected his dictum, "Life can only proceed from other life." But Pasteur took up the naturalist's experiments, and showed how each one was defective. When, as late as 1880, Dr. Bastian attempted to revive the doctrine with new experiments, Pasteur was again victorious, and the theory of spontaneous generation received its quietus. Tyndall said of Pasteur's experiments, "They have restored the conviction that life does not appear without the operation of antecedent life."

But before this controversy was ended, Pasteur had been called by his former preceptor, the chemist J. B. Dumas, to attack a most serious practical problem. For some fifteen years a plague called *pébrine* had been epidemic among the silk-worms of France, and was destroying a great national industry. Each new supply of worms brought from foreign countries succumbed to the plague in a year or two. Dumas had investigated the disease without practical result, and in



PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY.

1865 turned the task over to his pupil, whose future eminence he had already foretold. "But," said Pasteur, "I have never seen a silk-worm." "What of that? This plague threatens France; you are a Frenchman. I have failed; but you are younger. You must stop its progress." Pasteur went to a little cottage in Alais, among the Cevennes, in the silk-worm region. He soon reported, "This disease is caused by parasites; we must get rid of the worms which have parasites." Even the silk-raisers laughed at his diagnosis and the remedy proposed. Pasteur required the healthy moths to be isolated from the infected, and proved that then their eggs and larvæ would remain healthy. He discriminated also two diseases, *pèbrine* and *flacherie*, and showed the necessary precautions for guarding against them. His practical success convinced the silk-growers and saved the great industry of southern France.

Pasteur was in 1867 made professor of chemistry in the Sorbonne, and held the position until 1875, when he retired on account of impairment of his health. His years of severe labor had caused a paralysis of the left side, which thereafter affected his speech and motion. During his struggles he had received no public aid; but on his retirement he was pensioned by the French government, and other nations gave practical acknowledgment of the benefit of his labors to modern industry. He turned his attention next to the diseases of men and animals. Here he found new proofs of the germ-theory: animalcules, bacteria, bacilli, schizomycetes, are the cause of many diseases in man. "It is my conviction," said he, "that it is in the power of man to cause all parasitic maladies to disappear from the world. Such diseases can only be propagated by contagion. Therefore isolate the afflicted, and the well will remain well." For some years he directed his investigations to the discovery of a specific germ for each disease. Acting on this principle, he mastered chicken cholera, anthrax and other deadly diseases in beasts, and had marked success in regard to human diseases. The medical profession welcomed his discoveries, and in all parts of the world students set earnestly to work to develop bacteriology.

Finally Pasteur made another announcement, which has

obtained even more publicity than all his former achievements. He claimed to have discovered a remedy for the dread disease, hydrophobia, by inoculation with a lymph which is prepared from the virus of mad dogs by cultivation, at first in living rabbits, afterward in a sort of broth. In consequence of the demand for treatment he established the Pasteur Institute, with a laboratory which resembled also a menagerie. Thither persons who have been bitten by a dog resort; they come one by one before the operator, who injects a few drops of the lymph with a needle-pointed syringe. In many cases perhaps the treatment is not needed; but it is said none have died from the dreadful malady except a few who allowed too long a time to elapse before seeking inoculation. Pasteur Institutes, modeled on the original, have been established in many cities. Though medical opinion is still divided as to the practical benefit of the treatment, the great majority consider the process of attested value.

Pasteur, who had recovered to a considerable extent from the effects of paralysis, again succumbed and finally died on September 28, 1895. He was a thorough Frenchman, of a nervous temperament, exceedingly modest, and averse to talking except when necessary. By his life-work he practically introduced a new science and conferred inestimable blessing on mankind.

PREVENTION OF DISEASE BY INOCULATION.

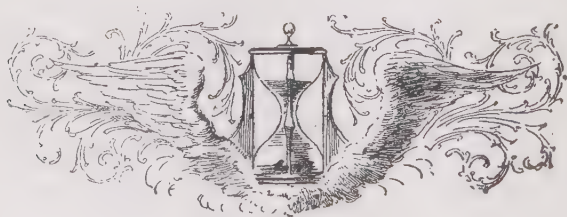
Pasteur had little difficulty in establishing the parasitic origin of fowl cholera; indeed, the parasite had been observed by others before him. But by his successive cultivations, he rendered the solution sure. His next step will remain forever memorable in the history of medicine. I allude to what he calls "virus attenuation." And here it may be well to throw out a few remarks in advance. When a tree, or a bundle of wheat or barley straw, is burnt, a certain amount of mineral matter remains in the ashes—extremely small in comparison with the bulk of the tree or of the straw, but absolutely essential to its growth. In a soil lacking, or exhausted of, the necessary mineral constituents, the tree cannot live, the crop cannot grow. Now contagia are living things, which demand

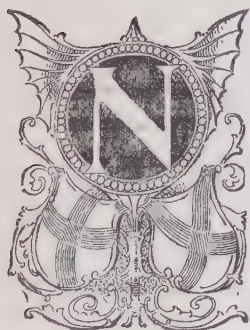
certain elements of life just as inexorably as trees, or wheat, or barley; and it is not difficult to see that a crop of a given parasite may so far use up a constituent existing in small quantities in the body, but essential to the growth of the parasite, as to render the body unfit for the production of a second crop. The soil is exhausted, and, until the lost constituent is restored, the body is protected from any further attack of the same disorder. Such an explanation of non-recurrent diseases naturally presents itself to a thorough believer in the germ theory, and such was the solution which, in reply to a question, I ventured to offer in 1870 to an eminent London physician. To exhaust a soil, however, a parasite less vigorous and destructive than the really virulent one may suffice; and if, after having by means of a feebler organism exhausted the soil, without fatal result, the most highly virulent parasite be introduced into the system, it will prove powerless. This, in the language of the germ theory, is the whole secret of vaccination.

The general problem, of which Jenner's discovery was a particular case, has been grasped by Pasteur, in a manner, and with results previously unimaginable. How much "accident" had to do with shaping the course of his inquiries I know not. A mind like his resembles a photographic plate, which is ready to accept and develop luminous impressions, sought and unsought. Pasteur first obtained his attenuated virus of fowl cholera. By successive cultivations of the parasite he showed, that after it had been a hundred times reproduced, it continued to be as virulent as at first. One necessary condition was, however, to be observed. It was essential that the cultures should rapidly succeed each other—that the organism, before its transference to a fresh cultivating liquid, should not be left long in contact with air. When exposed to air for a considerable time the virus becomes so enfeebled that when fowls are inoculated with it, though they sicken for a time, they do not die. But this "attenuated" virus, which M. Radot justly calls "benign," constitutes a sure protection against the virulent virus. It so exhausts the soil that the really fatal contagium fails to find there the elements necessary to its reproduction and multiplication. Pasteur affirms that it is the oxygen

of the air which, by lengthened contact, weakens the virus and converts it into a true vaccine. He has also weakened it by transmission through various animals. It was this form of attenuation that was brought into play in the case of Jenner.

The secret of attenuation had thus become an open one to Pasteur. He laid hold of the murderous virus of splenic fever, and succeeded in rendering it, not only harmless to life, but a sure protection against the virus in its most concentrated form. Having prepared his attenuated virus, and proved, by laboratory experiments, its efficacy as a protective vaccine, Pasteur accepted an invitation to make a public experiment on what might be called an agricultural scale. A flock of sheep was divided into two groups, the members of one group being all vaccinated with the attenuated virus, while those of the other group were left unvaccinated. A number of cows were also subjected to a precisely similar treatment. Fourteen days afterwards, all the sheep and all the cows, vaccinated and unvaccinated, were inoculated with a very virulent virus; and three days subsequently more than two hundred persons assembled to witness the result. Of twenty-five sheep which had not been protected by vaccination, twenty-one were already dead, and the remaining ones were dying. The twenty-five vaccinated sheep, on the contrary, were "in full health and gaiety." In the unvaccinated cows intense fever was produced, while the prostration was so great that they were unable to eat. Tumors were also formed at the points of inoculation. In the vaccinated cows no tumors were formed; they exhibited no fever, nor even an elevation of temperature, while their power of feeding was unimpaired. No wonder that "breeders of cattle overwhelmed Pasteur with applications for vaccine."—J. TYNDALL.





Other tribute is needed for the man who made the modern German Empire than the simple statement of the giant fact. History will portray Bismarck as towering head and shoulders higher than all the throng of contemporary statesmen, the master-player of the game of statecraft on the European chess-board—kings, armies and parliaments his pieces, and empires for the stakes. As the years roll by and new facts appear, whether from official documents or private journals, the strength of this master-mind seems more wonderful. His one purpose, to create the German Empire, was never permitted to halt, and the French were irritated into declaring war because Bismarck knew that war was inevitable and that he was prepared while the French were not.

Very few men have wrought such grand results with homelier tools. Conquerors, animated by sordid ambition, have changed the faces of maps by reckless use of power and then the silent forces of time have undone their handiwork. Glory, of a sort, clings glitteringly around the crowns of these heartless trampling on mankind's right to peace; but the glory of the destroyer is one thing, and the glory of the constructor is another. As love of one's own country is a nobler trait than hatred of others, so is patriotic devotion to the task of consolidating a nation's interests and greatness an indisputably grander title to immortal honor than all the victories of all the plotters of wars of conquest. The name of Bismarck

may well be ranked high among the exemplars of patriotism. The conditions do not call for the ideal attributes of saintliness. Hair-lines are not to be drawn when the issues are vast and the field coëxtensive with empires. The strong statesman must carry a full stock of human nature, must be in all departments a very man, because politics, diplomacy and warfare are fine arts of Beelzebub, "Prince of this world." Bismarck figures as the strong man of the century, with the dominant conviction that he was born to bring about the unification of the separate German States. By dint of clear sight, common-sense methods, and resolute sticking to the work in hand, he achieved his end. As an empire-builder he has made no claim to be other than human, in either his gifts, graces or faults. His work will be gauged by its results and magnitude, and there will be no necessity to discuss the spots on his meridian sun when it shall have set forever in the gloaming of the century he has helped to make so memorable.

Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck was born in Schönhausen on April fool's-day, in the year of Waterloo. His student-life was that of a rollicking, drinking, duelling dare-devil; clever, well-liked, but well-deserving of the *sobriquet* by which for many years he was known, "Mad Bismarck." His shoemaker failed to keep his word, whereupon a messenger was sent to ring the shop-bell at six in the morning, and every ten minutes during the day until the shoes were finished. This simple and direct way of getting things done characterizes his whole life.

In 1847 Bismarck married Johanna von Putkammer, by whom he had three children. He became a member of the United Diet which met at Frankfort in 1847, and at once proved to be a tower of strength on the side of the king against the rising democracy. He has always shown a simple order of mind, not given to subtle refinements, holding to something like the doctrine of the divine right of kings to govern their people justly, as in the sight of God. He made a speech in the Diet in 1847, in which he said: "The words, 'by the grace of God,' which Christian sovereigns usually put after their names, are, for me, no empty words. I see in them the confession that these princes are to bear the sceptre put into their hands on

earth by God in accordance with His will." And that this was not a mere diplomatist's official belief, is seen by what he said, when with the victorious German army marching on Paris in 1870: "If I were no longer a Christian, I would not remain for an hour at my post. . . . Why should I disturb myself and work unceasingly in this world, exposing myself to all sorts of vexations, if I had not the feeling that I must do my duty for God's sake? If I did not believe in a divine order which has destined this German nation for something good and great, I would at once give up the business of a diplomatist, or I would not have undertaken it. Orders and titles have no charm for me. . . . I owe the firmness which I have shown for ten years against all possible absurdities only to my decided faith. Take from me this faith and you take from me my Fatherland. . . . This self-denial and devotion to duty, to the State, and to the king, is only the survival of the faith of our fathers and grandfathers transformed, indistinct, and yet active; faith—and yet faith no longer. How willingly I should be off! I delight in country life, in the woods and in nature. Take from me my relation to God, and I am the man who will pack up and be off to-morrow to Varzin to grow my oats."

The revolutionary disturbances of 1848 only strengthened Bismarck's design to work for the gathering together of the petty kingdoms—too weak to stamp out discontent—under one crown, which would bring to them all the pride of strength. Various schemes for union were proposed and rejected. Austria was irreconcilable, objecting to the obvious choice of the King of Prussia as the new emperor. There was war in Hungary, and even Vienna had to endure a bombardment. The fight with Denmark over the complicated Schleswig-Holstein question made things look hopeless. The then King of Prussia, Frederic William IV., never a strong ruler, succumbed to softening of the brain in 1858, whereupon the regency was conferred upon his brother, who, in 1861, became king. This was William I., whom Bismarck, his chosen chief minister, in the course of ten years, made German Emperor.

Bismarck had meantime served as Prussian ambassador at

St. Petersburg, and afterwards at Paris. On his recall from the French court, after a few months' incumbency, to become the Prussian premier, he set his face against the growing claims of parliamentarianism, and thought it his wisest plan to direct attention to outside matters. While the army was being strengthened for active service the death of the King of Denmark gave a good opportunity for reopening the Schleswig-Holstein question. Bismarck desired that Holstein should be annexed to Prussia; but the Treaty of London forbade this, and the popular marriage of the Danish king's daughter, Alexandra, to the Prince of Wales, made it impolitic to stir up English hostility. The German Confederation would have prevented Prussian aggression; so it occurred to Bismarck as good politics to tempt Austria to join Prussia, ignore the lesser German states, and help themselves to Schleswig-Holstein. Austria consented; together the two great powers made war on little Denmark, and, after stiff fighting, got the provinces they wanted, and the affair was ratified in the Treaty of Vienna, 1864.

Bismarck was neither surprised nor sorry when Austria began to grumble on discovering that Prussia had managed to get the best of the deal. Constant quarreling over the spoils made it evident that the spoilers would, sooner or later, have to fight. Prussia had placed almost twice as many soldiers in the new provinces as Austria had. A semi-private compact between King William and Emperor Francis Joseph, in 1865, led to a re-arrangement, by which Prussia was to administer Schleswig and Austria Holstein; the former to have right-of-way through Holstein, and to construct fortifications and ports on the North Sea and the Baltic, with access by canals. Austria was also to sell to Prussia the duchy of Lauenburg in Holstein, which she had no right to do as trustee for the German Confederation. This was brilliant diplomacy, and Bismarck was rewarded with the title of Count.

This state of affairs lasted only a few months. Austria found her position a humiliating one, and she set to work to strengthen her army. Bismarck had meantime formed a secret treaty with Italy. His next move was to show his opinion of Austria's strength by ousting her soldiers from Holstein.

On this Austria called upon the Confederation to put Prussia down by force. This was on June 14, 1866. On the 17th the Emperor of Austria proclaimed war, on the 18th the King of Prussia followed suit, and on the 20th Italy declared war on Austria and Bavaria.

Bismarck gave orders that the fight must be short and sharp, as he had no superfluous money. Within seven weeks Prussia had won the great battle of Königgrätz (or Sadowa) against Austria, Frankfort was captured, and peace was bought with a large indemnity, the giving up of Schleswig and Holstein, and Austria was excluded from the new German Confederation, which was strengthened by new alliances and otherwise. This was Bismarck's first effective stroke in founding the German Empire. He had bitter enemies among the opponents of monarchical rule, one of whom, a student, fired a pistol at the Premier five times, slightly wounding him. Bismarck was his own policeman until officers came up. He pervaded the battlefields with his well-beloved king, who made him, in 1867, Chancellor of the North German Confederation.

The onerous work of cementing, by commercial and social legislation, the real unity of Germany was being zealously performed by the king and his minister, and with excellent success, when the Emperor Napoleon made matters uncomfortable by demanding that Prussia should cede some territory to France as the price of retaining her new possessions in peace. The insolence of this fired the new patriotism of all the German states, north and south. King William and Bismarck replied, "not a clod of German soil, not a chimney of a German village." The King of Holland, who was also Grand Duke of Luxemburg, was next asked by Napoleon to give up that duchy to France. It was not included in the North German Confederation, but Bismarck saw the drift of things and told the King of Holland that its cession would mean war. That ended the episode; but soon Napoleon III., feeling the necessity of doing something heroic to save his tottering throne, found it easy to pick a quarrel over the trumpery affair which brought on the great Franco-German war of 1870.

How the mighty military machine, created and worked

by Marshal von Moltke, wrought havoc on the armies of France and the dynasty of Napoleon the Little need not be told here. The Bismarck yeast was now leavening the lump. His simple faith in God and German destiny was being justified. At last his life-dream, which was also his life-work, was fulfilled. The petty kings who for a generation had eyed Bismarck as their belittler and foe now came forward of their own free will and begged William of Prussia to accept supreme rank as Emperor of Germany. "The Teutonic Crown (they said) on the head of your majesty will inaugurate, for the re-established empire of the German nation, an era of power, of peace, of well-being, and of liberty secured under the protection of the laws." This was the crown given by the North German Confederation, with the consent of the South German States, to the king whose faithful servant Bismarck was; but the diadem placed by the on-looking world upon the servant's brow outshines the one he won for his master. The victorious King of Prussia received the imperial crown in the palace of the beaten French emperor, and Bismarck was created a Prince.

From the launching of the new empire in 1871 until 1890, Bismarck kept his strong hand on the helm. A hundred vital problems of practical government arose, were honestly tackled, and disposed of according to the lights of the one truly great statesman of the period. That he has made mistakes is as true as that he has made enemies, but this is equally the experience of persons of much more angelic nature than Bismarck affects to possess. At most he only claims to have been the "honest broker" in the European bourse, who is entitled to fair profits on all these queer international transactions he has managed in his country's interest. His conduct of its domestic business must be studied apart, and cannot even be summarily noted here. Bismarck saw his honored king die with more than the wildest visions of his ambition realized. Emperor Frederick III. succeeded, but his reign was too short to disclose the relations which would have affected his great minister one way or other.

The vigorous personality of the present young emperor, William II., who came to the throne in 1888, boded ill for the



C. WAGNER, PINX.

BISMARCK IN VERSAILLES.

continuance of the confidence, admiration and gratitude so deeply felt by his father and grandfather for their powerful servant. They had seen his work, shared his anxieties; tasted the sweet after long experience of the bitter. They and their Bismarck had together endured the heat and toil of the day, had marched with their armies, had fought in the field, and so had vividest realization of all that Bismarck's clear brain and strong arm had sown, and nurtured, and reaped for them, their successors, and their nation. Young William the Second had the misfortune to be born into possession of a glory he had no share in earning, whose price he could not, or cared not to, estimate, and therefore, by royal logic, was under no obligation to show deference to the genius and practical skill of a Grand Master in the art of government. Emperor William II. imperiously dismissed his, and his father's, and his grandfather's, Minister, of pre-determined purpose, in March, 1890; dismissed Bismarck from the steps of the throne he had created to the greater court of the nation's majesty; degraded Bismarck from the post of monitor to a boy-king, to the lofty eminence he holds, now and forever, of being the maker and unmaker of kings, the uniter of peoples, the establisher of the great German Empire. Many significant ovations and tributes have been showered upon their great champion by his enthusiastic countrymen, so that, entering on his ninth decade, the veteran struggler for German unity looks round upon a grand work worthily done, and can look forward to a fame surpassing that which follows victors in many other fields, inasmuch as his trophy will be beautified with a nation's gratitude and love.

The virility of Bismarck's make-up is best shown in his every-day talk and his letters. He has been happily hit off as "a Diogenes, who, in an hour of weakness, has been persuaded out of his tub into public life, and who regrets the emergence as an error." A few extracts are here taken from the book, *Bismarck in the Franco-German War*, by Dr. Moritz Busch, who, as the prince's secretary, noted down much of his talk. Bismarck himself prefers the informal to the formal as giving a better grasp of character. He is speaking of ambassadors' reports:

"Great part of them is mere paper and ink . . . If people write history out of them there is no proper information to be got there . . . Who knows, after thirty years, what sort of man the writer was, what view he took of his case, and how far his representation of it was biased by his individuality? The main points always lie in private letters and confidential communications, even by word of mouth, nothing of which finds its way into the records."

He never had much respect for what is called public opinion: "When so many people live close together, individualities naturally fade out and melt into each other. All sorts of opinions grow out of the air, opinions with little or no foundation in fact, but which get spread abroad through newspapers, popular gatherings, and talk in beer-shops, and get themselves established and are ineradicable. There is a second, false nature, an overgrowth on the first, a sort of faith or superstition of crowds. People talk themselves into believing the thing that is not; consider it a duty and obligation to adhere to their belief, and excite themselves about prejudices and absurdities. It is the same in all big towns. In London, for instance, the Cockneys are quite a different race from the rest of Englishmen. It is the same in Copenhagen, in New York, and, above all, in Paris. With their political superstitions they are a very peculiar people in France; narrow and limited in their views, which seem to them to come from some sacred source, but which, when looked at closely, are mere shifty phrases."

Bismarck had kindly feelings towards M. Thiers, who came several times to negotiate for favorable terms. He describes the second interview:

"When I demanded (certain terms) that of him, though he is usually well able to control himself, he rose to his full height and said, '*That is an indignity!*' I would not allow myself to make a blunder, but I spoke to him in German after this. He listened for a time, and probably did not know what to make of it. Then he began in a querulous tone—'But, M. le Comte, you are aware that I know no German!' I replied to him, this time in French, 'When you spoke just now of *indignity* I found that I did not understand French

sufficiently, so I proceeded to speak in German, where I know both what I say and hear.' He at once caught my meaning, and as a concession wrote out what I had proposed and what he had formerly considered an indignity." Thiers afterward described Bismarck as an amiable barbarian.

Garibaldi had helped the French and thereby incurred Bismarck's displeasure. He excluded the Italian from the armistice, and in reply to Jules Favre's remonstrance Bismarck bluntly said, "As for this foreign adventurer with his Cosmopolitan Republic and his band of revolutionaries from all quarters of the globe, I could not recognize his rights." Favre asked what he would do with Garibaldi if caught. "Oh, we will show him about for money, with a placard round his neck labelled 'Ingratitude.'"

"With the French," he remarks, "everything lies in a magnificent attitude, a pompous speech, and an impressive theatrical mien. If it only sounds right and looks like something, the meaning is all one . . . The gift of oratory has ruined much in Parliamentary life. Time is wasted because every one who feels ability in that line must have his word, even if he has no new point to bring forward. Speaking is too much in the air, and too little to the point. Everything is already settled in committees; a man speaks at length, therefore, only for the public, to whom he wishes to show off as much as possible, and still more for the newspapers which are to praise him."

Bismarck died at Friedrichsruhe on July 31, 1898.

THE PROCLAMATION OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

With the pæans of triumph with which the news of Sedan was received throughout all Germany, were commingled shouts for the immediate consummation of the national unity. The issue of the war was now certain, but the German people were too impatient to wait for its fruit until the complete fall of the tree. The fruit was already ripe, and, if not at once plucked, it might drop and be spoilt.

But, true to the principle which had guided him since Königgrätz, Bismarck did not even now seek to precipitate the

action of South Germany. It was inferred that his reason for having hitherto forborne to do this, was a desire to deprive France of a welcome pretext for a quarrel; but it was now seen that this could no longer be his motive, and that he was simply guided by the common-sense maxim that a union, whether of states or of persons, can only be happy and prosperous if spontaneous. But there was now no necessity whatever for compulsion; for the Southern people rose, and, like the men of Israel when they entreated Samuel for a king, cried out to their rulers to give them a kaiser.

Listening to the voice of their peoples, the rulers of Würtemberg and Bavaria, of Hesse and of Baden, invited Bismarck to treat with them for their immediate entrance into the Confederation of the North. The negotiations were conducted both at Munich and Versailles, and there were times when Bismarck's heart sank within him, for the South was not so much carried away by the enthusiasm of the time as to offer itself unconditionally. Bavaria, in particular, insisted on a settlement, which showed that she was inclined to look upon her union with the North more as a marriage of convenience than as a marriage of love; but Bismarck was wise enough to console himself for the lack of sentiment with the solid aspects of the agreement. The conditions under which Bavaria offered herself to her Northern wooer did not at all accord with his ideal of perfect union; but here again the chancellor's practical sense triumphed over the doctrinaire demands of some of his countrymen. Better imperfect unity, he thought, than none at all. Better a few clauses in the marriage settlement unfavorable to the bridegroom, than stipulations that would prove the source of everlasting discontent and nagging on the part of the jealous bride.

But at last the treaties of union were signed, and Herr Delbrück communicated a letter from the King of Bavaria to King William, begging him, in the name of his fellow-sovereigns, to assume the imperial title as head of the new Confederation; and an address was passed, praying His Majesty "to consecrate the work of unification by accepting the imperial crown of Germany." Standing in the grand reception-room of the prefecture at Versailles on Sunday, 18th December,

after divine worship, the king, with the crown prince on his right, Bismarck on his left, and a crowd of princes and generals around, received this address, which was presented to him by a deputation of the Reichstag, headed by President Simson; and His Majesty replied that, as soon as he was assured of the assent of his ruling brothers to the proposal of the King of Bavaria, he would comply with the united request of his peers and of the people. His predecessor had refused the imperial crown, offered him by the Frankfort Parliament, on the ground that it was proffered to him on insufficient legal title; but, now that both the sovereigns and the subjects of the Fatherland had signed the deed of gift, he could not but look upon the conveyance as valid. Yet there was some doubt in His Majesty's precise mind as to the proper form of his supreme title. At last, however, "German Emperor" was decided on, and the 18th of January, 1871—the anniversary of the day on which the first King of Prussia had crowned himself at Königsberg (1701)—was fixed for the ceremonious assumption of the title in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

Was it possible for the boldest imagination to picture a more thorough revenge on the traditional foes of Germany than the proclamation of the German Empire in the storied palace of the Kings of France? History presents us with many dramatic contrasts, and with many astounding episodes, but with none like this. With the shades of Richelieu, and the Grand Monarch, and the Destroyer of the Holy Roman Empire looking down upon them, did the Teutonic chieftains raise their heroic leader on their shields, as it were, and with clash of arms and of martial music, acclaim him Kaiser of a re-united Germany. There was clash of arms and of martial music; but there were also hymns of praise and heartfelt prayer, such as was probably never before breathed in the halls emblazoned with *toutes les gloires de la France*. "*Le Roi gouverne par lui-même*," shone inscribed on the ceiling of the Salle des Glaces; but the Kings of Prussia, said the preacher, had risen to greatness by adopting a very different motto: "The kings of the earth reign under me, saith the Lord."

It was after listening to a discourse on this text that King

William turned from the altar—which was surrounded by a war-worn and brilliant multitude of princes, generals, officers and troops, representing almost all portions of the German army in the field. The king turned from the altar to a platform at the end of the hall, where waved a dense and variegated bower of regimental colors which had led the way to victory at Wörth and Weissenburg, at Mars-la-Tour, at Gravelotte, at Beaumont, and at Sedan. On His Majesty's left stood Bismarck, "looking pale, but calm and self-possessed, elevated, as it were, by some internal force, which caused all eyes to turn on the great figure with that indomitable face, where the will seems to be master and lord of all." Standing before the colors, the king announced the reëstablishment of the empire, and then Bismarck stepped forth and read aloud the following Proclamation to the German People :

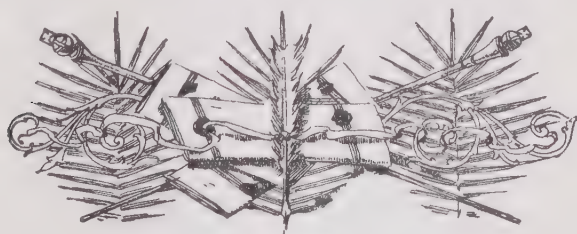
"We, William, by God's grace King of Prussia, hereby announce, that the German Princes and Free Towns having addressed to us a unanimous request to revive the German Imperial dignity, which has now been sixty years in abeyance, and the requisite provisions having been inserted in the Constitution of the German Confederation, we regard it as a duty we owe to the Fatherland to comply with this invitation, and to accept the dignity of Emperor.

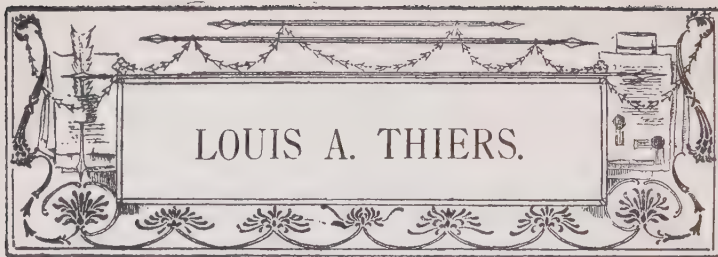
"Accordingly, we and our successors to the crown of Prussia henceforth shall use the Imperial title in all the relations and affairs of the German Empire, and we hope that it may be vouchsafed to the German nation to enjoy a blessed future, under the symbols of its ancient greatness. We assume the Imperial dignity, conscious of the duty we have to protect with German loyalty the rights of the Empire and its members, to preserve peace, to maintain the independence of Germany, and to strengthen the power of the people. We accept it in the hope that it will be granted to the German people to enjoy in lasting peace the reward of its arduous and heroic struggles within boundaries that will give to the Fatherland that security against renewed French attacks which it has lacked for centuries.

"May God grant to us and our successors to the Imperial

crown that we may be the champions of the German Empire at all times, not in martial conquests, but in works of peace, in the sphere of national prosperity, freedom and civilization."

"Long live the Emperor William," cried His Majesty's son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Baden; the bands burst forth with the national anthem, colors and helmets were wildly waved, and the Hall of Mirrors shook with a tremendous shout, which was taken up and swelled without till the rippling thunder-roll of cheers struck the ears of the startled watchers on the walls of Paris. Every heart was moved, and every eye suffused with emotion. It was a great and never-to-be-forgotten moment. Little wonder that the emperor-king, in embracing his son and in pressing the hand of his chancellor, could not suppress his tears. The descendant of a ruler who, little more than a century and a half ago, had struggled into the rank of kings amid the jeers and contempt of Europe, he was now the Emperor of the mightiest and most dreaded nation on the Continent. It was, perhaps, in the pious nature of His Majesty to ascribe this wonderful result more directly to the favor of Heaven than to the genius of his chancellor; but the latter doubtless felt rewarded enough with the feelings of pride which must have welled up within his breast as, to the stirring strains of the Great Frederick's "Hohenfriedberg March," he passed out of the Hall of Mirrors to sit at the banqueting board of the kaiser of his own creating. His work had been completed. It was the proudest day of his life, as it had also been the most trying; so it was not surprising that, at its close, "he spoke with an unusually weak voice, and seemed tired and exhausted."—C. LOWE.





ALTHOUGH there are quite a number of instances where great statesmen, on retiring from political activity, have produced histories of their own times which are prized by succeeding generations, or even fiction which has endured, it is difficult to find many instances where the successful literary man has developed into a leader of the people or a director of affairs. One of the most remarkable exceptions is seen in the case of Thiers, the first President of the third French Republic. His strong love for liberty under a constitution, his inexhaustible knowledge of finance, his natural ability as a diplomat is the source of his popularity among the middle classes from which he sprung. Louis Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles, April 16, 1797, the son of a locksmith. Stirred by the din of war, the boy wished to become a soldier; but his friends decided to bring him up to the law, and in due time he was admitted to the bar. Soon the young advocate turned to literature as more lucrative. Going to Paris, he contributed to the *Constitutionnel* and became noted as a political writer. But he aimed at a more solid reputation, and in 1823 he published the first volume of his *History of the French Revolution*, the last part of which was given to the public in 1832. Meantime he had assisted in founding the *National* as the organ of the Constitutional Party, and its office became the headquarters of those engaged in the Revolution of July, 1830. Under Louis Philippe, Thiers was elected deputy for Aix, and distinguished himself by financial ability and oratorical power. He became Minis-

ter of the Interior in 1832, but soon exchanged this office for the portfolio of Commerce and Public Works. He surrounded Paris with defences that proved formidable when assailed by the Germans. In March, 1840, he was at the head of the ministry, but in a few months was obliged to retire. The literary man found occupation in writing his voluminous *History of the Consulate and Empire*. The twentieth and last volume of this work was not completed until 1862.

The Revolution of February, 1848, found Thiers unprepared, and when the Republic was proclaimed, he was a National guard, with a musket on his shoulder. His talents and caution, however, secured him a position, first, in the Constituent Assembly, and then in the National Assembly. He thus declared his principles: "I am no Radical, gentlemen; the Radicals know this very well,—one has but to read the journals to be convinced. But understand me well: I am of the party of the Revolution, both in France and in Europe. I wish the government of the Revolution to remain in the hands of moderate men, and shall do what in me lies to keep it in such hands. But even if this government passes into the hands of men less moderate than myself and my friends, into the hands of passionate men, even of the Radicals themselves, I shall not on this account abandon the cause; I shall always belong to the party of the Revolution." As he was going to the Chamber for the first time after his election by no less than five constituencies, some one said, "Whatever you do, don't give us America!" Thiers replied, "If you won't have North America, mind you don't get South America!" On the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, some expected Thiers to take office; but the firmness of his principles prevented the offer being made, and he was banished in the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851. After living some time in Switzerland, he was allowed to return to Paris, but not until 1863 did Thiers re-enter the Chamber of Deputies. He acted in the interest of the Liberals. His speeches taunted the Government with the loss of its foreign prestige, and were among the instigations to the disastrous war with Germany in 1870. Yet when the conflict became inevitable he made a forcible speech, showing that the government was not

ready, and was rushing to certain defeat; but the warning came too late.

During that terrible conflict, after the capture of Napoleon III., Thiers was appointed a member of the Paris Defence Committee. He was felt to be the truest representative of the nation, and as such undertook diplomatic journeys to the Courts of England, Russia, Austria and Italy to implore aid for France. In accordance with the suggestion of the four neutral powers, he opened negotiations for peace with the enemy. These, however, fell through in consequence of Count Bismarck's stern refusal to permit the revictualling of Paris, and the other besieged fortresses. The efforts of Thiers to obtain peace on honorable terms acquired for him the gratitude of his countrymen. After the capitulation of Paris, he was elected to the National Assembly by one-third of the nation. On February 17, 1871, the Chamber made him "Chief of the Executive Power." He also possessed the privileges of a deputy, and was allowed to take part in the deliberations of the Assembly whenever he pleased. On February 28th, Thiers introduced to the Assembly the preliminaries of the Treaty of Peace, which he had assisted in concluding two days previously at Versailles, subject to the ratification of the National Assembly. After a very animated debate these preliminaries were sorrowfully accepted by 546 ayes, against 107 noes. By this memorable treaty France renounced in favor of the German Empire the fifth part of Lorraine, including Metz and Thionville, and Alsace less Belfort; France binding herself also to pay to Germany five milliards of francs.

In March, 1871, the National Assembly removed to Versailles, from which the Germans had just departed, but on the 18th of that month Paris fell into the hands of the Communists. Upon Thiers devolved the heavy responsibility of suppressing their dreadful insurrection. They destroyed his house; but this was only a small part of the injury they inflicted on the great, but ill-fated city. It was not until May 22d that the capital was recovered to the Government by the army under Marshal MacMahon. The supplementary elections of July increased the supporters of Thiers in the Assembly, which, on August 31st, prolonged his tenure of office "until

it shall have concluded its labors," enlarged his powers and changed his designation to President of the French Republic. His energies were chiefly directed to hastening the evacuation of those districts occupied by Germans by paying off the instalments of the war indemnity, and to the re-organization of the French army. He gave to France a degree of freedom and repose which she had perhaps never enjoyed. Yet when Jules Simon made the simple acknowledgment that Thiers had liberated the French territory, much irritation was caused by the assertion. By a majority of fourteen the Assembly voted an order of the day which Thiers did not approve. He immediately tendered his resignation. Retiring to St. Germain, he returned to the pursuit of literature and completed his book of scientific philosophy. Whilst at his desk, with pen in hand, he suddenly expired on the 3d of September, 1877. The First President of the Republic received a public funeral in which all Paris took part.

Thiers was the best representative of the intelligent middle class of France, a lover of constitutional liberty, who recognized the benefit of order to secure freedom. As a financier he stood in the front rank. He had a rooted dislike for free trade and for political economy, treatises on which he styled "wearisome literature." As a statesman, he was by turns bold and timid, temporizing and urgent, a prudent pilot aware of the dangers threatening the ship of state. He did not seek power for itself, nor even for the pleasure of commanding, nor yet for the importance it confers. The simple grandeur of his character was seen in his quiet withdrawal from the Presidency of the Republic which he had practically created, for without his efforts it would have been impossible. As a literary man his style was original, clear and fascinating. Simplicity and sincerity of purpose pervaded all his political papers. In his other writings the great fault was copiousness, too great detail of circumstances.

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

The Prussians were no sooner withdrawn from Paris, and the terms of peace were not yet arranged, when a remarkable series of events produced a second siege of a most extraordi-

nary and fatal kind. There were many elements of dissatisfaction in the city. Necessary as the surrender to the Prussians had been, a great part of the population of the capital were bitterly opposed to it. They believed that they had been betrayed. Then, the events of the preceding months had thrown them into a terrible state of excitement. The "fierce democracy of the Seine" was by no means content with the new Government. It professed to believe that government by the Commune was the only way in which public well-being could be secured. It became evident that a new but definite theory of government had been thought out, and was about to be applied by the leaders of the insurrectionary movement. The subject of communal rights had for some time occupied the minds of political writers in France. Now it was suddenly pushed to the front. The Ultra-Democrats of this time not only upheld the right of each separate municipality to a home-rule in all local matters, independent of interference from government prefects; they deduced from their theory extreme consequences certainly undreamt of by its earlier advocates, and claimed that each commune and each province of the realm should have its own autonomy, and that their common union should be maintained only by a loose federal tie. With this, of course, there were mixed up many other notions. Those who were in favor of socialism, those who were against religion, discontented and abandoned characters of all sorts, joined themselves to the movement.

There is little doubt that the rising might have been put down at once if proper measures had been taken; but the rising was allowed to proceed till it became formidable, and finally communal elections were held, a Commune elected, the central authority at Versailles cast off, and every preparation made for a desperate resistance. Paris, which owed its greatness to that centralization which had been the ruling principle of French government for centuries, was now fighting for decentralization, whilst the provinces were fighting the battle for Paris against the mass of the Parisian lower classes.

Thiers was at the head of the government at Versailles, and he delayed the attack till a large number of soldiers had returned from the German camps. Then it began. On the

morning of Sunday, April 2d, a division of the Versailles army, ten thousand strong, advanced in two columns upon Courbevoie, and, at about ten o'clock, came in collision with two thousand national guards, posted there by the Commune. A controversy was afterwards raised as to which party fired the first shot in this new civil war. The Communists said that the Versailles troops fired first and killed one of their officers. The Versaillists asserted that a *parlementaire* on their own side, a doctor, had been treacherously shot by a National guard. However this might be, the fusillade soon became hot. The Communists were worsted, and after one or two rallies withdrew into Paris by the Pont de Neuilly, and shut the gates. The prisoners who fell into the hands of the Versaillists were summarily executed; and the result of this first encounter was to raise to a pitch of fearful intensity the hatred with which the government of M. Thiers was regarded by the fanatics who dreamt of a millennium of universal concord from the triumph of their own doctrines. After-events showed that this shooting of the prisoners was a profound mistake, to call it by no harder name. It taught the Communists to believe that their only safety lay in fighting to the last, and by cutting off the possibilities of retreat, urged them on to the most desperate deeds.

On the 3d of April a *sortie* was made from Paris. It failed, and General Duval, who fell into the hands of the Versailles troops, was shot at once. On the 5th, the Commune issued a proclamation, which contained the following words: "The Government of Versailles is acting against the laws of warfare and humanity, and we shall be compelled to make reprisals should they continue to disregard the usual conditions of warfare between civilized peoples. . . . Whatever it may cost, it shall be an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Some days after this the Archbishop of Paris, a number of priests, M. Bonjean, President of the Court of Cassation, and others, to the number of two hundred in all, were arrested by the Commune and held as hostages. Slowly the days moved on for the next four or five weeks, for Thiers, with very questionable policy, determined to make no decisive effort till he had a very large force.

At last this force was collected, and bit by bit the outer fortifications fell into the hands of the Versailles troops. On the afternoon of Sunday, May 21st, the attacking forces entrenched the gate of St. Cloud, and were now fairly within the city. During Monday and Tuesday they kept pushing onwards. On Wednesday, the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal, the Hôtel de Ville, the Rue Royale, and the Ministry of Finance were in flames. The desperate Communists had determined to destroy the city they could not possess! Happily they failed in their purpose, as far as regarded the chief public and historic buildings of Paris, for the Louvre, with its priceless treasures, and Notre Dame, with its many memories, were saved; but a vast amount of damage was done. Convicted criminals were released from prison, and sent through the city with cans of petroleum to fire buildings. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this same terrible week, mock trials of the hostages were held. They were condemned and shot. Of these deaths that of Monsignor Darboy, the venerable Archbishop of Paris, excited the most profound horror and sorrow.

The struggle on the part of the Communists was now over; in reality the last desperate fight was on Saturday and Sunday at Père la Chaise. No quarter was asked or given. At last this final attempt at resistance was also crushed. Then began a long series of military executions. Every member of the Commune who was found was shot at once; so also were those found in the possession of arms. Many women, who were supposed to have poured petroleum on the flames, were also shot. When at length stillness fell upon the awful strife of these few days, the appearance of Paris was ghastly in the extreme. Corpses lay heaped together amid the blackened ruins in every variety of contortion and mutilation. It was estimated that ten thousand of the insurgents had been killed during the fighting of that week.—F. WATT.

THE FRENCH PATRIOT.

Thiers has more right than any other Frenchman to be taken as the representative of "modern" France, that is, of the good side of modern France. No Frenchman loved his

country more warmly or more sincerely than Thiers ; none was more convinced of the justifiableness of the great Revolution. No one has glorified this Revolution, the founder of "modern" France and the traditional foreign policy of his country, with more eloquence than the historian of the Revolution and the Empire. Did not the unfailing health, the innocent gaiety, and the ever-ready tongue of the unrivalled combatant seem so opposed to all that we associate with tragedy, one would be tempted to see in Thiers a deeply tragical figure, a personification of the national tragedy. He contributed more than any other man to the restoration of the Empire, yet was destined to be its most dangerous antagonist. He praised in eloquent words the justice and the prudence which dictated the treaties of Campo Formio and Lunéville, yet was fated to experience the feelings of a statesman to whom peace, however just and prudent its terms, is dictated by a conqueror. He surrounded the capital of his country with those walls which for four months defied a hostile army, yet was destined to turn his cannon against the work of his own hands when it served as bulwarks to the domestic foe. Finally, he declared in his most finished speech that ministerial responsibility was one of the four "necessary liberties," yet lived to see the day when he himself was obliged to contend against this "necessary liberty" as a danger to the country, and to claim for the head of the state that responsibility which he had attacked with so much violence under the rule of his predecessors. Thus he himself put the seal to the greatness and fall of his country, by having been forced, in common with the whole nation, to deny his words by his acts.

—K. HILLEBRAND.





WHEN the second French empire was rushing to its destruction, the most prominent leader among the French democracy was Léon Gambetta—a native of France, although frequently called an Italian. Later, when the armies of Germany captured Paris and occupied France, Gambetta used his influence to arouse the people in the country districts to still further resistance, and upon final surrender and the suppression of the commune immediately began work upon the foundations of a new republic. His rise in public life, after he once caught the public eye, was immediate and he became the champion of a suffering people when most in need of one. He was born at Cahors, in the South of France, April 3, 1838. His father, Giuseppe Gambetta, a Genoese shop-keeper, had settled at Cahors as a grocer. Gambetta's mother, Onasie Massabie, was a woman of rare common sense and noble impulses, with strong will and perseverance. At her instance Léon was sent to the high school in the old priory of Cahors, where he showed a predilection for physics and history. At the age of sixteen he was called to assist his parents in the grocery. But his ambition was to study law, and his mother gave him her small savings and secretly sent him to Paris. He went to the Sorbonne and lived as cheaply as he could.

In 1858 he graduated at the law-school, but could not be admitted to practice at the bar for three years more. During this interval he led the life of a student in the Quartier Latin. Active, ambitious, irreligious, unrefined, Gambetta found

associates like himself. He had been brought up as a Roman Catholic, but withdrew from the faith entirely, regarding clericalism as the enemy of progress and liberty.

Gambetta learned only so much law as would enable him to assume the rôle of an advocate. His voice was one in a thousand, and needed only study and intelligence to carry him to his true vocation, the bar. In the Bohemian life into which he drifted he fascinated his student companions by his keen wit and lively imagination. Alphonse Daudet introduced Gambetta to Rochefort, thinking the satirist and the orator would suit each other. But they were not kindred spirits. The one was a Parisian, well dressed and aristocratic; the other was slovenly in his appearance, kept his hands in his pockets, and when not excited by his own eloquence let his head sink between his shoulders. They were predestined to be enemies, and kept apart for ten years, till they met as "irreconcilables" on the platform at Belleville.

Gambetta's rise to political power was not by a steady progress; he rose by one bound. He certainly stood on a good spring-board when he acted as law secretary in the office of M. Cremieux. But what brought him on the stage of history was his famous speech in defence of Delescluze. A prosecution had been commenced against a Paris journal for opening a subscription for a monument to the patriot Baudin, who, girt in his deputy's scarf, fell behind the barricades fighting against the soldiers of the *coup d'état*. Delescluze, a fanatical revolutionist, and an old stoic, hardened by a long sojourn at Cayenne, was the nominal defendant; but the trial brought to the bar the empire and the *coup d'état*. A vivid picture was drawn of the massacre of peaceful citizens on the Boulevard, Napoleon III. was compared to Catiline, as described by Sallust, and the orator went on: "You talk of the plébiscite and ratification by a national vote. The will of the people can never transform might into right. After seventeen years we are forbidden to discuss the 2d of December. The government will not always succeed in holding the gag where they want to keep it. This trial must go on till the world's conscience has received the satisfaction it demands, and until the wages of crime are disgorged." The public

conscience was awakened; the speech was echoed through France with frantic applause. The briefless barrister, who, in November, 1868, was scarcely known beyond the circle of his private friends, was within a few months the terror and judge of the empire.

In the general election of 1869 Gambetta was a Republican candidate, and, after a hot contest with the opposing forces of imperial officialism, was returned to the Chamber of Deputies. As a representative for Marseilles, he took his place on the extreme left. The early disasters in the war of 1870 afforded him opportunities to prod the government on the military situation. Gambetta believed that the destinies of the nation were in the hands of an unscrupulous adventurer and his creatures. The gravity of the crisis demanded plain speaking, and the issue was clearly put before the Chamber August 13, 1870, as to whether deputies had made their choice between the salvation of the country and the salvation of the dynasty. He declared that the people were being deluded by fabricated declarations of the ministry, and that the country was being hurried towards an abyss blindfolded and helpless. The hirelings of the empire tried in vain by menacing gestures to silence the oracle of the people. He boldly faced them with the withering denunciation, that the proper attitude of those who had never lifted their voices save in obsequious acquiescence was that of silence and remorse.

Tragic events were at hand which were to place Gambetta in power on the ruins of the Second Empire. In less than a month the imperial army of over 85,000 men, with the emperor at its head had surrendered at Sedan, September 2, 1870. On the following day the dynasty was deposed, the republic was proclaimed, and Gambetta was minister of the interior; but Paris was surrounded by the Germans, and he was shut up in the beleaguered city. Escaping by balloon on the 8th, he arrived at Tours on the 9th, and issued patriotic proclamations to rouse the inhabitants of the provinces against the invaders. The people responded with wonderful alacrity. Most strenuous efforts were put forth; the armies of the Loire, under Chanzy, and the army of the North, under Faidherbe, and lastly the army of the East, under Bourbaki, were organized

in an incredibly short space of time. But all these patriotic efforts were frustrated by Bazaine's surrender at Metz with his splendid veteran army. France's sword-arm was shattered.

A generation of the Empire had crushed the national spirit. Gambetta alone roused France from that torpor which was the sure precursor of national death. The penniless barrister upheld her banner against fearful odds, raised before her eyes the image of the Republic instead of the Empire, restored something of her ancient spirit, and made France feel that she was still a nation and a power in Europe.

The Third Republic was founded, and the National Assembly met at Bordeaux early in 1871, but had a majority of royalists, who rejected his passionate appeal to prolong the war. The new Republic had many vicissitudes to pass through. Thiers, who had deserved so well of his country, was driven from power in 1873. Gambetta had given proof of his audacity in 1868, and of his resolution in 1870; but no one yet credited him with the sagacity displayed in the great struggle between the Republic and a renewal of despotism engineered by President MacMahon in 1877. No one knew so well as Gambetta the details of every constituency in France. The whole machinery of the Republican Party was in his hands, and it was he who concentrated, restrained and sustained the available forces and led them to victory. He compelled Marshal MacMahon to resign, and Grévy was made President. Gambetta refused himself to take the presidency, as not suited to his talents, and became Speaker of the Chamber.

In 1880 the Republican Party split into factions, and ministry after ministry was compelled to resign for want of support. Gambetta, at last forced to be premier, courted certain defeat by proposing the *scrutin de liste* instead of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. His object was to secure a higher class of deputies than local favorites and political managers. But the measure would have sent back newly elected members to fresh elections, and was therefore destined to be rejected. Even when fallen from power he was still the central force and natural chief of the Republican Party. He stood out clearly as the one man who was at once the most revolutionary, and yet the most conservative; a foremost power in Europe, and

yet a man of the people in origin, interest and sympathy. Death revealed what Gambetta was to the republic, to France and to Europe. His political life, which was but a fragment, closed tragically on the 31st of December, 1882, at the age of forty-four. He died of blood-poisoning from the accidental discharge of a revolver. At his obsequies Europe beheld for the first time in the century one of her foremost men committed to the tomb without the aid of the church. Yet the French nation lamented and eulogized the illustrious citizen who had been her savior and champion in the days of her direst perils.

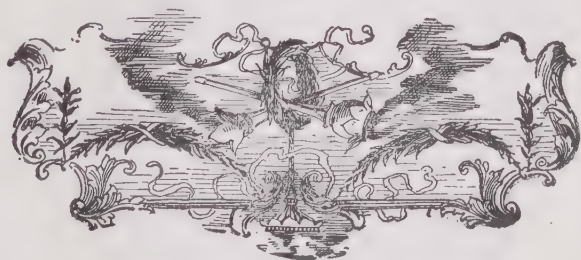
GAMBETTA SAVES FRANCE.

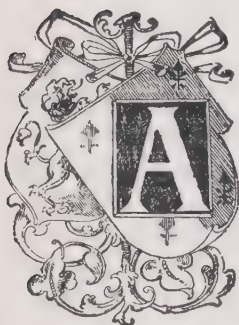
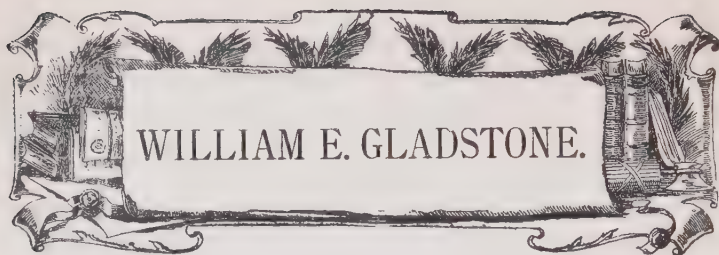
There were many at the time who considered that France ought to have surrendered unconditionally after the disaster at Sedan. Her armies had been beaten, the fortune of war had proved adverse. Let her give up her provinces, suffer her sons to be incorporated into a nationality which they hated, and accept without further ado her shame and humiliation. That judgment has long been reversed. It is now all but universally acknowledged that in determining to continue the war, at whatever odds, France acted in the spirit of her splendid past, and, through reverses and disaster, kept her pride of place among the nations unforfeited. A great people does not live by bread alone. It lives, among other things, by its fortitude under trials, its stern reluctance to accept defeat, its intense and passionate feeling of unity. And because Gambetta never faltered in this conviction through one of his country's darkest hours, therefore his name will remain a name of honor to all time in his country's annals, and be as a light in the dark hours that may come hereafter.

Nor was he a mere eloquent voice summoning France to battle. The amount of hard administrative work which he performed during the four months of his dictatorship was simply marvelous. No doubt his efforts were unsuccessful. The armies he raised so toilsomely proved powerless to hold the field against the Germans. One by one his plans for the relief of Paris proved abortive and failed. But in judging of these failures it is right to bear in mind with what materials he had to

work, and against what difficulties. Everything had to be created anew in those improvised armies of his, and created, with wholly insufficient time, in the face of the enemy, and amid the demoralizing influences of defeat. The very nature of the strategical problem he had to solve—the relief of Paris—compelled him constantly to take the offensive prematurely with troops that scarcely knew their drill; nor, without detracting in any way from the merit of Chanzy and Faidherbe, or even of d'Aurelles de Paladine, can it be said that he was seconded by a commander of genius, or even of commanding ability. Of course he made mistakes, and too habitually expected the impossible. But his plans were not all ill-laid; they were plans that might, on more than one occasion, have proved successful save for some untoward circumstance, such, for instance, as the fall of Metz.

On all these points we may freely accept the German verdict. Baron Colmar von der Goltz, together with much criticism of detail, has nothing but admiration for the “giant’s work which Gambetta accomplished in less time than any previous organizer of armies;” for the great skill and economy of his financial administration; for the remarkable penetration with which he perceived the great lines of truth in the military operations, and seized upon the vulnerable points in the position of his adversaries. And Baron von der Goltz concludes, “If ever, which God forbid, our country should undergo such a defeat as the French suffered at Sedan, I trust most fervently that there may arise among us a man like Gambetta to kindle in every heart a desire of resistance to the last bitter end.”—F. T. MARZIALS.





STATELY ship sails out from her anchorage to reach her distant haven. If we could mount as eagles fly, and watch the winged vessel as she makes her course, with what mystified feelings we should follow her winding track ! Who can foresee the perils and obstacles which she must encounter and overcome before she comes to anchor in the port whither she is bound—the tempests and

calms, the reefs and shoals, the terrors of mutiny, fire and collisions? Yet she sails on reliant in her own strength, the skill and prudence of her commander and the fidelity of the sturdy crew ever alert to obey his orders without question or fear, and so with a confidence born of success she majestically keeps on her course. Her compass is set for the straight course east ; her supreme intent is to reach that eastern point. Yet here she swerves aside, deserts the direct line, and we see no obstacle to justify it. And now she hauls down those broad sheets the breeze is bending so magnificently to their task ; strange that the aid of the friendly winds should be despised. Here comes a storm, a conspiracy of all the elements to hinder the good ship's progress ; now she will defy them, she will fling out larger sails and make more steam, and point her prow more doggedly than ever direct to her goal. But no, she meekly strips her masts of what sails are up, doing their best ; she muzzles her engine, and actually gives up the struggle as she takes a lazy fit of wallowing in the trough of the waves. We marvel at the folly, until second thoughts

remind us that there are wiser heads than ours down in the Master's cabin; and if this policy of tacking and swerving, and taking things easy, and occasionally seeming to turn tail is really the shortest—because the safest and surest—way home, all there is for us to do is to admire the steersman's skill, and wish him and his ship God-speed. The steersman is our statesman, and his compass is political expediency, which is statesmanship, which demands the highest powers available for the service of a nation.

Not one nation only, but many do homage to the name of William Ewart Gladstone as a foremost example of the statesman type at its best. For sixty-three years he has been one of the most distinguished members of Parliament, undoubtedly the most eminent and intellectually-gifted Englishman of the past quarter-century. Of all his countrymen Gladstone has by common consent been regarded as possessing the largest endowment of the qualities which fit a man to be entrusted with the helm of the Ship of State, and if history records, as it does, a divided national verdict upon the tactics of the great navigator and the course he adopted, we must trust to time and to a better understanding of the ways of winds and waves with state-craft for a just estimate of the merits.

Gladstone was born on the 29th of December, 1809, in Liverpool. He was of Scotch parentage, his only fortune being his unrivalled talents, and a share of the compensation paid to his father and uncle, who were West India merchants, in 1833 by the Government when slavery was finally abolished. The young Tory, as he then was, stoutly resisted this measure in Parliament, defending slavery as commercially and scripturally right. By conviction and sympathy he began, and has continued, strongly conservative as a churchman and an aristocrat. If, as a politician, some of his measures seem to contradict this, his own declarations during his entire public life, spoken and written, bear witness to his radical conservatism. His political follower, close personal friend and biographer, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, remarks on this very essential point in rightly estimating Gladstone's life-work as follows :

“Whoever attempts to write a study of Mr. Gladstone's character undertakes to handle a rather complicated theme.

He has to analyze a nature agitated and perplexed by a dozen cross-currents of conflicting tendency, and to assign their true causes to psychological phenomena which are peculiarly liable to misinterpretation." Again, in a later passage, Mr. Russell says: "His natural bias is to respect institutions as they are, . . . and even when he is impelled by strong conviction to undertake the most fundamental and far-reaching alterations of our polity, the innate conservatism of his mind makes him try to persuade himself that the revolution which he contemplates is indeed a restoration."

This friendly recognition of Gladstone's exceptionally finely-poised mental balance was written in 1891, and it is both interesting and helpful to compare it with the estimate formed sixty years earlier by another of his intimate friends, Lord Macaulay, who in his famous essay wrote this: "The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions he brings out, and he is reduced sometimes to take refuge in arguments inconsistent with his fundamental doctrines, and sometimes to escape from the legitimate consequences of his false principles, under cover of equally false history." These two quotations are given, not as dogmatic judgments, but because any side-light thrown upon the great statesman's complex character imparts deeper interest to the story of his career, independently of the bias of those who throw it.

Sir Robert Peel appointed the brilliant young Tory member for Newark to a junior lordship of the Treasury in 1834, and next year he became Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Seven years later he was Vice-President of the Board of Trade under Sir Robert Peel, and a member of the Privy Council. He wrote two books in those years, a defence of the State Church, and a volume of family prayers. In 1844 Peel proposed to establish non-sectarian colleges in Ireland, and at the same time to increase the yearly grant made to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth from £9,000 to £30,000 a year. After much hesitation Gladstone felt it his duty to resign from the Cabinet, against the advice of his party and friends. He explained in his speech that the grant was opposed to the principle in his book, and therefore he could not consistently

support it as an officer of the government. He retired, and then, as a private member, he defended the grant "in a long speech full of ingenious argumentation," says Mr. Russell. The same writer adds: "This was an act of Parliamentary Quixotism too eccentric to be intelligible," and "he was generally voted whimsical, fantastic, impracticable, a man whose conscience was so tender that it would never go straight."

Gladstone's revision of the tariff earned for him the reputation of an able parliamentary financier, and paved the way for his great successes as Chancellor of the Exchequer in future years. When Peel and Lord John Russell determined to abolish the Corn Laws, Gladstone had to give up his place in Parliament because the Duke of Newcastle, who owned the constituency, disapproved of Free Trade. In 1847 Gladstone was elected member for Oxford University, the stronghold of State Churchism and Toryism. His liberal tendencies cropped out in his advocacy of university reform and the removal of Jewish disabilities; but he denounced marriage with a deceased wife's sister as "contrary to the law of God;" upheld the legal exaction of church-rates from Dissenters, opposed the introduction of a divorce court, and resisted the meddling of the Privy Council with church doctrines.

In 1850-51 Gladstone ceased to call himself a Tory. A famous debate arose upon a question small in itself, but which Lord Palmerston turned to account in a five hours' speech on the *Civis Romanus Sum* doctrine, upholding rights of Englishmen against the world. To this Gladstone replied in his best style, pleading that humanity is greater than nationality. "Let us recognize the equality of the weak with the strong, the principles of brotherhood among nations, and of their sacred independence." While he praises the nobility of this sentiment, Mr. Russell says of the speech: "It is not difficult to discern in the second portion the operation of another element which has done much to mar his popularity, to limit his range of influence, and to set great masses of his countrymen in opposition to his policy. This is his tendency to belittle England, to dwell on the faults and defects of Englishmen, to extol and magnify the virtues and graces of other nations, and to ignore the homely prejudice of patriotism.

He has frankly told us that he does not know the meaning of prestige."

In 1859 Lord Palmerston made Gladstone, now fully committed to Liberal principles, again Chancellor of the Exchequer. By force of genius he became leader of the House of Commons in 1865. Feeling his grasp of power he rapidly developed as a reformer. He proposed to disestablish the Irish Church, a step which at once won the enthusiastic support of the advanced Liberals. The suffrage had just been lowered, which gave the new champion a majority sufficient to carry that measure of justice to Ireland in 1868. He became Premier for the first time in December of that year. But he firmly refused to apply the same principle to the Church of England, in whose service his son was then promoted to one of the richest benefices. Reform was in the air after that great victory, and from 1868 until his retirement in 1895 Gladstone was continually appealed to by the leaders of every advanced movement to be their Moses. He admitted his share of responsibility for the Crimean war of 1854, and consented, in 1871, to the tearing up of the Treaty by Russia, from whom it had been extorted. His public declaration of belief in the Southern Confederacy is familiar: "They have made an army, they are making a navy, and, what is of more importance, they have made a nation, so far as regards their separation from the North." That was spoken in 1862, but five years later he said, "I must confess I was wrong; that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then—where they had long before been, where they are now—with the whole American people." That this was a true declaration is borne out by the article on "Kin beyond Sea," which Gladstone contributed to the *North American Review* in 1878. He there says, "The United States can, and probably will, wrest from us our commercial prosperity. . . . I have no inclination to murmur at the prospect. America is passing us by at a canter."

As a financier Gladstone was at his best; his consummate mastery of intricate questions, commercial, financial and statistical, gave to his budgets a charm never before known, nor

since. Viewed broadly in its results, his management of national resources economized in many minor departments, though taxation in the form of income-tax, and for the troublesome wars, which he minimized by calling them "military operations," fell more heavily upon the people in his years of office. Several times this greatest member of Parliament has been rejected by his constituencies. In 1875 he announced his retirement from public life; but the Liberal party looked around in vain for a new leader. The Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria in 1876 aroused his wrath, and he set the country afire with his eloquent and unmeasured denunciation of Disraeli's policy of war in behalf of British interests in various parts of the world.

The election of 1880 saw Gladstone, after a marvelous campaign, triumphantly restored to power as member for Midlothian, pledged to extend the franchise to the agricultural laborer and settle the Irish question. The latter proved a grave problem. Increase of agrarian crime led to severe measures being enforced, a new Coercion Act was passed, and feelings were embittered because relief had been expected from the Liberal Government. Gladstone took the extreme course of imprisoning Parnell and several other Irish leaders, holding them for five months without a trial. When it was deemed politic to release them, the event was signalized by the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and another official of Dublin Castle. The Gladstone ministry lost popularity by their Irish policies, also by the futile Egyptian and Soudan and Transvaal policies, which in the effort after peace at any price, brought impaired military prestige, loss of life and treasure through profitless wars, culminating in the sacrifice of General Gordon through official supineness. Thus ingloriously the second Gladstone administration came to an end in 1885. While out of office in that year he made a speech to his constituents in which he pictured the possible return of the Liberals to Parliament, "in a minority, but in a minority which might become a majority by the aid of the Irish vote. . . . I tell you seriously and solemnly that although I believe the Liberal Party to be honorable, patriotic, sound and trustworthy, yet

in such a position as that it would not be trustworthy. It would not be safe for it to enter upon the consideration of the principles of a measure with respect to which, at every step of its progress, it would be in the power of a party coming from Ireland to say, 'Unless you do this, and unless you do that, we will turn you out to-morrow.' "

It chanced that Gladstone was for the third time placed in power by the Liberal majority at the ensuing elections, February, 1886, and the Parnellite Party held the precise position he had pictured. Unexpectedly to all parties, Gladstone announced his conversion to Home Rule. His speech on April 8, 1886, unfolding his scheme, was one of his ablest efforts, but vague in its proposals. Many leading Liberals at once renounced their allegiance to Gladstone. An impotent session of five months' duration, in which his influence was rapidly waning, decided him to dissolve Parliament, and after the next elections his party was in a minority of 118. During the next six years, however, the Unionist majority fell to 66, while there was a disruption in the Irish party, who became divided into Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites. The elections of 1892 went against the Unionists, and Gladstone again returned to the premiership, still declaring his adherence to his Home Rule scheme of 1886. The session of Parliament was prolonged for over a year, and the Home Rule Bill, after passing the House of Commons, was rejected by the Lords in September, 1893. Other measures which had been promised in the Liberal programme, also failed. In March, 1894, Gladstone, yielding to the infirmities of age, finally retired. The strength of his followers steadily diminished, and in August, 1895, the elections showed an overwhelming Unionist majority.

The great achievements of Gladstone have been less in the line of direct legislation than as a great inspirer of enthusiasm in the masses, which has forced liberal measures from moderate Liberal and Conservative governments. From 1874 to 1887 there were forty-nine Acts of Parliament passed specially for the benefit of working people; of these thirty-nine were enacted by the Tories, and only ten by the Liberals, but this is a fair illustration of Gladstone's life-long experience,

that one man sows, but another reaps his harvest. His oratory has been credited with qualities and results which more truly spring from his rare personality. His proneness to use long, involved, Latinized sentences, his manner of utterance, heavy rather than weighty, his almost total lack of wit and humor, and the absence of epigram, make his speeches duller to hear and to read than the hearer of them suspects at the time, so captivating is the charm of that most expressive countenance, in which fire and profundity and exquisite sweetness interblend as in a kaleidoscope. None of his sayings have passed into proverbial use, as have those of many of his intellectual inferiors. As the friend of the masses, the champion of distressed peoples, anywhere and everywhere, from Naples, under King Bomba, or the Southern States of America to the tribes of the African Soudan, who have been "struggling, and rightfully struggling, to be free," Gladstone has done his loftiest and most congenial work, and has impressed two generations of his countrymen with an affectionate admiration, modified occasionally with some distrust of his soaring genius, as no other leader ever impressed them before.

With all the cares and endless duties of such a career Gladstone has never slackened his devotion to Homer, the classics generally, and theology. His contributions to literature are remarkable, chiefly as coming from a mind so apparently absorbed with practical politics. In completing the portraiture of the most striking figure in contemporary English history, it is notable that his aristocratic bias has been distinctly shown in his refusal to join in the cry against the House of Lords. He has frequently proclaimed his belief in "the principle of birth." Mr. Russell writes: "Mr. Gladstone is essentially and fundamentally a Conservative. . . . The Church, regarded as a divinely constituted society, has had no more passionate defender. . . . His old-world devotion to the Throne has often and severely tried the patience of his Radical followers. . . . Even the House of Lords, which has so often mutilated and delayed great measures on which he set his heart, still has a definite place in his respect, if not in his affection. Indeed, he attaches to the possession of rank, and what it brings with it, an even exag-

gerated importance." As a fact, Gladstone has created more peers than the Tories have done in like time, and titled men have preponderated in his Cabinets, whose joint wealth has always exceeded that of Tory Cabinets. "In all the petty details of daily life, in his tastes, his habits, his manners, his way of living, his social prejudices, he is the stiffest of Conservatives. . . . It is true he has sometimes been forced by conviction, or fate, or political necessity, to be a revolutionist on a large scale; to destroy an Established Church, to add two millions of voters to the electorate, to attack the parliamentary union of the kingdoms. But, after all, these changes were, in their inception, distasteful to their author. He has allowed us to see the steps by which he arrived at the belief that they were necessary, and with admirable candor has shown us that he started with quite opposite prepossessions."

After indicating the intense religiousness of Gladstone's nature, the biographer proceeds: "If we assign the first place in his character to his religiousness, we must certainly allow the second to his love of power. . . . Ambition has been part of his religion, for ambition means with him nothing else than resolute determination to possess that official control over the machine of State, which will enable him to fulfill his predestined part in the providential order."

Gladstone died at his country seat, Hawarden, on May 19, 1898.

AMERICA AN EXAMPLE TO ENGLAND.

If there be those in this country who think that American democracy means public levity and intemperance, or a lack of skill and sagacity in politics, or the absence of self-command and self-denial, let them bear in mind a few of the most salient and recent facts of history which may profitably be recommended to their reflection. We emancipated a million of negroes by peaceful legislation; America liberated four or five millions by a bloody civil war: yet the industry and exports of the Southern States are maintained, while those of our negro colonies have dwindled; the South enjoys all its franchises, but we have found no better method of providing for peace and order in Jamaica, the chief of our islands, than

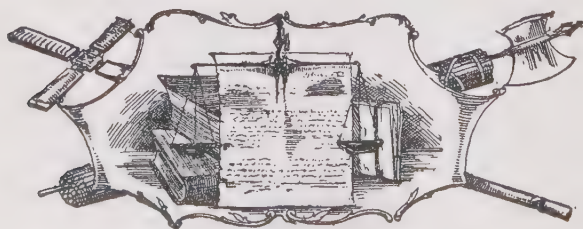
by the hard and vulgar, even where needful, expedient of abolishing entirely its representative institutions.

The Civil War compelled the States, both North and South, to train and embody a million and a half of men, and to present to view the greatest, instead of the smallest, armed forces in the world. Here there was supposed to arise a double danger. First that, on a sudden cessation of the war, military life and habits could not be shaken off, and, having become rudely and widely predominant, would bias the country towards an aggressive policy, or, still worse, would find vent in predatory or revolutionary operations. Secondly, that a military caste would grow up with its habits of exclusiveness and command, and would influence the tone of politics in a direction adverse to republican freedom. But both apprehensions proved to be wholly imaginary. The innumerable soldiery was at once dissolved. Cincinnatus, no longer an unique example, became the common-place of every day, the type and mould of a nation. The whole enormous mass quietly resumed the habits of social life. The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries and the solicitors of to-day. The just jealousy of the State gave life to the now-forgotten maxim of Judge Blackstone, who denounced as perilous the erection of a separate profession of arms in a free country. The standing army, expanded by the heat of civil contest to gigantic dimensions, settled down again into the framework of a miniature with the returning temperature of civil life, and became a power well nigh invisible, from its minuteness, amidst the powers which sway the movements of a society exceeding forty millions.

More remarkable still was the financial sequel to the great conflict. The internal taxation for Federal purposes, which before its commencement had been unknown, was raised, in obedience to an exigency of life and death, so as to exceed every present and every past example. It pursued and worried all the transactions of life. The interest of the American debt grew to be the highest in the world, and the capital touched five hundred and sixty millions sterling. Here was provided for the faith and patience of the people a touchstone of extreme severity. In England, at the close of the great French war, the propertied classes, who were supreme in

Parliament, at once rebelled against the Tory Government, and refused to prolong the Income Tax even for a single year. We talked big, both then and now, about the payment of our National Debt; but sixty-three years have since elapsed, all of them except two called years of peace, and we have reduced the huge total by about one-ninth; that is to say, by little over one hundred millions, or scarcely more than one million and a half a year. This is the conduct of a State elaborately digested into orders and degrees, famed for wisdom and forethought, and consolidated by a long experience. But America continued long to bear on her unaccustomed and still smarting shoulders the burden of the war taxation. In twelve years she has reduced her debt by one hundred and fifty-eight millions sterling, or at the rate of thirteen millions for every year. In each twelve months she has done what we did in eight years; her self-command, self-denial, and wise forethought for the future have been, to say the least, eight-fold ours. These are facts which redound greatly to her honor; and the historian will record with surprise that an enfranchised nation tolerated burdens which in this country a selected class, possessed of the representation, did not dare to face, and that the most unmitigated democracy known to the annals of the world resolutely reduced at its own cost prospective liabilities of the State, which the aristocratic, and plutocratic, and monarchical government of the United Kingdom has been contented ignobly to hand over to posterity. And such facts should be told out. It is our fashion so to tell them, against as well as for ourselves; and the record of them may some day be among the means of stirring us up to a policy more worthy of the name and fame of England.

—W. E. GLADSTONE.





IT is one of the romantic features of the history of England in the latter half of the nineteenth century that its foremost Conservative statesman should be a novelist of Jewish descent and of marked Jewish name and features—nay, more, that this literary statesman should display honorable pride in his ancestry, should be a personal favorite of his sovereign, and should repay that attachment by conferring upon her the grand title of Empress of India.

The Primrose League—named after Beaconsfield's favorite flower, and having for its object the perpetuation and propagation of his Conservative doctrines and principles—is to-day the most exclusive political society in England, and the most aristocratic and noble families are proud to be enrolled among its members. The name of the once despised Jew is now the rallying cry of modern English conservatism.

Benjamin Disraeli was born in the heart of London on the 21st of December, 1804. His ancestors had been driven from Spain by the Inquisition, in the fifteenth century, had taken refuge in Venice, and thence had migrated to England in 1748. His father, Isaac D'Israeli, the well-known author of "The Curiosities of Literature" and similar works, finally withdrew from the synagogue. Benjamin, who had been duly circumcised, was afterward baptized at the age of twelve, the poet Samuel Rogers being his godfather. In his youth he was apprenticed to the law, but the scholarly atmosphere in which he was born exercised a more potent influence over him, and he engaged in literary pursuits. His brilliant

novel, *Vivian Grey*, published in 1826, astonished the reading public. It is now seen to be a bold forecast of his own achievements. Then, with its brilliant style and piquant burlesque of the men and doings of the day, it took the town by storm. The successful young author was admitted to the coterie of Lady Blessington. Going abroad, he visited the most famous places in Europe and the Levant. Returning to England, he entered the whirl of political life.

His father had now settled in Buckinghamshire, and young Disraeli offered himself, in 1832, to the electors of High Wycombe as a Radical candidate for Parliament, but was defeated by Colonel Grey, son of the prime minister. He had been supported by Daniel O'Connell and Joseph Hume, but, after two defeats, he announced himself as a Tory, and quarreled with O'Connell, who reproached him with descent from "the impenitent thief." He did not enter Parliament until 1837, when he was elected from Maidstone. Meantime he had published *Contarini Fleming* (1832), a story of the development of the poetic character; *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy* (1833), a remarkable romance of the Middle Ages; *The Revolutionary Epick* (1834), a blank-verse poem, from which he long afterwards expunged passages approving of tyrannicide. His renunciation of his youthful Radicalism was shown in his *Runnymede Letters, or Vindication of the English Constitution* (1835), which was welcomed as a new justification of the Tory Party. Some novels followed, including *Venetia* (1837), in which, according to his constant practice of introducing actual persons, Byron and Shelley were presented thinly disguised.

Disraeli's first attempt at oratory in the House of Commons was a signal failure. He was overwhelmed with derisive shouts, yet, as he ended, he cried out defiantly: "I have begun several things many times, and have often succeeded at last—ay, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." His first successful speech was on the Chartist Petition of 1839, the consideration of which he favored. In this year Disraeli married the widow of his former colleague, Wyndham Lewis, who brought him a considerable fortune, and made him proprietor of Hughenden.

He was still somewhat a free-lance, but after a few years he became the head of the "Young England" party, whose rallying cry was, "Our young Queen and old Constitution." Among his noted speeches was a fierce attack on Sir Robert Peel for his abandonment of the Corn Laws. Lord George Bentinck, whose biography he afterwards wrote, was the leader of the Tory Protectionists, but Disraeli defended their cause brilliantly in debate.

Meantime two other novels, *Coningsby* (1844) and *Sybil* (1845), had appeared from his pen, and excited extraordinary interest. They set forth in a more attractive guise the political principles contained in his *Runnymede Letters*, but added to them an exhibition of the condition of the people and the duties of the church as a remedial agency. In *Tancred or the New Crusade* (1847) these ideas were still further carried out. It is not without significance that the word "new" was part of the alternative title. His object was to revive the Tory Party by arousing it to satisfy popular demands. His powerful oratory and effective wit, satire and irony, were the qualities needed in the leader of the Opposition. He silenced one class of opponents; he taught the others to keep their distance. At last, in 1852, Lord Derby was called to be Prime Minister, and after offering the place to Gladstone, he made Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer. The general election did not give a Tory majority. It was still a time of agricultural distress, and Disraeli, in his attempt to relieve the farmers, was obliged to extend the income tax. On this the ministry was defeated by a coalition, Lord Aberdeen became Prime Minister, and the country drifted into the Crimean war. In Lord Derby's second administration, in 1858, Disraeli, in response to the demand for parliamentary reform, brought in what was called the "Fancy Franchise" Bill, but it shared the fate of other partial attempts. The Liberals regaining power, held it for seven years, and Disraeli again had frequent opportunity to display his talent as leader of the Opposition.

At last, in July, 1866, the Liberals attempted a Reform Bill and were defeated. Disraeli again became Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House. He felt that reform

of some kind was needed ; his first effort was to bring the Tory ministry to the same way of thinking. It was a desperate task, and only a man of consummate tact and persistent courage could succeed in the effort to push the bill through. Some members of the Cabinet resigned, among whom was the present Marquis of Salisbury. But Disraeli was able to secure the passage in the Tory Parliament of 1867, a bill more radical and democratic than that which had been rejected the year before by the same House. It was a leap in the dark, or as Carlyle more boldly characterized it, "Shooting Niagara." In 1868 Lord Derby retired from power, and Disraeli became prime minister. From this time until 1880 the game of British politics was a parliamentary duel between Disraeli and Gladstone. Both of them had departed from their original principles, but in opposite directions, and yet both clung tenaciously to many of their former views. Gladstone brought forward resolutions for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the elections of 1868 were strongly in his favor. Disraeli resigned, and his wife, who had faithfully assisted his political career, was raised to the peerage as Viscountess Beaconsfield. She died in December, 1872.

Disraeli was again leader of the Opposition from 1869 to 1874. During this period appeared the most famous novel of his later years, *Lothair* (1870), a remarkable kaleidoscopic picture of the personages of English society of the time. Disraeli was able to prevent the passage of the Irish University Education bill in 1873, and in the following January Parliament was dissolved. The new Parliament had a large Conservative majority, and Disraeli, now seventy years old, was again prime minister. Some two years were given chiefly to home affairs, but in 1875 he surprised the world by purchasing from the Khedive of Egypt one-half the ownership of the Suez Canal, the new highway to India. In 1876 he conferred on Queen Victoria the title of Empress of India ; not only as a personal compliment, but as an acknowledgment of the vastness and importance of British possessions in Asia. In August of the same year, the veteran statesman was called to the House of Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield.

The Eastern Question again arose to vex the diplomacy of

Europe. The Russo-Turkish war of 1877 threatened the annihilation of the weaker power ; but England stayed the hand of the stronger. In spite of Gladstone's outcry against the Bulgarian atrocities, Beaconsfield insisted on upholding Turkey as a bulwark against Russian aggression. He was sustained by the popular enthusiasm, which found vent in a music-hall ditty, that furnished the name "Jingo" to the favorers of foreign war. Beaconsfield sent a British fleet to the Dardanelles to protect Constantinople, and he brought an Indian force to Malta. By this threatening of war, Russia was obliged to submit her claims to a European Congress at Berlin, in 1878. Lord Beaconsfield, accompanied by Lord Salisbury, attended this Congress, and was greeted, on his return, with loud popular demonstrations in favor of "Peace with Honor." Russia, however, had reclaimed all she had lost by the Crimean War. Turkey was stripped of Roumania, Servia, and other territories. England got Cyprus by a secret treaty. The Afghan war was said to have secured a "scientific frontier" for India. The Zulu war ended with the capture of the chief Cetewayo. Yet both were costly experiments, yielding little return. At home there was a reaction, caused by commercial and agricultural distress, besides troubles in Ireland. The general election of 1880 gave a majority of forty-six to the Liberals, and Beaconsfield resigned before Parliament assembled. Henceforth he took little part in public affairs. He employed his leisure in writing *Endymion* (1881), another novel, tracing the career of a successful politician. After a short illness he died at his London residence, on the 19th of April, 1881. His will forbade a public funeral, and he was buried at Hughenden, in Buckinghamshire.

Lord Beaconsfield's career is that of an astute, versatile politician, caring little for general principles, and yet not devoid of leading ideas to which he remained attached. He started as a Radical, and though he became a Tory, he aimed to infuse Radical ideas into the Tory Party, henceforth called Conservative. His tact and skill in managing men were amply proved, and his success in extending suffrage to the mass of the people by the votes of a Parliament almost pledged to the opposite, is one of the most astonishing political tri-

umphs in English history. He loved to dazzle as a means to convince and captivate, and to the last he retained this power. It was never more signally displayed than in the Berlin Congress, and his triumphant return. His brilliant victories have lost some of their glitter by lapse of time, yet he succeeded in restoring British prestige in foreign affairs. His purchase of the control of the Suez Canal and the acquirement of Cyprus were diplomatic strokes immediately effective and also far-reaching. He saved the Tory party from perishing of dry-rot.

JERUSALEM.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitoline and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor. Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with

terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshiped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivaled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have traveled over the plains of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fall Omnipotence had shed human tears, from this mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city! There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have

modeled civilized Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of Sacred Sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind—why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward: while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night. Yet the pilgrim is not in communion with the Latin Church; neither is he of the Church Armenian, or the Church Greek; Maronite, Coptic, or Abyssinian—these also are Christian Churches which cannot call him child.

He comes from a distant and a northern isle to bow before the tomb of a descendant of the kings of Israel, because he, in common with all the people of that isle, recognizes in that sublime Hebrew incarnation the presence of a Divine Redeemer. Then why does he come alone? It is not that he has availed himself of the inventions of modern science, to repair first to a spot, which all his countrymen may equally desire to visit, and thus anticipate their hurrying arrival. Before the inventions of modern science, all his countrymen used to flock

hither. Then why do they not now? Is the Holy Land no longer hallowed? Is it not the land of sacred and mysterious truths? The land of heavenly messages and earthly miracles? The land of prophets and apostles? Is it not the land upon whose mountains the Creator of the Universe parleyed with man, and the flesh of whose anointed race He mystically assumed, when He struck the last blow at the powers of evil? Is it to be believed that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others—that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Attica or Rome?

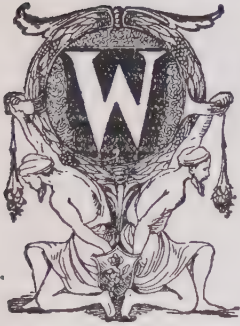
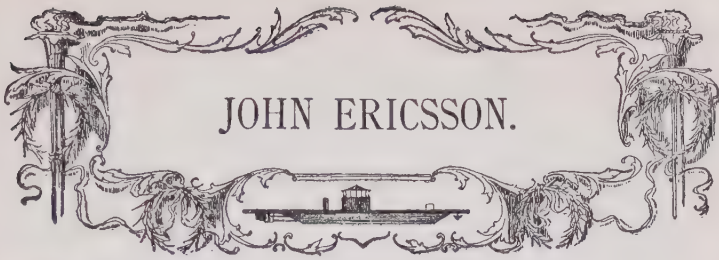
There may be some who maintain this; there have been some, and those, too, among the wisest and the wittiest of the northern and western races, who, touched by a presumptuous jealousy of the long predominance of that Oriental intellect to which they owed their civilization, would have persuaded themselves and the world that the traditions of Sinai and Calvary were fables. Half a century ago, Europe made a violent and apparently successful effort to disembarass itself of its Asian faith. The most powerful and the most civilized of its kingdoms, about to conquer the rest, shut up its churches, desecrated its altars, massacred and persecuted their sacred servants, and announced that the Hebrew creeds which Simon Peter brought from Palestine, and which his successors revealed to Clovis, were a mockery and a fiction. What has been the result? In every city, town, village, and hamlet of that great kingdom, the divine image of the most illustrious of Hebrews has been again raised amid the homage of kneeling millions; while, in the heart of its bright and witty capital, the nation has erected the most gorgeous of modern temples, and consecrated its marble and golden walls to the name and memory, and celestial efficacy of a Hebrew woman.

The country of which the solitary pilgrim, kneeling at this moment at the Holy Sepulchre, was a native, had not actively shared in that insurrection against the first and second Testament which distinguished the end of the eighteenth century. But more than six hundred years before, it had sent its king, and the flower of its peers and people, to rescue Jerusalem from those whom they considered infidels! And now,

instead of the third crusade, they expend their superfluous energies in the construction of railroads.

The failure of the European kingdom of Jerusalem, on which such vast treasure, such prodigies of valor, and such ardent belief had been wasted, has been one of those circumstances which have tended to disturb the faith of Europe, although it should have carried convictions of a very different character. The Crusaders looked upon the Saracens as infidels, whereas the children of the Desert bore a much nearer affinity to the sacred corpse that had, for a brief space, consecrated the Holy Sepulchre, than any of the invading host or Europe. The same blood flowed in their veins, and they recognized the divine missions both of Moses and of his greater successor. In an age so deficient in physiological learning as the twelfth century, the mysteries of race were unknown. Jerusalem, it cannot be doubted, will ever remain the appanage either of Israel or of Ishmael; and if, in the course of those great vicissitudes which are no doubt impending for the East, there be any attempt to place upon the throne of David a prince of the House of Coburg or Deuxponts, the same fate will doubtless await him as, with all their brilliant qualities and all the sympathy of Europe, was the final doom of the Godfreys, the Baldwins, and the Lusignans.—B. DISRAELI.





WHEN the Thirty-seventh Congress, in 1862, tendered to Ericsson the thanks of the nation "for the great service which he has rendered to the country," it set the seal of the highest approval coveted by a true patriot for any patriotic effort. This supreme honor marked the climax in a prolonged career of seventy toilsome years devoted to, and vastly contributing to, the public good. Here was a man comparatively unknown, whose efforts to secure recognition were opposed by countless obstacles and whose final success brought forth almost unmeasured popular praise; whose novel marine invention not only saved a fleet from certain destruction at the hands of the enemy, but actually overturned all existing ideas of naval warfare, and that, too, at a time when doubt and grim despair faced the nation. Popular fame rewarded the epoch-making appearance of the ungainly "Monitor," whose impressive performances occasioned the official recognition of its inventor's powers. He was pointedly thanked as the providential bringer of victory at the critical moment when the enemy's force had proved "seemingly irresistible by any other power at our command." His creation of this new engine of war not only saved the Federal fleet and cause, but it revolutionized the theories and the practical working of the world's navies, and that instantaneously, as by a magician's wand. Yet it is probably true that Ericsson's crowning service to civilization was rendered in promoting the arts of peace.

He was born at Langbanshyttan, in Sweden, in 1803, and while only a boy became skillful in architectural and engineering plan-making. He entered the army, made friends, and became a government surveyor. After receiving his captaincy he resigned, seeking a wider field for his mechanical labors in England. He became a partner with Braithwaite, a famous maker of engines, and here began the many and varied inventions to which he laid claim as originator. Among them were the use of compressed air and artificial draught, surface condensation and the steam fire-engine. He took out a patent for his artificial draught apparatus in 1828, a year before George Stephenson applied the principle to the famous "Rocket" locomotive. Though his steam fire-engine did excellent work at several fires, the criticisms which were showered upon it prejudiced the authorities against it.

Then came the dawn of the railway era. A money prize was offered by the first railway company for a locomotive to draw twenty tons at the speed of ten miles an hour. Five months were allowed for building the engines; but Ericsson learned of the competition only seven weeks before it was due. In that short time he produced a locomotive, the "Novelty," which flew past Stephenson's "Rocket" at double speed, but suddenly fell apart, being too light. (See Vol. II., p. 398.) Meantime he was patenting many minor inventions, and perfecting the caloric (or hot-air) engine, which, throughout his life, he hoped to see superseding the steam-engine. His caloric engine, exhibited in 1833, was honored by Faraday, who made it the subject of one of his famous lectures at the Royal Institution. Other engines of his invention achieved immense speed, but were impracticable because the excessive friction melted the vital connections. His patents of this period cover deep-sea sounding instruments, the application of steam to canal-boats, and improvements in applying motive power direct to screw-propeller shafts. With the financial backing of two American gentlemen, Francis B. Ogden, United States consul at Liverpool, and Captain Robert F. Stockton, of the United States Navy, Ericsson built and successfully demonstrated the superior excellence of the first steam tug. The merits of his propeller were fully

acknowledged, after a public official trial on the 'Thames, in 1838.

Notwithstanding Ericsson's successes as an inventor and constructor of new mechanical devices, his firm became bankrupt, and he found himself in jail for debt. In November, 1839, he came to the United States to introduce his propeller. His steam fire-engine quickly earned the gold medal of the New York Mechanics' Institute. In 1842 he was employed by Captain Stockton to build the war ship "Princeton" for the navy. This occupied Ericsson two years, on the understanding that the Government would pay the bill—some fifteen thousand dollars—as a matter of honor, should the work prove a success. He put upon it a wrought-iron gun of his own design, which, after being fired some five hundred times, with from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds of powder and 212-pound shots, is now, intact as ever, in one of the navy-yards on exhibition. Captain Stockton constructed a similar gun of his own design. When, in February, 1844, President Tyler, with his Cabinet, accepted Captain Stockton's invitation to a banquet on board the "Princeton," the captain's gun exploded, killing Secretary of State Upshur, Secretary of the Navy Gilmer, besides three guests and a servant. A feud arose between Stockton and Ericsson, who repudiated all responsibility for this disaster, with the result that Congress ignored Ericsson's claim until his death. The rival claimants to the honor of having originated the screw-propeller agreed, after fierce litigation, to unite in amicable efforts to push the invention to commercial profit. The British Admiralty thereupon awarded £20,000 to the five claimants—Smith, Lowe, Ericsson, Blaxland and Woodcroft.

Ericsson's attempts to run large ships on the hot-air principle had to be given up as failures. He tried to induce the Navy authorities to take up his matured plans for fitting armored vessels with guns below the water-line, but met with the usual rebuffs from red-tape officialdom. He had successfully established more than a hundred important patents; but it was one of his bitterest discouragements that the Patent Offices of England and America invariably produced crude designs to convince him that his inventions had been forestalled.

Nevertheless, his ingenuity and perseverance enabled him to leave his mark on a large number of the practical achievements of progressive science of the century. He claimed the origination of the regenerative principle applied to the steam-engine, the solar-engine or sun-motor, the surface-condenser, the hot-air engine, Ole Bull's iron piano frame, the screw-propeller, the compound principle for engines, the fan-blower, the steam fire-engine, among other accepted inventions or improvements; and if his eccentricity of conservatism kept him to the last a disbeliever in the telephone and the common copying-press, and prejudiced him against going to see Central Park and the Brooklyn Bridge, though within easy walking distance of his secluded house, it must be granted that soured human nature never had a nobler offset than in the case of the unrecompensed patriot who gave his adopted country the "Monitor" and the sub-marine gun. Ericsson lived the life of a hard-working recluse in Beach Street, a decayed quarter of New York, from 1864 until his death in 1889. The Government conveyed his remains in a war-vessel to his birthplace in Sweden.

THE MONITOR AND THE MERRIMAC.

(By a Confederate Participant in the Fight of March 8, 1862.)

Now we are at Newport News. The frigate "Cumberland" is struck below the starboard forechains; she reels, rolls and goes down. And the flag of the "Congress" comes down by the run; soon she will make a brilliant bonfire to illuminate Hampton Roads. . . . In the early morning Jones gets under way to finish the "Minnesota." We soon descry a strange-looking iron tower, sliding over the waters toward us, and we dash at it. It is the "Monitor," which during the previous night had come in from the sea, and which, by the light of the burning "Congress," had been seen and reported by one of our pilots.

Nearly two hours have passed, and many a shot and shell have been exchanged at close quarters with no perceptible damage to either. The "Merrimac" is discouragingly cumbersome and unwieldy. To wind her for each broadside fire

fifteen minutes are lost, while during all this time the "Monitor" is whirling around and about like a top; and by the easy working of her turret, and her precise and rapid movement, elicits the wondering admiration of all. She is evidently invulnerable to our shell. Our next movement is to run her down. We ram her with all our force. But she is so flat and broad that she merely slides away from under our stern, as a floating door would slip away from under the cutwater of a barge; all that we could do was to push her. Jones now determines to board her—to choke her turret in some way and lash her to the "Merrimac." The blood is rushing through all our veins while the shrill pipes and hoarse roar of the boatswains call "Boarders away!" But lo! our enemy has hauled off into shoal water, where she is as safe from our ship as if she were on the topmost peak of the Blue Ridge. Ten feet of water against twenty-two.—The smoke from our gun was yet floating lazily away when Catesby Jones remarked to the writer: "The destruction of those wooden vessels was a matter of course, but in not capturing that ironclad I feel as if we had done nothing; and yet, give me that vessel and I will sink this one in twenty minutes."

The "Monitor" was fought with plenty of spirit. She was also fought with a plentiful lack of judgment and common-sense, and ordnance-sense. The great radical blunder was in failing to concentrate her fire. In two instances a second shot striking near the first wakened our shield and caused the backing to bulge inward, and made it very manifest that a third or fourth shot would have gone through. In these cases the shot were delivered upon the strongest part of our roof; and if they had struck at water-line, where there was no protection whatever (for she had no knuckle), they would have gone through her as if she had been paper. A fighting, wide-awake seaman makes the enemy's water-line his first target, and that proving invulnerable, the guns and guns' crew the second. The enormous weight of her shield and battery kept the "Merrimac" all the time just hovering between floating and sinking; a very few tons of water through the hole made by two, or even one, well-aimed shot from the splendid eleven-inch gun of the "Monitor," and the

"Merrimac" would have gone to the bottom in five minutes. . . . The "Merrimac" was so large a mark that almost every shot struck her somewhere; but they were scattered over the whole shield on both sides, and were therefore harmless. The turret revolving rapidly, the gun disappears only to repeat in five or six minutes the same unmeaning fire. She could assume and keep whatever position she pleased; for with her short keel and fine engines she could play around us like a rabbit round a sloth. Once during the fight she took such a position that we could not bring a single gun to bear on her. . . . She fired, all told, during the fight, forty-one shots, taking her time, about one fire in six minutes, and any three of them, properly aimed, would have sunk us, and yet the nearest shot to the water-line was over four feet. . . . In short, considering that at noon on March 8, 1862, the "Monitor" was, by immense odds, the most formidable vessel-of-war on this planet, and that our ship was comparatively a ship of glass; and that, doing us no harm and wholly unharmed herself, after four mortal hours of battle, she runs away and gives up the fight, it is impossible to conceive in what manner she could have been more inefficiently fought.—W. NORRIS.

NOTE.—It remains, however, to state that the "Merrimac," being crippled and unmanageable, was sunk at Norfolk a few weeks afterward, to be thenceforth remembered only as the antagonist of the "Monitor," whereas the latter is world-famed as the first floating-battery which, besides saving the Federal fleet, revolutionized the navies of the world!



A decorative banner with a central rectangular box containing the name "WENDELL PHILLIPS." The banner is adorned with intricate scrollwork, floral patterns, and what appears to be a small figure or crest at the top center.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.



RATORY played an important part in achieving the Emancipation of the negro in the United States, and the cause of abolition inspired the eloquence of three public speakers of world-wide reputation, whose names will forever remain identified with that great movement and its glorious result,—William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips. Of these the first and second appealed to the educated and cultivated, but the eloquence of Wendell Phillips conquered and convinced men of all classes. Not every orator of the first rank is entitled to be classed among men of action. Yet not a few have owed their power to the gift of inspiring speech. With some the glow of intense earnestness thrilled the multitude. With others, success (which is not necessarily power) lies in gilding with the glitter of cultured art their natural fluency in saying the proper thing at the proper time with reasonable force and grace. In all cases a larger share of the orator's influence than is generally supplied is due to the preceding circumstances and the occasion. Given an exciting issue and an eager throng, immense effects may be realized by the undorned words of an authoritative speaker. A very ordinary match has kindled many a memorable fire, and favorable conditions enable mediocrity to score successes often unattainable by genius less well started.

But there have been, and there may still exist, orators whose distinction is that their high natural gifts, trained up to the topmost pitch of legitimate art, have been inspired

into activity by strong convictions upon some momentous matter of public right or wrong, and of this type Wendell Phillips stands a most illustrious example. The great slavery question had reached an acute stage when his talents and ardent temperament were yearning for a worthy vent. His tastes, his endowments and surroundings all conspired to make him a representative of the conservative culture of Boston, but his Puritan principles, overmastering these, made him a hearty devotee of the Abolition cause.

Wendell Phillips was born in Boston, of the best New England stock, on November 29, 1811. After graduating at Harvard, he was called to the bar in 1834. He espoused the cause of the anti-slavery party in the year following, yet remained comparatively quiet for two years. Then, in December, 1837, a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall to protest against the murder of Rev. E. P. Lovejoy for publishing an Abolition paper in Illinois. Phillips made an unpremeditated speech in reply to the State Attorney-General, who argued in opposition to the purpose of the meeting. The young lawyer's effort stirred the whole community. He had definitely cast his lot with the despised and hated Abolitionists. In 1840 he was chosen to represent Massachusetts at the World's Anti-slavery Conference in London, where he made himself conspicuous, not only by his oratorical powers, but as a champion of the right of women to be admitted to the conference on equal terms. His advocacy of Abolition was fearless in times of grave peril. He opposed every proposal that savored of compromise. With Phillips the Abolition movement was a religion, and no half-and-half measures were to be tolerated. "We do not play politics; anti-slavery is no half-jest with us; it is a terrible earnest, with life or death, worse than life or death on the issue." After opposing and denouncing the Constitution as an engine of the slave-power, he eagerly seized the opportunity to urge the Government to turn the war for the Union into a war for the destruction of slavery. William Lloyd Garrison, after encountering hostility and personal violence, wished to withdraw from the work of the Anti-Slavery Society on emancipation being effected after the close of the war; but Wendell Phillips considered it to be his duty

to sustain the cause until the negro was admitted to full citizenship. Garrison did withdraw, but Phillips continued his championship of the Afro-American people, and acted as president of the Society until 1870.

The lecture platform was in its palmy day when Phillips devoted himself to the lecturing profession. From first to last he gave his services gratuitously to the cause so near his heart. After the abolition of slavery by Constitutional amendment, other reform movements enlisted his practical sympathy, such as those of liquor-prohibition, woman-suffrage, and the rights of labor. He delighted to set forth the benefits of agitation as the modern method of effecting political reforms, and he declared that he had taken Daniel O'Cannell as his model in his own work of agitation. He was an unsuccessful candidate under the banner of the Labor party for the governorship of Massachusetts.

His later years, after his great work was done, were largely given to efforts in aid of minor movements in which he achieved only moderate success. His literary and neutral orations and lectures sustain his reputation as the most charming public speaker of his time. He died on February 2, 1884, leaving, besides sundry fugitive and controversial publications, a goodly volume of *Speeches, Lectures and Letters*.

Professor C. F. Richardson thus states the qualifications of Wendell Phillips as an orator: "He was by nature and by art an orator, even more than a reformer. To speak was his life-work. As Horace Greeley said, Phillips made men think it was easy to be an orator. He did not put the form before the spirit; he was no mere rhetorician, hunting for a cause whereon to display his eloquence, but he would have spoken gracefully and strongly upon any question which aroused his interest. So, indeed, he did. His intellectual equipment and, to a certain extent, his tastes were academic; like Sumner, he was fond of classical themes and allusions, and, when occasion demanded, he could take pleasure in mere external finish. Well read in ancient and modern literature, a master in the use of invective and epigram, possessed of wit, which both Garrison and Sumner lacked, he charmed the cultivated and impressed the ignorant. A winsome personal presence, and a

serene, undisturbed manner, added to the attractiveness of his words, and enabled him to speak before great audiences of enemies.”

THE ELOQUENCE OF O'CONNELL.

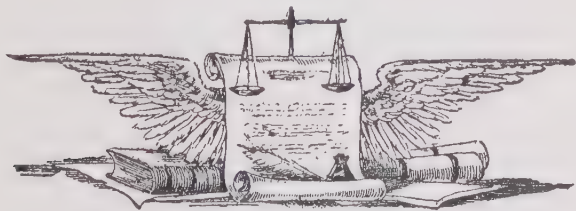
I do not think I exaggerate when I say that never, since God made Demosthenes, has he made a man better fitted for a great work than He did when He made O'Connell. Webster could address a bench of judges ; Everett could charm a college ; Choate could delude a jury ; Clay could magnetize a senate ; and Tom Corwin could hold the mob in his right hand ; but no one of these men could do more than this one thing. The wonder about O'Connell was that he could out-talk Corwin, he could charm a college better than Everett, and leave Henry Clay himself far behind in magnetizing a senate.

When I was in Naples, I asked Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton : “ Is Daniel O'Connell an honest man ? ” “ As honest a man as ever breathed,” said he ; and then he told me the following story : “ When, in 1830, O'Connell first entered Parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak for it ; and we agreed that, when he spoke, I should cheer him up, and when I spoke, he should cheer me ; and these were the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came into Parliament with one Irish member to support him. A large party of members went to him, saying : ‘ O'Connell, at last you are in the House with one helper—if you will never go down to Freemasons’ Hall with Buxton and Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with those abolitionists, count us always against you.’ ” It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded ! O'Connell said : “ Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees ; but may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if, to help Ireland—even Ireland—I forget the negro one single hour.”

And then, besides his irreproachable character, he had—what is half the power of a popular orator—he had a majestic presence. A *little* O'Connell would have been no O'Connell

at all. You remember the story that Russell Lowell tells of Webster, when we in Massachusetts were about to break up the Whig Party. Webster came home to Faneuil Hall to protest, and four thousand Whigs came out to meet him. He lifted up his majestic presence before that sea of human faces, his brow charged with thunder, and said: "Gentlemen, I am a Whig; a Massachusetts Whig; a Revolutionary Whig; a Constitutional Whig; a Faneuil Hall Whig; and if you break up the Whig Party, where am *I* to go?" "And," says Lowell, "we all held our breath, thinking where he *could* go." "But," says Lowell, "if he had been five feet three, we should have said, 'Confound you, who do you suppose cares where you go?'" Well, O'Connell had all that, and then he had, what Webster never had, and what Clay had, the magnetism and grace that melt a million souls into his. When I saw him he was sixty-five; lithe as a boy; his every attitude was beauty; his every gesture, grace. Macready or Booth never equalled him.

And then he had, what so few American speakers have, a voice that sounded the gamut. I heard him once, in Exeter Hall, say: "Americans, I send my voice careering, like the thunder-storm, across the Atlantic, to tell South Carolina that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the negro that the dawn of his redemption is drawing near;" and I seemed to hear his voice reverberating and re-echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. And then, with the slightest possible flavor of an Irish brogue, he would tell a story that would make all Exeter Hall laugh; and, the next moment, there were tears in his voice, like an old song, and five thousand men would be in tears. And, all the while, no effort—he seemed only breathing.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.





POPULAR feeling has ever been strongly attracted and deeply stirred by the sight of the sturdy youth who, by intellectual ability and force of character, makes his way from a humble home to a position of eminence. His early struggles, his mastery of obstacles, his gradual attainment of power, his final success, all contribute to thrill the reader of the story. And if, as has happened twice in American history, such a career is crowned with martyrdom, the mind finds relief from the tragedy and elevation in the thought that the hero's reward is undying fame. It is remarkable that the early lives and struggles of the two martyred presidents should have been so similar; both were worthy types of the sturdy manhood of the west, and not examples of self-culture.

James Abram Garfield was born in Orange Township, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, November 19, 1831. His family on the father's side can be traced to Edward Garfield, who emigrated to Massachusetts in 1630. His mother's family is traced to Maturin Ballou, a Huguenot refugee. Garfield's ancestors through seven generations were frontiersmen, moving westward with each tide of emigration.

James Abram was the youngest of four children, and when but two years old, lost his father. The widowed mother by industry and economy succeeded in keeping the family and educating her children. Brought up within sight of Lake Erie, James was ambitious to be the captain of a schooner, but after a brief experience in a canal-boat, determined to become a teacher. Hiram College, in Portage, Ohio, had

been founded by the Disciples of Christ, or Campbellites, to which denomination Garfield belonged, and thither he went in 1851. After three years spent as a student, he was made also an instructor in science there. But the thirst for better culture had been excited, and in 1854 he proceeded to Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts, where the eminent Dr. Mark Hopkins gave fresh stimulus to his intellectual and moral growth. Graduating in 1856, he returned to Hiram College as teacher of literature and ancient languages, and soon became president of the college. His days were crowded with work; he read extensively, lectured frequently, and preached almost every Sunday; he also studied law and was admitted to the bar.

In 1858 he married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, who had been his fellow-student at Chester, and his pupil at Hiram. Garfield first became a political speaker on the formation of the Republican Party. Being elected to the Ohio Senate at the age of twenty-eight, he assisted in preparing the State to respond promptly and liberally to President Lincoln's call for men and money in defence of the Union. As colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, Garfield reported for duty to General Buell, December, 1861, and was ordered to the valley of the Big Sandy in command of a brigade of four regiments to drive the enemy from Kentucky. For the successful battle of Middle Creek, he was commissioned brigadier-general. His brigade reached Shiloh on the second day of that battle. For some time after this he was employed in courts of inquiry and courts-martial. He was afterwards chief of staff under General Rosecrans, from whom he won high commendation for skill and heroism at Chickamauga.

Being elected to Congress while he was still absent in the field, he took his seat December, 1863, and was at once made a member of the military committee of the House. His broad views, keen insight and ready knowledge, eminently fitted him for a parliamentary life. His speeches from 1864 to 1880 contain a compact history of all the important legislation of that stirring period. He was the enemy of inflation in all its forms, and, with the courage of his convictions, maintained his cause in the face of popular prejudice.

In 1877, when James G. Blaine took his seat in the Senate, Garfield succeeded to the leadership of his party in the House. The first opportunity he had of displaying his ability in this capacity was in the struggle of 1879, when the Democrats endeavored through riders to the appropriation bills to restrain the President's employment of the army. Garfield steadily resisted any attempt of the legislature to control or suppress the free expression of the will of the people. Like other prominent party-leaders, he did not escape the tongue of calumny, but when the charges against him were thoroughly investigated, his integrity became clearly established.

At the Chicago Republican convention in June, 1880, Garfield supported the nomination of Senator John Sherman. On the 33d ballot, Grant had 306 votes; Blaine, Edmunds and Washburne had the remaining 400 among them. On the 36th ballot these were given for Garfield; and then the nomination was made unanimous. After a spirited contest, in which his whole public career was scrutinized, he was elected in November.

His inaugural address, March 4th, 1881, gave general satisfaction; but his appointment of Blaine as Secretary of State excited the opposition of the "Stalwarts." This opposition was intensified by his making changes and appointments to office in New York specially distasteful to Senator Roscoe Conkling. At last Conkling and his colleague, T. C. Platt, resigned and appealed to the State legislature for vindication. A fierce struggle ensued there between the "Stalwarts" and "Half-Breeds." The animosity impelled an ill-balanced office-seeker, C. J. Guiteau, to assassinate the President as he was about to leave Washington on July 2d. For eighty days the wounded President lingered, while the whole civilized world expressed its sympathy with his sufferings. On September 19, 1881, he breathed his last.

Garfield happened to be on Wall Street, New York, when Lincoln's assassination was announced. The early reports stated also that the Vice-President and all the Cabinet had shared the President's fate. The street was filled with dense masses of men, dismayed at the appalling catastrophe. Garfield, though a stranger, seeing the excitement steadily in-

creasing, rose above the crowd and with solemn words relieved the tension of men's minds: "Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are round about Him; justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne. God reigneth, and the Government at Washington still lives."

THE OBLIGATION OF CONGRESS TO PRESERVE THE
GOVERNMENT.

(From the Speech Delivered March 29, 1879.)

Viewed from the standpoint of a foreigner, our government may be said to be the feeblest on earth. From our standpoint, and with our experience, it is the mightiest. But why would a foreigner call it the feeblest? He can point out a half dozen ways in which it can be destroyed without violence. Of course, all governments may be overturned by the sword; but there are several ways in which our government may be annihilated without the firing of a gun.

For example, if the people of the United States should say, We will elect no Representatives to the House of Representatives. Of course, this is a violent supposition; but suppose they do not, is there any remedy? Does our Constitution provide any remedy whatever? In two years there would be no House of Representatives; of course no support of the government, and no government. Suppose, again, the States should say, through their Legislatures, we will elect no Senators. Such abstention alone would absolutely destroy this government; and our system provides no process of compulsion to prevent it.

Again, suppose the two Houses were assembled in their usual order, and a majority of one in this body or in the Senate should firmly band themselves together and say, We will vote to adjourn the moment the hour of meeting arrives, and continue so to vote at every session during our two years of existence; the government would perish, and there is no provision of the Constitution to prevent it. Or again, if a majority of one of either body should declare that they would vote down, and did vote down, every bill to support the government by appropriations, can you find in the whole range of our judicial or our executive authority any remedy what-

ever? A Senator or a member of this House is free, and may vote "No" on every proposition. Nothing but his oath and his honor restrain him. Not so with executive and judicial officers. They have no power to destroy this government. Let them travel an inch beyond the line of the law, and they fall within the power of impeachment. But, against the people who create Representatives; against the Legislatures who create Senators; against Senators and Representatives in these halls, there is no power of impeachment; there is no remedy, if, by abstention or by adverse votes, they refuse to support the government.

At a first view, it would seem strange that a body of men so wise as our fathers were should have left a whole side of their fabric open to these deadly assaults; but on a closer view of the case their wisdom will appear. What was their reliance? This: the sovereign of this nation, the God-crowned and Heaven-anointed sovereign, in whom resides "the State's collected will," and to whom we all owe allegiance, is the people themselves. Inspired by a love of country and a deep sense of obligation to perform every public duty; being themselves the creators of all the agencies and forces to execute their own will, and choosing from themselves their Representatives to express that will in the forms of law, it would have been like a suggestion of suicide to assume that any of these great voluntary powers would be turned against the life of the government. Public opinion—that great ocean of thought from whose level all heights and all depths are measured—was trusted as a power amply able, and always willing, to guard all the approaches on that side of the Constitution from any assault on the life of the nation.

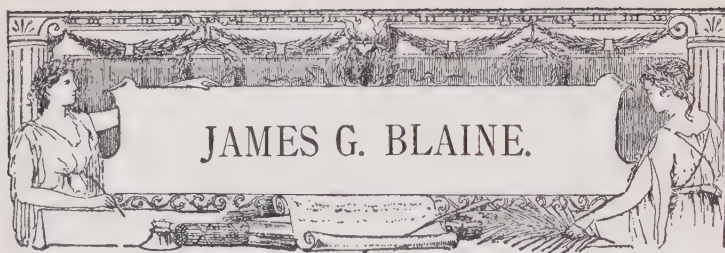
Up to this hour our sovereign has never failed us. There has never been such a refusal to exercise those primary functions of sovereignty as either to endanger or cripple the government; nor have the majority of the Representatives of that sovereign in either House of Congress ever before announced their purpose to use their voluntary powers for its destruction. And now, for the first time in our history, and I will add for the first time for at least two centuries in the history of any English-speaking nation, it is proposed and insisted upon that

these voluntary powers shall be used for the destruction of the government. I want it distinctly understood that the programme announced to the American people to-day, is this: that if this House cannot have its own way in certain matters, not connected with appropriations, it will so use, or refrain from using, its voluntary powers as to destroy the government. Now it has been said on the other side that when a demand for the redress of grievances is made, the authority that runs the risk of stopping and destroying the government is the one that resists the redress. Not so.

Our theory of law is free consent. That is the granite foundation of our whole superstructure. Nothing in this republic can be law without consent—the free consent of the House; the free consent of the Senate; the free consent of the Executive, or, if he refuse it, the free consent of two-thirds of these bodies. Will any man deny that? Will any man challenge a line of the statement that free consent is the foundation rock of all our institutions? And yet the programme announced two weeks ago was that if the Senate refused to consent to the demand of the House, the government should stop. And the proposition was then, and the programme is now, that, although there is not a Senate to be coerced, there is still a third independent branch in the legislative power of the government whose consent is to be coerced at the peril of the destruction of this government; that is, if the President, in the discharge of his duty, shall exercise his plain constitutional right to refuse his consent to this proposed legislation, the Congress will so use its voluntary powers as to destroy the government. This is the proposition which we confront; and we denounce it as revolution.

—JAMES A. GARFIELD.





THE political history of the United States, at the opening of its second century, and for more than a decade thereafter, hinged greatly on the character, doings and intentions of James G. Blaine, the most prominent leader of the Republican Party. He was able to direct the policy of his party in Congress; but he was never able to attain the chief object of his personal ambition. No political leader in this country ever had the enthusiastic personal following that Blaine enjoyed. His personal magnetism attracted ardent friends from all parties, whose admiration amounted almost to idolatry.

James Gillespie Blaine was of Scotch-Irish descent, his great-grandfather, Ephraim Blaine, being one of the founders of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and a commissary-general in the Revolutionary Army. His father removed to Washington County, in that State, became owner of a large estate, and married Maria Gillespie, a devout Catholic. James, their second son, was born at Indian Hill farm, on the Monongahela, opposite Brownsville, on the 31st of January, 1830. He graduated from Washington College in 1847, and became a teacher in the Western Military Institute in Kentucky, and married Miss Harriet Stanwood, who was teaching in a neighboring town. He taught also in Philadelphia until, in 1854, he removed to Augusta, Maine, his wife's native town, and became the editor of the *Kennebec Journal*. He now engaged actively in politics, and in 1856 was a delegate to the first Republican

National Convention. He became editor of the *Portland Advertiser*, the leading paper of his State.

But politics was his proper field, and in 1858 he was elected to the Maine Legislature, where he soon became Speaker. For twenty years he was chairman of the State Republican Committee. Elected to Congress in 1862, he served in the House for seven terms during the exciting and critical periods of its history. Blaine's thorough study of American political movements, his wide acquaintance with public men, remarkable memory, aptness in illustration and quickness in repartee, made him an effective debater. He earnestly supported all measures for vigorous prosecution of the war, and in the period of reconstruction was anxious to secure its results by appropriate legislation. His independence was shown in his resisting the proposal of Thaddeus Stevens, then the Republican leader, to limit representation in Congress in proportion to the number of legal voters. Blaine urged that the proper basis was population. His views prevailed and were embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment.

The impulsive character of Blaine led him, in 1866, into a bitter dispute with Roscoe Conkling, the lasting effects of which marred the subsequent career of both participants. Blaine reported from the military committee a bill reorganizing the army in accordance with the views of General Grant. Conkling offered an amendment abolishing the office of provost-marshal general, and supported his proposal with a private letter from General Grant to a senator. He also made a direct attack on General James B. Fry, and his administration of that office, especially as concerned New York State. Blaine defended the bill, and read a letter from Fry, charging Conkling with taking pay as a Judge Advocate while a member of Congress. The latter admitted having been employed and paid as counsel, but denied having held any commission. A subsequent investigation by a committee confirmed this and exonerated Conkling. But before this, the public episode was concluded by Blaine's sarcastic reference to Conkling's courtly mannerisms. One sentence will suffice: "The contempt of that large-minded individual is so wilting, his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, super-eminent, over-

powering turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members of the House that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him." The courtly member from New York did not deign to reply to this offensive attack, but he never forgave it. The root of bitterness produced evil fruit for both men.

In 1869, when Conkling was elected to the Senate, Blaine was unanimously chosen Speaker of the House, and served in that important place for six years. His knowledge of parliamentary law, strong physique, patience, courtesy, impartiality, swift dispatch of business, made him a model Speaker. In troublous times of fierce debate he rose to the greatness of his place, and seemed "to ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm." In the party caucus he was the leader of his party, but his impartiality in the chair was acknowledged by all. The speakership is in political power next to the presidency, yet the exercise of the responsibility is as apt to create alienation among friends as to forward the Speaker's personal ambition.

After the financial crisis of 1873, the Republican Party lost its majority in the House, and thus in 1875 Blaine became leader of the Opposition. In the next year, when a General Amnesty bill was proposed, Blaine sought to make Jefferson Davis the solitary exception on the ground that by the power of his position as President of the Confederacy, he was responsible for the horrors of Andersonville. An acrimonious controversy followed, and soon persistent attacks were made on Blaine's personal integrity. He was charged with having received money or bonds from the Union Pacific Railroad in return for favorable legislation. The House ordered an investigation, which was brought to a dramatic close when Blaine openly asserted without contradiction that the chairman of the committee had suppressed evidence in his favor. One object of the attack had been to prevent Blaine from receiving the presidential nomination in the Republican Convention at Cincinnati. Blaine was sunstruck at Washington just before the Convention. Conkling was also a candidate, and his friends were able to prevent Blaine's nomination. Though he had through several ballots the highest number of votes,

the supporters of the other candidates finally concentrated on Governor R. B. Hayes, who was chosen and elected.

Blaine was soon appointed United States Senator from Maine, in succession to L. M. Morrill, who had been made Secretary of the Treasury. His rapid and breezy methods were better suited to the House than to the traditional dignity of the Senate. But he continued to follow his natural bent. To restore the ship-building and commerce lost during the Rebellion, he urged a policy of liberal appropriations. In 1879 he resisted the attempt to control the executive by withholding appropriations for the support of the Government except with a proviso prohibiting the presence of troops at Federal elections. In the Senate he sat within a few seats of Conkling, and both were active participants in debate, yet neither ever made any reference to the other. In 1880 Conkling and his friends, "Stalwarts," as they were called, brought forward General Grant for nomination for a third presidential term. Though Grant had written a private letter forbidding the movement, they persisted in the attempt and maintained a solid front throughout the struggle, mustering 306 votes, while 353 were necessary to nominate. On the thirty-sixth ballot the opposition to Grant concentrated on J. A. Garfield, as the opposition to Blaine had concentrated on Hayes four years earlier. Garfield was nominated, and Grant's supporters were allowed to nominate Conkling's friend, Chester A. Arthur, as vice-president. Some further concessions were made during the campaign, and Garfield was elected.

The new President appointed Blaine Secretary of State. Soon a struggle ensued in the Senate with reference to the patronage in New York, which was being used in factional opposition to Conkling and Platt, the Senators from that State. The conflict came to a crisis, and the two Senators, resigning their seats, appealed to the legislature at Albany to re-elect them as a vindication. They were disappointed; but the factional quarrel became so intense that an assassin mortally wounded the President on July 2d. Blaine's brief administration was marked by an attempt to increase friendship and trade relations between North and South America, and for this purpose he invited the Governments of all Amer-

ican countries to send representatives to a Peace Congress at Washington. Blaine retired from office in December, and his successor abandoned the movement. Other projects of a vigorous foreign policy were also discarded.

Blaine now began the preparation of his *Twenty Years of Congress*, which is a graphic picture of the political history of the country, from Lincoln to Garfield. In 1884 Blaine was again the leading candidate for the Republican nomination, and obtained the prize on the fourth ballot. The Democratic candidate was Grover Cleveland. The campaign was exceedingly fierce, and full of personalities. The enthusiasm of Blaine's friends ran wild, and Blaine himself for forty-three days delivered a series of speeches in favor of protection to home industry. The election turned on the result in New York, which was lost to him by a declared majority for Cleveland of a thousand votes. Blaine attributed his defeat to the solid South, but refused to contest the election.

In 1888 Blaine went abroad, and appeared to wish to avoid another presidential contest. But his friends pressed his name until he sent a message withdrawing it. Benjamin Harrison was nominated, and when elected called Blaine again to be Secretary of State. He now was able to secure a Conference of American nations at Washington, over which he presided. He also urged and secured the incorporation in the McKinley Tariff bill of provision for reciprocity in trade with American nations. The treaties, necessary to make these provisions effectual, were also negotiated with several nations. In 1892 Blaine's health failed rapidly, and two of his sons died. Republican politicians who were offended at President Harrison sought to make Blaine again a candidate, and the relations between them became strained. On June 4th Blaine suddenly resigned his office. At the Republican Convention in Minneapolis he was a candidate, but Harrison was renominated. Blaine never recovered his health. He died at Washington on the 27th of January, 1893.

The later policy of the Republican party, as directed and expounded by James G. Blaine, was to preserve the freedom and equality of all American citizens, advance the prosperity of the country by the development of its re-

sources, secure its industrial independence, and promote the material welfare of its people. He thus followed in the footsteps of Henry Clay, and his career furnishes a remarkable parallel to that of the Whig statesman. Though he was, by personal magnetism and largeness of view, the favorite of the masses of his party, his great political ability excited the apprehensions and jealousies of rival leaders, who in various ways frustrated his ambition. He was fated to find the power he sought to clutch constantly eluding him, and died before his time without realizing the opportunity of fulfilling his grand schemes for the future of America.

CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS.

As a parliamentary orator, as a debater on an issue squarely joined, where the position had been chosen and the ground laid out, Garfield must be assigned a very high rank. More, perhaps, than any man with whom he was associated in public life, he gave careful and systematic study to public questions, and he came to every discussion in which he took part with elaborate and complete preparation. He was a steady and indefatigable worker. Those who imagine that talent and genius can supply the place or achieve the results of labor, will find no encouragement in Garfield's life. In preliminary work he was apt, rapid and skillful. He possessed in a high degree the power of readily absorbing ideas and facts, and, like Dr. Johnson, had the art of getting from a book all that was of value in it by a reading apparently so quick and cursory that it seemed like a mere glance at the table of contents. He was a pre-eminently fair and candid man in debate, took no petty advantage, stooped to no unworthy methods, avoided personal allusions, rarely appealed to prejudice, did not seek to inflame passion. He had a quicker eye for the stronger point of his adversary than for his weak point, and on his own side he so marshaled his weighty arguments as to make his hearers forget any possible lack in the complete strength of his position. He had a habit of stating his opponent's side with such a multitude of fairness and such liberality of concession that his followers often complained that he was giving the case away. But never in his pro-

longed participation in the proceedings of the House did he give his case away, or fail in the judgment of competent and impartial listeners to gain the mastery.

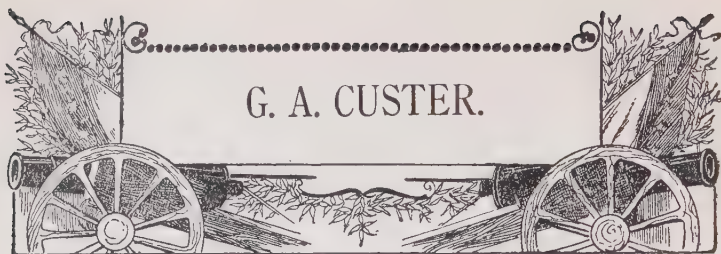
These characteristics, which marked Garfield as a great debater, did not, however, make him a great parliamentary leader, as that term is understood wherever free representative government exists. Such a leader is necessarily and very strictly the organ of his party. An ardent American defined the instinctive warmth of patriotism when he offered the toast, "Our country, always right, but right or wrong, our country." The parliamentary leader who has a body of followers that will do and dare and die for the cause, is one who believes his party always right, but, right or wrong, is for his party. No more important or exacting duty devolves upon him than the selection of the field and the time for contest. He must know not merely how to strike, but where to strike, and when to strike. He often skillfully avoids the strength of his opponent's position and scatters confusion in his ranks by attacking an exposed point when really the righteousness of the cause and the strength of logical entrenchment are against him.

The three most distinguished parliamentary leaders hitherto developed in this country are Mr. Clay, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens. Each was a man of consummate ability, of great earnestness, of intense personality, differing widely each from the others, and yet with a signal trait in common—the power to command. In the give and take of daily discussion, in the art of controlling and consolidating reluctant and refractory followers; in the skill to overcome all forms of opposition, and to meet with competency and courage in the varying phases of unlooked-for assault or unsuspected defection, it would be difficult to rank with these a fourth name in all our Congressional history. But of these Mr. Clay was the greatest. It would, perhaps, be impossible to find in the parliamentary annals of the world a parallel to Mr. Clay, in 1841, when at sixty-four years of age he took the control of the Whig Party from the President who had received their suffrages, against the power of Webster in the Cabinet, against the eloquence of Choate in the Senate, against the

herculean efforts of Caleb Cushing and Henry A. Wise in the House. In unshared leadership, in the pride and plenitude of power, he hurled against John Tyler with deepest accord the mass of that conquering column which had swept over the land in 1840, and drove his administration to seek shelter behind the lines of his political foes. Mr. Douglas achieved a victory scarcely less wonderful, when, in 1854, against the secret desires of a strong administration, against the wise counsel of the older chiefs, against the conservative instincts and even the moral sense of the country, he forced a reluctant Congress into a repeal of the Missouri compromise. Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in his contest from 1865 to 1868, actually advanced his parliamentary leadership until Congress tied the hands of the President and governed the country by its own will, leaving only perfunctory duties to be discharged by the Executive. With two hundred millions of patronage in his hand at the opening of the contest, aided by the active force of Seward in the Cabinet, and the moral power of Chase on the bench, Andrew Johnson could not command the support of one-third in either House against the Parliamentary uprising of which Thaddeus Stevens was the animating spirit and the unquestioned leader.

From these three great men Garfield differed radically, differed in the quality of his mind, in temperament, in the form and phase of ambition. He could not do what they did, but he could do what they could not, and in the breadth of his Congressional work he left that which will longer exert a potential influence among men, and which, measured by the severe test of posthumous criticism, will secure a more enduring and a far more enviable fame.—J. G. BLAINE.





ONE of the most brilliant figures in the army for the Union was the cavalry officer who, at the age of twenty-four, was made a brigadier-general. Though nearly six feet tall, he preserved a boyish appearance, set off by his long, yellow locks and gay scarf. It was the sad fate of this ideal soldier, who had passed unscathed through the civil war, to fall in an Indian fight from which no white survived to tell the tale. Of late years, cavalry has come to be regarded as a comparatively unimportant, if not actually useless arm of the service. This is due to the introduction of long range guns and high-powered explosives.

George Armstrong Custer was born at New Rumley, Ohio, December 5, 1839. He graduated from West Point in the opening year of the War of the Rebellion, and fought in its first noted battle at Bull Run. In the following spring he led the cavalry charge which found the Confederate works at Manassas deserted. Going with the Army of the Potomac to the Virginia Peninsula, he was the first to cross the Chickahominy, and was made captain on McClellan's staff. In 1863 the work of the cavalry became more conspicuous, and Custer was made brigadier-general. At Gettysburg he encountered Wade Hampton's "Black Horse" cavalry. When Sheridan took command in the Shenandoah Valley, Custer was his most efficient subordinate. In the closing scenes of the struggle around Richmond, he commanded a division which took part in the pursuit of Lee. To sum up his exploits in the war, he captured more guns, flags and prisoners than any

other officer not commanding an army ; yet he never lost a gun or a flag.

During the Civil War the Indians of the western prairies had been left to their own devices, but after the close of the conflict a great tide of immigration poured into those lands. A railroad from the Mississippi Valley to California had been regarded as desirable before the war, and various surveys had been made. It was now felt to be an indispensable necessity, and the preliminary work was renewed. The inroads of settlers, surveyors, prospectors and adventurers disturbed the Indians. The hunting of the buffalo, on which their subsistence depended, was no longer left to them. It became the sport of American and British Nimrods. In the decade following the disbandment of the great volunteer Union army, and the reduction of the regular force to the slender number allowed for times of peace, the officers and men retained in the government service found abundant occupation in protecting the whites and restraining the Indians in the region between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains.

The gallant Custer was among those who remained with the regular army on the disbandment of the volunteer force, being made lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh cavalry. He served on General Hancock's expedition against the Cheyennes and Sioux, but was charged with cruelty to his men and leaving his command without permission. He was convicted by court-martial, and suspended for a year. General Sheridan, however, knew him to be a man of like daring and endurance with himself, and, on exchanging departments with Hancock, procured his restoration to his regiment. He was needed to conduct the winter campaign by which the Cheyennes were surprised in their village on the Washita, and their spirit forever broken.

Thereafter his military duties were less exacting, and he began to write a series of magazine articles under the title *My Life on the Plains*. Back and forth he marched in expeditions to the Yellowstone and the Black Hills, of whose minerals he gave such flattering reports as greatly to stimulate white immigration. This in turn led to encroachments on the Indian reservations. The Sioux, under their able and warlike

chief, Sitting Bull, organized to drive out the whites. In 1876 General Sheridan ordered three columns, under Generals Crook, Gibbon and Terry, to concentrate from distant points against the hostile Indians. Custer led General Terry's column, and, on coming near a large Indian encampment at the Little Big Horn River, divided his regiment into three bodies. He retained five companies for himself. Major Reno crossed the river some miles above, and was driven back. The Indians then turned back and attacked Custer with their full force on the 25th of June. The fight was in the open field; but the small band of whites was overpowered by the superior numbers of their foes, led by a warrior who displayed remarkable military skill in the manner of conducting the battle. Every white soldier was killed; their bodies were found several days later, Custer being the only person not scalped. Word not being received from Custer's force, Terry and Gibbon advanced and discovered the ghastly remains. General Custer's body was removed to West Point in 1877, and a monument to him erected there in 1879.

CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE.

During the ten years which followed the close of the Civil War in America, more officers of the regular army were killed or died of wounds received in action with Indians than the British army lost in the entire Crimean War. The most warlike of the tribes was the Sioux, who had taken possession of the region from the Big Horn to the Yellowstone, and driven out or massacred the little garrisons of the scattered forts. Towards 1875 these noted warriors were able to arm themselves with breech-loading and magazine rifles. They formed a confederacy, reaching down to the North Platte River. On the reservations the old men and many chiefs located, but they were powerless to control the young men, on each of whom it was incumbent, by tribal law, to become a brave by killing a white man. Among the Indians who never would sign a treaty the most noted was Sitting Bull, not a war-chief, but a medicine-man. On the 14th of June, 1876, the Indians had a sun-dance, and Sitting Bull had a vision. He



CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE

told his people that in a few days a large force of white soldiers would attack them, but would be defeated by the Sioux.

Early in that year General Sheridan ordered a combined movement against this chief, around whom had gathered some six thousand warriors. These expeditions were directed to start in May and concentrate, General Crook from the south with 3,500 men, General Gibbon from the west down the Yellowstone with some 500, General Terry from the east with 2,200 men and some light artillery. In June Crook was above the Big Horn, at the head-waters of Tongue River. The Indians were further down, and Terry and Gibbon were near its mouth. Crook attacked the Sioux on Rosebud River, on June 17th; but after a day's hard fighting, drew off and sent for reinforcements. The Indians, whose numerous ponies had consumed all the grass in the Rosebud valley, crossed over to the valley of the Little Big Horn. Major Reno, coming with a battalion of the Seventh Cavalry, found their immense trail, and reported it to General Terry. General Custer, then lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh Cavalry, was assigned command of the expedition to follow the trail. He received cautious orders, directing him to feel the valleys for Indians, and was expected to meet Gibbon on June 26th. Custer, with his usual dash, pushed on with only his own regiment, riding night and day. Men and horses were well nigh used up when they came near the Indian city on Little Big Horn, on Sunday morning, June 25th.

Soon after daybreak Custer's advance reported signs of the city. He then divided his regiment, keeping five favorite companies with himself, sent Captain Benteen with three companies two miles off, Major Reno with three other companies ahead, and left another company to guard the mule pack-train. When Custer got his first view of the Indian city, with its swarming herds of ponies, the sight was enough to stir the soldier's blood. He saw numerous horsemen apparently running away, lodges being taken down, and other signs which he considered to indicate retreat. Really the young men were rounding up their herds; behind the bluffs were thousands of warriors eager for the fight; it was only women and children that were being moved from the lodges taken down. Custer,

fully convinced that he must strike quickly to reach them at all, ordered Reno to ford the stream so as to reach the southern end of the village, while he himself should move northwestward along the winding ravine. A courier was sent off to Benteen to inform him of the movement, and another to hurry up the pack-trains. Then Reno saw the gallant Custer and men eagerly plunge down the slope unwitting that they were to meet death. Custer and his captains wore coats of buckskin trimmed with beaver, broad-brimmed scouting-hats, and long riding-boots.

Reno, with his two hundred men, went forward to the gulley which led down through the bluff to the ford, crossed the river, and began to clamber up the opposite bank. He dismounted his men, and moved forward cautiously across a mile of prairie. On reaching the village, he was attacked in the flank by some Indians who had hastened to the scene. Reno ordered his troops to halt and mount, and while he paused the Indians gathered in largely increased numbers. Then began a retreat to the river, and his men, hard pressed, made a wild dash for the stream and the opposite bluff. Many fell; the rest gathered on the bluff and, to their surprise, were no further molested. The Indians had quickly disappeared from their front.

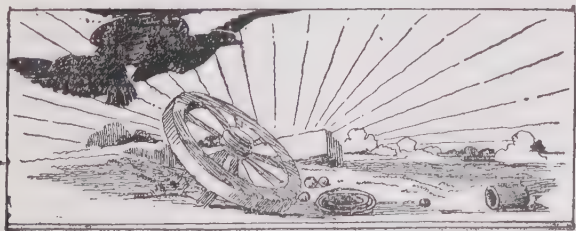
There could still be seen great confusion through the villages, and further off could be heard volleys of musketry. But soon even this died away. While yet wondering what these things meant, up came Benteen's command, inquiring, "Have you seen anything of Custer?" Some had ridden to a point of bluff a mile northward, but had seen only swarms of Indians. Seven troops of cavalry were now gathered together with the pack-train. They resolved to entrench until Generals Terry and Gibbon should arrive.

But, from the field where Custer rode to death, there was no one of his command left to tell the tale except the Crow scout, Curley, who had put on a Sioux blanket, and thus got away. But in the next year and later various Sioux scouts told their several stories, which all practically agreed in the accounts of the battle. Custer had ridden five miles through the ravine, and then struck the city. When he came out from the bluff, he

suddenly found himself confronted by thousands of dusky warriors. From the thickets on the river bank a dense fire poured into his ranks. He dismounted his men, and pushed them forward; but, when he found that thus they were more easily surrounded by the Indians, he ordered them to mount again. They rushed for the high ground, but here also on all sides were thousands of Sioux. Finding retreat impossible, they dismounted again and turned their horses loose. Half their number had already fallen, and every minute more fell. Custer, with his brother Tom, and a few others, made their last rally on a mound at the northern end of a ridge. In less than twenty-five minutes the fight was over.

Reno, with the remaining companies, was besieged in his camp by the returning Indians until the 27th, when Terry and Gibbon came to his relief. Scouts were sent out, and soon reported that bodies of nearly two hundred white men had been seen on a ridge. Thirty more were found along a gulley, where they had been shot from the banks above. Two men, one an officer, had broken through the circle of Sioux and galloped off, but were pursued and finally shot. A fine sorrel horse, named Comanche, though sorely wounded, came into the army lines some days later. He had belonged to Captain Keogh, and was thereafter specially cherished by the Seventh Regiment.

Sitting Bull, with many followers, made for the Yellowstone, as soon as they learned that the forces of the whites had been increased. During the fall and winter many noted chiefs were compelled to surrender; Sitting Bull, however, kept out of the way, and finally took refuge in Canada.—J. C. MOORE.





EW figures in American history have more pathetic interest than that of General McClellan, called to command the largest army yet known on the continent. Raised for a while to the topmost pinnacle of popular favor, idolized by his soldiers, and gladly served by President and Cabinet, he was destined ere long to see all these elements of power slip from him or become ineffectual, while he sank into the mere shadow of a great name. It was perhaps his misfortune to be placed in supreme command at the beginning of the war when the North expected quick and easy victories, and when the opposing forces were under-estimated, and when not meeting with success the responsibility for failure fell upon the commanding general. Yet the organization of the Army of the Potomac should be a sufficient monument to his military ability, and his Peninsular campaign, though not immediately successful in its object, might have been so had he been allowed the further time which was granted to others in similar circumstances, both there and elsewhere.

George Brinton McClellan, the son of an eminent surgeon, was born at Philadelphia, on December 3, 1826. He graduated from West Point, in 1846, the youngest of his class, yet the second in rank. Entering at once in the Mexican War, he served as an engineer from Vera Cruz to Churubusco, winning brevets by skill and valor. He served on Government surveys in Texas and on a northern route for a Pacific railroad until 1855, when he was sent to examine the European military systems in the several countries and in the

Crimea, then the seat of war. The result was a valuable treatise on *The Armies of Europe* (1857). McClellan then became chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, and in 1860 president of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, whose office was at Cincinnati.

On the outbreak of the Civil War he was first made major-general of the Ohio militia, but was soon appointed by the General Government commander of the Department of the Ohio. He crossed into West Virginia, and early in July, 1861, completely routed the Confederate forces. This victory, contrasted with the defeat of Bull Run, caused him quickly to be summoned to the defence of Washington. On July 27 he took command of the 50,000 troops there gathered, and promised that the war should be "short, sharp and decisive." His first demand on the President was for a very large increase of the army. Then and later he greatly overrated the force opposed to him. The rest of the year was spent in drilling the men, teaching the volunteer officers their duty, organizing the army, and erecting the earthwork defences of Washington. The autumn was a gay time of reviews, regimental, brigade, and divisional, and McClellan was hailed by admiring crowds of visitors as "the Young Napoleon." The President and others looked anxiously for a forward movement, but the only reconnoissances ended in discouraging disasters. During McClellan's illness in the winter, the President called upon the other generals for suggestions, and the commander, on recovering, resented the interference.

Edwin M. Stanton, who had favored McClellan, was made Secretary of War in January, 1862, and both he and President Lincoln began persistently to urge a forward movement. The Union army had in February over 185,000 men, thrice the Confederate force in Virginia. When McClellan proposed the advance on Richmond from Fortress Monroe, the President relieved him of the command of the other departments. Setting out in April with 121,000 men, he was delayed a month by the siege of Yorktown, which had been fortified while he was waiting for more troops. When his siege-works were completed the town was evacuated, but a fight

occurred at Williamsburg. On May 20, the army was eight miles from Richmond, and might have entered it had a determined effort been made. But heavy rains swelled the Chickahominy, and retarded all the army movements for a month, while the malaria of the swamps destroyed the strength of the men and filled the hospitals.

On May 31, while McClellan's forces were divided by the river, General J. E. Johnston attacked one part at Fair Oaks, and gained a decided advantage, but Johnston being wounded, it was lost again. General R. E. Lee was soon appointed to command the Army of Northern Virginia, whose ranks were filled with conscripts. Lee determined to attack McClellan's communications, and first sent General J. E. B. Stuart on a raid around the whole Union army. On June 26 began the Seven Days' Fights, during which the Union forces fought gallantly under adverse circumstances. They crossed the Chickahominy, suffered severely at Gaines' Mill, and at last won the hard-fought battle of Malvern Hill. A bold push might then have carried them into Richmond; but McClellan determined to make for the high ground at Harrison's Landing, on the James River. Here, with 90,000 men, he rested, while the Confederate forces, under Jackson, hastened northward, and seriously menaced Washington. McClellan's army was largely taken from him, and later he was, by the advice of the Cabinet, deprived of his command. But, after the defeat of Pope in the second battle of Bull Run, General Lee pushed on into Maryland. President Lincoln, then recognizing the strong desire of the army for its old commander, took the responsibility of restoring McClellan.

Harper's Ferry, with a garrison of 12,000 men under Colonel Miles, was invested by a large part of Lee's army, under Jackson and McLaws. McClellan had urged their withdrawal, and now endeavored to relieve them. His advance had just burst through Crampton's Pass in the South Mountain, when Miles surrendered after a siege of ten days. Jackson, with most of his troops, now rejoined Lee, who had taken his station at Sharpsburg, on Antietam Creek. The object of his invasion of Maryland had already been foiled, and Lee was obliged to act on the defensive. The Union army was slow

in arriving, but Hooker crossed on the afternoon of September 16th, to attack Lee's left. The battle was begun early on the 17th by an impetuous attack by the Pennsylvania Reserves under Meade. Stonewall Jackson's men were driven back, but his reserves held their post with grim determination. The carnage, wrote Jackson, was terrific. Hooker called up Mansfield's corps, but it was met by D. H. Hill's division and a second contest of great fierceness ensued. Hooker and Mansfield were driven back; the latter was killed, the former severely wounded. At 9 A.M. Sumner's corps came up and his attack, made chiefly by Sedgwick, regained the advantage for the Union army. Then the Confederates, under McLaws, who had just arrived from Harper's Ferry, renewed the fight, and swept their opponents again from the field. At 11 A.M. both sides rested in their original positions. On McClellan's left Burnside had been ordered at 8 A.M. to carry the lower stone bridge, but did not get across until 1 P.M. Not until 3 did he attack the heights and gain the crest. Had he done so promptly, he would have decided the battle, but fresh forces under A. P. Hill now came up from Harper's Ferry, flanked Burnside, and drove him back to the bluffs at the bridge. He was able to hold this position, and the Confederates did not further molest him. McClellan, being reinforced, determined to resume the attack on the next day. But Lee retreated and re-crossed the Potomac in the night of the 19th. An attempt at pursuit failed, and McClellan remained near Sharpsburg. On November 7 he was again relieved of his command.

McClellan had on many occasions, in general orders and in letters to the President and others on the proper conduct of the war, insisted not merely on non-interference with slavery, but on using the army to protect the owners' control of the slaves. He could not see that the existence of war had changed the constitutional obligations of peace. These views commended him to the favor of the leaders of the Democratic Party, and at its National Convention in Chicago, in 1864, he was nominated for the Presidency. Although he received over 1,800,000 votes in the election, his ticket carried but three States. He had resigned his army commission on the day of the election, and soon afterward went to Europe.

Returning in 1868, he resided in New Jersey, and was for some time superintendent of the docks and piers of New York City. In 1877 he was elected Governor of New Jersey. He died at Orange, New Jersey, on the 29th of October, 1885.

McClellan was the best horseman and best swordsman among his fellows at West Point. In theoretical knowledge of the art of war he was probably unsurpassed by any who fought in the Union army. It was a disappointment to Grant at the outbreak of the war that he could not get a position under McClellan, and when he himself attained chief command he wished to have McClellan recalled to active service. This single testimony is sufficient to prove McClellan's ability in the opinion of those most competent to judge. His personal character was of the highest kind; he was a model in all the relations of life. But his habits of thought and conduct entirely unfitted him for mingling with politicians. His misfortune was in making his partisan views the rule of his conduct, and in endeavoring to impose them on the administration he was called to serve.





THE battle of Gettysburg was the decisive battle of the Civil War. Had General Lee prevailed, he could have entered Baltimore and Philadelphia, and the independence of the Southern Confederacy would have been immediately recognized by the European powers, with probably offers of alliance. Aside from its important results to the Union cause, it was the greatest artillery battle ever fought, and one of the greatest in every branch of arms. It abounded in brilliant incidents, startling surprises, and examples of the most exalted courage. The fighting was desperate and victory hung in the balance until the last hour. The final charge under General Pickett will live in song and story as long as that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava. On Gen. Meade fell the responsibility of directing the Union armies in this conflict. That he succeeded under such trying circumstances is sufficient to give him fame, and entitle him to the gratitude of the lovers of the Union, yet it must be acknowledged the modest hero never received his proper reward.

George Gordon Meade was born in Cadiz, Spain, on the 31st of December, 1815. His father was a merchant of Philadelphia, whose business was largely with Spain. George was educated in the United States and graduated from West Point in 1835. After a year's service in the Seminole War, he resigned on account of ill health. He was afterwards employed in Government surveys of the boundary lines of Texas and the Northwestern Territories. In the Mexican War he served on the staff of General Taylor, and afterwards with General

Robert Patterson. Construction of lighthouses on the Florida reefs and geodetic surveys of the Great Lakes occupied his time till the outbreak of the Rebellion.

Captain Meade was assigned to the command of the Second Brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves in the Army of the Potomac. While engaged in the Peninsular campaign in 1862, he was severely wounded at Glendale. On recovering he took part in the second battle of Bull Run, and when General Lee invaded Maryland, Meade with the Pennsylvania Reserves flanked the Confederates at South Mountain and Antietam. His skill and bravery were recognized by General McClellan, who gave him the command of the First Corps, after General Hooker was wounded. At the bloody battle of Fredericksburg in December, Meade's division was opposed to that of Stonewall Jackson, and it alone, of all the army, broke through the enemy's lines, but for lack of support was forced to fall back. He was now promoted major-general, and took command of the Fifth Corps. This corps he commanded at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, and he was resisting Lee's advance when he was recalled by General Hooker.

The disastrous result of this battle gave opportunity for Lee's forward movement across the Potomac. In the midst of the confusion incident to a return march, Meade was called on June 27th to take the chief command of the Army of the Potomac. Never since Marshal Ney was summoned from Paris to Napoleon's help before Waterloo, was a commander placed in a more embarrassing position. He had everything to learn about the forces at his disposal, their position and movements, and yet he was obliged to overtake and fight a well-trained army, full of enthusiasm and confident of success. Meade resolved on a parallel march on the eastern side of South Mountain so as to protect Baltimore. When Lee began to concentrate his troops, Meade advanced towards Gettysburg; but the forces which reached that place were only expected to delay the Confederate march until the proper concentration could be made some miles in the rear.

General John F. Reynolds met the Confederate column at Gettysburg on July 1st, and at first gained some advantage. Later he was driven back through the town and was killed.

Hancock succeeded to the command by order of Meade, and soon called for assistance in holding the heights of Gettysburg. Meade became convinced of the superiority of Gettysburg as a defensive position and ordered the concentration there. While waiting for others to come up, the Union troops, on July 2d, occupied Cemetery Ridge, and Lee posted his on Seminary Ridge. General Meade reached the front at noon, and the battle began at 4 P.M. The Third Corps which formed the left advanced to the attack, but was driven back, though the lines were not broken. After a desperate struggle they now gained Little Round Top, whose importance had previously been overlooked. In the evening a council of war was held, which advised against either attacking or retreating. Yet Meade did early on the 3d attack Ewell and drove him back from intrenchments he had captured on the right. General Lee, knowing the bravery of his troops, had determined to renew his attack, and at 1 P.M. the Confederates opened fire with one hundred and forty-five guns, to which the Federal army replied with eighty. After two hours' severe cannonading, General George E. Pickett led his bold charge against Meade's centre. His division was exposed to a heavy artillery fire, yet pressed on until it reached the Union breastworks. After most of this forlorn hope had fallen the gallant few who survived the storm of fire were made prisoners. The heroism of this charge was not excelled in any battle of the war. Yet it was ineffectual, and Meade then ordered an advance on the left and drove back General Hood's division. Though both parties remained in their positions, the advantage was decidedly with Meade. On the evening of the 4th Lee retreated to the Potomac, and finding the river swollen, intrenched himself until the waters should subside. Meade moved cautiously by a longer route, and on reaching the Confederates, also intrenched himself until a reconnoissance could be made. But on the night of the 13th Lee quietly crossed the river, and was not further molested in his retreat to the Rapidan.

The Army of the Potomac moved but slowly into Virginia, and the detachment of large forces caused inactivity for some time. No reverse was experienced while General Meade was

in command. His ability was attested in the actions at Bristoe Station, Kelly's Ford, and in some operations in December. In the following spring General Grant was called to Washington and made commander of all the United States armies and determined to accompany the Army of the Potomac in the field. General Meade remained in immediate command of the Army of the Potomac, and secured the confidence and respect of General Grant, though he was necessarily obscured to the public view by his nearness to his superior. General Meade had taken part in every battle of the Army of the Potomac but two, and led it in the grand review at Washington at the close of the war.

Afterwards General Meade commanded the military division of the Atlantic, though for some time he held the Department of the South. He died of pneumonia at Philadelphia, on the 6th of November, 1872.





TIME which shatters the reputations of the meretricious and superficial, metes out justice to the worthy and deserving, hence only the strongest characters can stand its tests. Especially is this the case with military reputations: he whose fame is greatest during the heat of conflict may find himself degraded by the verdict of history, while those who at the time seemed inconspicuous are shown as the real heroes.

Thus George H. Thomas was held in light esteem at times during the war of Secession, but at its close his name was linked with those of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. He was born in Southampton Co., Virginia, on July 31st, 1816. He was of Welsh descent, and his early life is somewhat obscure. He was notably distinguished for deliberate and painstaking methods. He was graduated from West Point in 1840, and served first in the Seminole War, in Florida. In the Mexican War he accompanied General Taylor, and with his artillery secured the victory at Buena Vista. He was engaged in Texas and Florida until 1851, and then became instructor in artillery at West Point. When new cavalry regiments were formed in 1854, Thomas was selected by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to be major.

He remained in Texas until the eve of the outbreak of the Civil War. He was on leave of absence in the North when his regiment was surrendered in Texas, early in 1861. Thomas, however, renewed his oath of allegiance to the Union, and advanced into Virginia, encountering Jackson

(afterwards distinguished as "Stonewall"), and later Joseph Johnson. In August he was made brigadier-general of volunteers, and assigned to the Department of the Cumberland. The State of Kentucky was in the utmost confusion through the divided loyalty of the people. It was the task of Thomas, at first under General Robert Anderson, and afterwards under General D. C. Buell, to organize the Union volunteers. He advanced towards East Tennessee, in January, 1862, and at Mill Springs defeated the Confederates under General Zollicoffer, who was slain. This decisive victory saved Kentucky to the Union cause. Thomas marched with Buell's army to the help of Grant at Shiloh, and subsequently for a time held the command of Grant's army. When Buell's army was concentrated at Louisville, in the following autumn, the command was offered to Thomas, but declined, and in October it was given to General Rosecrans.

Bragg met Rosecrans on December 31, 1862, at Stone River, near Murfreesboro, and by an overwhelming charge drove back the whole right wing of the Union army three miles. But the centre, under Thomas, remained firm, and repelled every assault. On January 2, 1863, when the battle was renewed, Thomas made a bold attack on the enemy's right, in consequence of which Bragg retreated. Rosecrans kept his army quiet until the following June, when it moved steadily forward down to Chattanooga, in the mountainous region at the southeast corner of Tennessee. But after taking possession of this town, it became necessary still to fight Bragg's army, which had been reinforced by Longstreet, Polk and Buckner. The army of Rosecrans advancing into the rugged country of North Georgia, was in three divisions, under Thomas, Crittenden and McCook, separated by difficult mountains. This was the opportunity Bragg was desiring, hoping to defeat the commanders successively. But his purpose was discovered, and the Union army was hastily concentrated on the right bank of the Chickamauga. Here, on September 19th, Bragg intended both to overwhelm the Union centre and to turn its left, where Thomas was posted, and cut off the communications with Chattanooga. But though both armies were ready for battle, and Bragg had intended to begin the at-

tack at daybreak, the confusion caused by the difficulty of the country and some neglect of orders, delayed it until 10 A.M. Thomas had thrown up some entrenchments in front, and when the Confederate right, under Polk, assailed him, he resisted vigorously until reinforcements came up. By a blunder, however, a gap was left in the Union front, through which Longstreet soon poured his troops and drove the Union centre towards Chattanooga. Thomas was thus isolated, and though he was reinforced by Sheridan's division, was compelled to sustain a still more violent attack than at first. The firmness with which he held his ground gained him the appellation, "The Rock of Chickamauga." McCook and Crittenden had been swept from the field, and with them Rosecrans ; who, however, while retreating to Chattanooga, sent back his chief-of-staff, J. A. Garfield, to learn the fate of Thomas. That sturdy hero had been able to repel every attack, both of Polk and Longstreet, until he reached the spurs of Missionary Ridge. Here night came on, and Thomas withdrew quietly by moonlight to Rossville. On the next day he offered battle, but Bragg did not renew the fight. On the night of the 21st Thomas returned to Chattanooga, where Rosecrans was erecting defences. A few weeks later the command was transferred from Rosecrans to Thomas, and on October 23d Grant arrived at Chattanooga purposing to relieve it from siege by Bragg. This was effected on November 5th by the battle of Missionary Ridge, in which Sheridan made his famous charge up the steep hill and across it, breaking the Confederate centre.

In the following spring (1864) Thomas came under Sherman's command, and in encounters which interrupted the march to Atlanta, he sustained his well-earned reputation. In May he drove the enemy from Resaca, but in June was repulsed at Kenesaw Mountain ; in July the impetuous Hood was unable to move "the Rock" from his firm base. After Atlanta was captured, Hood started on a daring expedition towards Kentucky, hoping to cut off Sherman's base of supplies. Thomas was then ordered back to Nashville, which he endeavored to put in a posture of defence. Schofield was hastening to re-enforce Thomas, but being attacked by Hood, defeated him, and fell back to Nashville. Thomas appeared to be slow in

stepping forth to encounter Hood ; so slow that Grant had sent orders to another general to supersede him. But Thomas, having finished preparations, moved out on December 15th, and sent Hood flying before him. "Our line," said Hood, "was broken at all points, and for the first and only time I beheld a Confederate army abandon a field in confusion." Thomas's pursuit did not cease until the 29th, when Hood had crossed the Tennessee. During the rest of the war Thomas remained in command at Nashville ; and after the war he commanded districts in the South until 1869, and thereafter the District of the Pacific. He died at San Francisco, on the 28th of March, 1870.

General Thomas was noted for his steadfast equanimity and deliberate slowness. Even the patience of Grant was exhausted before Thomas issued from Nashville to demolish Hood's army. But the sureness of his movements, when once decided upon, warranted his sobriquet of "Old Reliable," though he more often received from his soldiers the fond appellation, "Pop Thomas." Slowly the country he had served and helped to save came to appreciate his full merits ; yet in 1868, when the rank of lieutenant-general was tendered to him, it was somewhat proudly declined, on the ground that it came too late for victories in the war. His sturdy independence led him to decline also gifts of houses, lands and personal property from private persons for public service. When younger men were awarded high rank and popular favor, the self-reliant hero bravely said, "History will do me justice."





ROMANTIC interest attaches to the lives of daring leaders of lost causes. Notwithstanding that the embers of once fierce fires may only be slumbering when they seem dead, it is creditable to human nature that the spirit of magnanimity graces public judgment upon honest failures, whether of misguided might or of minorities in the right. There is always a sentimental sympathy for champions of forlorn hopes. There is, and should be, a large toleration for all discomfited strivers after unrealizable ideals, to which noble army of martyrs each of us belongs, though, happily, those ideals are probably social rather than political. The existence of this Christian toleration was most nobly proven at the close of the war of Secession, when the people of the North, maddened by the sacrifices of blood and treasure, and the assassination of the venerated Lincoln, buried resentment in a manner to excite the wonder and admiration of the world.

The rise and fall of the Southern Confederacy is a sufficiently familiar chapter in the history of our united country. Of its group of notable leaders Jefferson Davis stands most prominent, by virtue of official headship, if not of intellectual supremacy. He was born in Kentucky, June 3, 1808, but his family soon removed to Mississippi. He graduated from West Point in 1828, and saw active service in the Black Hawk War of 1831-32. He left the army in 1835, and after eloping with the daughter of Zachary Taylor, then a colonel, settled near Vicksburg as a planter. In 1845 he was elected to Congress, but in the next year he became colonel of volun-

teers in the Mexican War, and fought at Monterey. His bravery and skill were signally displayed at Buena Vista, where he was wounded. Davis again entered political life, being United States Senator from 1847 until 1851, when he was defeated as candidate for Governor of Mississippi. He was appointed Secretary of War by President Franklin Pierce in 1853, serving the whole term. His knowledge of military affairs was used to the best advantage for the army, and he promoted surveys of the Western territories with a view to the construction of a railroad to the Pacific coast.

Davis entered the Senate again in 1857. The questions of slavery extension and of state rights were rising to white heat. Davis was a stalwart defender of the latter doctrine. He earnestly opposed the "popular sovereignty," proposed by S. A. Douglas. He held that secession was justifiable as a remedy for the grievances of the South. The South Carolina ordinance of secession was adopted on December 20, 1860, and was soon followed by the withdrawal of other States. Davis delivered his farewell speech in the Senate on January 24, 1861. A convention of six seceding States (South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida) was held in Montgomery, Alabama, early in February. A provisional Constitution was adopted, and the Presidency conferred upon Jefferson Davis, with Alexander H. Stephens as Vice-President, for the year. Davis was inaugurated on February 18, 1861. The appointments were afterward extended to a term of six years. Davis would have preferred the command of the army; but it was considered more advantageous that he should serve as President.

The new Constitution was almost identical with the Federal Constitution of 1789, although the preamble recognized the doctrine of State rights. Strong efforts were made to induce Virginia and other border States to enter the Confederacy. Pressure was applied in the article which empowered the new Congress to prohibit the introduction of slaves from States which held aloof from the Confederacy.

The attack on Fort Sumter, in April, was soon followed by President Lincoln's proclamation, calling for troops and announcing a blockade of the Southern ports. President

Davis closed his first message to the Confederate Congress with the famous words, "All we ask is to be let alone." The Confederate capital was removed to Richmond, and Virginia became the chief seat of war. The Federal government was soon compelled to recognize captured Confederates as prisoners of war and to provide for their exchange, though this was suspended in 1864, on account of the employment of negro troops. For two years the hope of eventual success prevailed throughout the South; but the disasters of Gettysburg and Vicksburg in July, 1863, caused many to lose heart. Davis still had confidence in the armies under Lee and Johnston, and when the latter failed to arrest the advance of Sherman, removed him. His successors were unable to retrieve their losses, or prevent Sherman from marching through Georgia to the sea. Grant was steadily massing his troops around Richmond. Petersburg became the key to the capital. After a stubborn and heroic defence it was evacuated in April, and a week later Lee surrendered to Grant.

After the surrender at Appomattox, Jefferson Davis was captured while trying to escape, at Irwinsville, Georgia, May 11, 1865. General Grant, in his *Memoirs*, makes these observations on the famous episode: "For myself, and I believe Mr. Lincoln shared the feeling, I would have been very glad to have seen Mr. Davis succeed in escaping, but for one reason. I feared that if not captured, he might get into the trans-Mississippi region, and there set up a more contracted confederacy. . . . I have been under the belief, from information given to me by General Wilson shortly after the event, that when Mr. Davis learned that he was surrounded by our cavalry he was in his tent, dressed in a gentleman's dressing-gown. Naturally enough, Mr. Davis wanted to escape, and would not reflect much how this should be accomplished, provided it might be done successfully. . . . Every one supposed he would be tried for treason if captured, and that he would be executed. Had he succeeded in making his escape in any disguise, it would have been adjudged a good thing afterwards by his admirers."

Davis was imprisoned in Fortress Monroe, and suffered needless severity for several months. This treatment was

undoubtedly due to a feeling of resentment for the assassination of Lincoln, a tragedy which Davis honestly and heartily deplored. He was, in 1866, indicted for high treason, after considerable agitation of the subject in Congress. Upon being bailed out, Horace Greeley volunteered to become his first bondsman. The trial was never entered upon, and the ex-President of the Confederacy was included in the general amnesty of 1868.

Thereafter he lived in seclusion upon a small estate, Beauvoir, Mississippi, the gift of a lady. He died at New Orleans, December 6, 1889, unreconciled to his fate. He devoted his closing years to the writing of the history of the movement of which he was the titular head. He was a man of the highest personal integrity, a sincere Christian, thoroughly impressed with the correctness of the political and constitutional views he held and the righteousness of the Lost Cause. On some public occasions, as well as in his book, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* (1881), he still declared his adherence to the principle of state sovereignty, and his belief in its final triumph.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

(February 18, 1861.)

Called to the difficult and responsible station of Chief Executive of the Provisional Government which you have instituted, I approach the discharge of the duties assigned me with an humble distrust of my abilities, but with a sustaining confidence in the wisdom of those who are to guide and aid me in the administration of public affairs, and an abiding faith in the virtue and patriotism of the people. Looking forward to the speedy establishment of a permanent government to take the place of this, and which by its greater moral and physical power will be better able to combat with the many difficulties which arise from the conflicting interests of separate nations, I enter upon the duties of the office to which I have been chosen, with the hope that the beginning of our career as a Confederacy may not be obstructed by hostile opposition to our enjoyment of the separate existence and inde-

pendence which we have asserted, and which, with the blessing of Providence, we intend to maintain.

Our present condition, achieved in a manner unprecedented in the history of nations, illustrates the American idea that governments rest upon the consent of the governed, and that it is the right of the people to alter and abolish governments whenever they become destructive of the ends for which they were established. The declared compact of the Union from which we have withdrawn was to establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity ; and when, in the judgment of the sovereign States now composing this Confederacy, it has been perverted from the purposes for which it was ordained, and ceased to answer the ends for which it was established, a peaceful appeal to the ballot-box declared that, so far as they were concerned, the government created by that compact should cease to exist. In this they merely asserted the right which the Declaration of Independence of 1776 defined to be inalienable. Of the time and occasion of its exercise they as sovereigns were the final judges, each for itself. The impartial, enlightened verdict of mankind will vindicate the rectitude of our conduct ; and He who knows the hearts of men will judge of the sincerity with which we labored to preserve the government of our fathers in its spirit.

The right solemnly proclaimed at the birth of the States, and which has been affirmed and re-affirmed in the Bills of Rights of the States subsequently admitted into the Union of 1789, undeniably recognizes in the people the power to resume the authority delegated for the purposes of government. Thus the sovereign States, here represented, proceeded to form this Confederacy ; and it is by the abuse of language that their act has been denominated revolution. They formed a new alliance, but within each State its government has remained. The rights of person and property have not been disturbed. The agent through whom they communicated with foreign nations is changed, but this does not necessarily interrupt their international relations. Sustained by the consciousness that the transition from the former Union to the present Confederacy

has not proceeded from a disregard on our part of our just obligations, or any failure to perform every constitutional duty, moved by no interest or passion to invade the rights of others, anxious to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations, if we may not hope to avoid war, we may at least expect that posterity will acquit us of having needlessly engaged in it. Doubly justified by the absence of wrong on our part, and by wanton aggression on the part of others, there can be no cause to doubt the courage and patriotism of the people of the Confederate States will be found equal to any measures of defence which soon their security may require.

An agricultural people, whose chief interest is the export of a commodity required in every manufacturing country, our true policy is peace and the freest trade which our necessities will permit. It is alike our interest and that of all those to whom we would sell and from whom we would buy, that there should be the fewest practicable restrictions upon the interchange of commodities. There can be but little rivalry between ours and any manufacturing or navigating community, such as the northeastern States of the American Union. It must follow, therefore, that mutual interest would invite good-will and kind offices. If, however, passion or lust of dominion should cloud the judgment or inflame the ambition of those States, we must prepare to meet the emergency and maintain by the final arbitrament of the sword the position which we have assumed among the nations of the earth.

We have entered upon a career of independence, and it must be inflexibly pursued through many years of controversy with our late associates of the Northern States. We have vainly endeavored to secure tranquillity and obtain respect for the rights to which we were entitled. As a necessity, not a choice, we have resorted to the remedy of separation, and henceforth our energies must be directed to the conduct of our own affairs, and the perpetuity of the Confederacy which we have formed. If a just perception of mutual interest shall permit us peaceably to pursue our separate political career, my most earnest desire will have been fulfilled. But if this be denied us, and the integrity of our territory and jurisdiction be assailed, it will but remain for us with firm resolve to

appeal to arms and invoke the blessing of Providence on a just cause.

With a Constitution differing only from that of our fathers in so far as it is explanatory of their well-known intent, freed from sectional conflicts, which have interfered with the pursuit of the general welfare, it is not unreasonable to expect that the States from which we have recently parted may seek to unite their fortunes to ours, under the government which we have instituted. For this your Constitution makes adequate provision ; but beyond this, if I mistake not, the judgment and will of the people are, that union with the States from which they have separated is neither practicable nor desirable. To increase the power, develop the resources, and promote the happiness of the Confederacy, it is requisite there should be so much homogeneity that the welfare of every portion would be the aim of the whole. Where this does not exist, antagonisms are engendered which must and should result in separation.

Actuated solely by a desire to preserve our own rights, and to promote our own welfare, the separation of the Confederate States has been marked by no aggression upon others, and followed by no domestic convulsion. Our industrial pursuits have received no check, the cultivation of our fields progresses as heretofore, and even should we be involved in war, there would be no considerable diminution in the production of the staples which have constituted our exports, in which the commercial world has an interest scarcely less than our own. This common interest of producer and consumer can only be intercepted by an exterior force which should obstruct its transmission to foreign markets, a course of conduct which would be detrimental to manufacturing and commercial interests abroad.

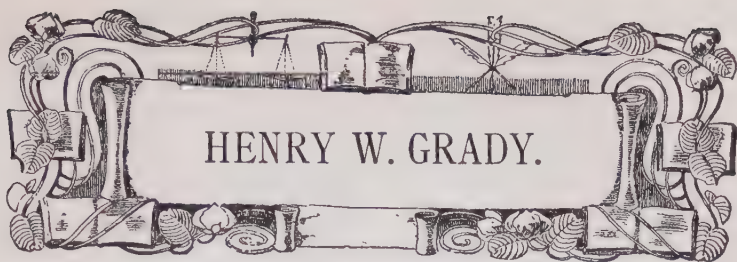
Should reason guide the action of the Government from which we have separated, a policy so detrimental to the civilized world, the Northern States included, could not be dictated by even a stronger desire to inflict injury upon us ; but if it be otherwise, a terrible responsibility will rest upon it, and the suffering of millions will bear testimony to the folly and wickedness of our aggressors. In the meantime there will

remain to us, besides the ordinary remedies before suggested, the well-known resources for retaliation upon the commerce of an enemy.

We have changed the constituent parts, but not the system of our government. The Constitution formed by our fathers is that of these Confederate States. In their exposition of it, and in the judicial construction it has received, we have a light which reveals its true meaning. Thus instructed as to the just interpretation of that instrument, and ever remembering that all offices are but trusts held for the people, and that delegated powers are to be strictly construed, I will hope, by due diligence in the performance of my duties, though I may disappoint your expectation, yet to retain, when retiring, something of the good-will and confidence which welcome my entrance into office.

It is joyous in the midst of perilous times to look around upon a people united in heart, when one purpose of high resolve animates and actuates the whole, where the sacrifices to be made are not weighed in the balance against honor, right, liberty, and equality. Obstacles may retard, but they cannot long prevent the progress of a movement sanctioned by its justice and sustained by a virtuous people. Reverently let us invoke the God of our fathers to guide and protect us in our efforts to perpetuate the principles which by His blessing they were able to vindicate, establish, and transmit to their posterity; and with a continuance of His favor, ever gratefully acknowledged, we may hopefully look forward to success, to peace, and to prosperity.—JEFFERSON DAVIS.





• GREAT speeches, like great poets, are born, not made. They grow out of the preceding facts and surrounding circumstances, express the spirit of the time, and are racy of the soil. They are the sublime inspirations of great occasions and great subjects. Such was the speech of Henry W. Grady, the young Southern orator, before the New England Society in 1886, which revealed to the whole Union the spirit of the New South.

Henry Woodfin Grady was born at Athens, Georgia, in 1851, and grew up during the exciting events of the war. He graduated at the State University, and took an advanced course at the University of Virginia. Journalism seemed the proper field for his talents, and his first work was a series of letters in the *Atlanta Constitution* on the resources and opportunities of his State. Later, he became one of the proprietors of the *Atlanta Herald*, and issued illustrated trade editions. Some of his ventures in publishing were unsuccessful, but in 1880 he became part-owner of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and thenceforth directed its management. Its aim was to treat honestly and generously every matter concerning the interests of its section. It was like its editor, typically American, and was more widely quoted than any other Southern journal. The remarkable growth of Atlanta, and the development of the resources of Northern Georgia, owe much to the efforts of Henry W. Grady, both in and outside of his paper.

The first remarkable manifestation of his ability in this way was the Piedmont Exposition, which drew together the

largest multitude of people ever assembled in the South in time of peace. The name, the plan, and the general organization were all due to Grady. In less than four months its grounds and buildings were prepared, stocked with the products of the agriculture and other industries of the region, and exhibited to the public. Of course many others assisted liberally, but the executive responsibility rested on Grady. The Exposition was in every way a success, and gave a lasting impulse to the rehabilitation of the South.

Grady was called upon to be Congressman-at-large for Georgia, but positively refused to accept any political office. To the constant demand for speeches on public occasions, however, he felt it his duty to respond as far as his obligations to his newspaper and its thousands of readers would permit. When the managers of the New England Society of New York city sought a Southern man to address them, at their annual dinner in 1886, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* was chosen. On accepting the call he outlined a set of remarks which he considered suitable to the occasion and his theme—"The New South." But the scene itself—the assemblage of representative New England men, and some sectional allusions in the speeches which preceded his—caused him to discard all his previous thoughts, and pour forth in unpremeditated eloquence the true feeling of his heart. The sincerity and genuine inspiration of his utterance roused an enthusiastic response, which astonished even the participants, and overwhelmed the young orator—the living embodiment of the new ideas.

The speech was widely but never exactly reported, nor could the author recall every turn of expression. He accepted modestly the congratulations offered, and returned to his home to resume work at his desk. But new calls awaited him. Soon he went to Dallas to address the Texas State Fair Association. He had prepared and even put in type the speech he expected to deliver. But again the unexpected happened. The ovations he received on the railroad-trip to Texas, and the new surroundings at Dallas, again inspired him to deliver off-hand an address which carried the audience by storm.

His oration before the literary societies of the University

of Virginia was, of course, more elaborate. Full of poetry, as well as humor and pathos, it dealt with serious matters, whose importance was felt by every educated Southerner. He was summoned North to appear in Boston, and chose for the subject of his address, "The Future of the Negro." Being unwell when leaving home, he caught cold in Boston, which developed into pneumonia before he reached home. He died at Atlanta on the 23rd of December, 1889.

THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW SOUTH.

(From the Speech, December 21, 1886.)

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex need of this complex age.

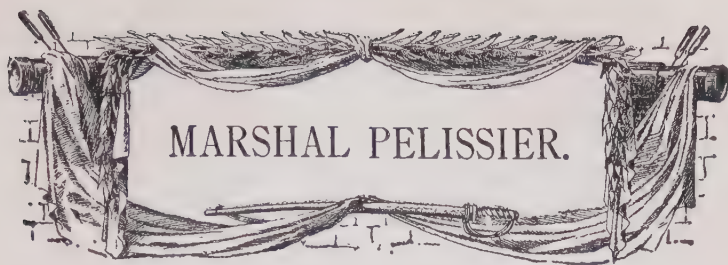
The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men

—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that monument I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blow of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but staunch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of the American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.—H. W. GRADY.





RUSSIA has long desired to obtain possession of Constantinople. About the middle of this century the Czar Nicholas proposed to England that the two countries should share "the sick man's inheritance," but the offer was indignantly rejected. In fact, England was then apprehensive of the increase of Russian power as threatening her possessions in India, and regarded Constantinople as the key of the way to the East. Nicholas, then, on the pretext of a dispute about the Holy Places in Syria, declared war on the Turks, crossed the Pruth, and occupied Moldavia and Wallachia. In the first battle the Russians were defeated by the Turks, and finally they were driven out of the Danubian provinces.

France by traditional right has been the guardian of the Latin Christians in Syria. Napoleon III., therefore, wishing to win glory for his new empire, and desirous to engage in war, had a ready pretext. He persuaded England to enter with him into an alliance with Turkey for defence of its territory. The most vulnerable part of the Russian Empire was thought to be the Crimea, and thither the French and English armies proceeded. The first battle was fought at Alma, September 20, 1854, and the allies were victorious. Had they pressed forward immediately, they might have taken Sebastopol. But delays ensued, and meanwhile the great engineer Todleben improved its defences and constructed formidable earthworks, which compelled the resort to a regular siege. The battle of Balaklava, on October 17, is memorable for the two heroic charges of the Heavy and Light Cavalry brigades,

examples of magnificent but ineffective valor. On November 25th, Russians, numbering 50,000, set out during a fog and made a strenuous attack on the English, who were but 8,000 strong. The latter, roused to desperation, fought gallantly, and, being reinforced by the French, held the field. This bloody fight of Inkerman was appropriately called the "soldiers' battle," as being actually the fighting of the groups of soldiers on their own account, without leadership. The sufferings of the allied troops in their entrenchments during the following winter were terrible, and were greatly due to the want of proper provision. When the actual case was made known in England the whole country was stirred, and Miss Florence Nightingale led a band of nurses to their relief, while ample stores were forwarded.

In March, 1855, the Czar Nicholas died; but his successor, Alexander II., felt bound to continue the war, though the inadequacy of Russian power had been made manifest. Napoleon had, at the outset, desired to go in person to the seat of war, but the ministers could not guarantee the continuance of quiet in France, and the idea was abandoned. Marshal de St. Arnaud, who was sent, was struggling with a malady which exhausted his power, and requested the emperor to name his successor. General Canrobert, therefore, received orders to take command when St. Arnaud should be disabled. Canrobert proved not equal to the emergency, and in the Spring of 1855 Pelissier was directed to take the chief command.

Amable Jean Jacques Pelissier, who won the title of Duke of Malakoff, was born at Maromme, near Rouen, November 6, 1794. He was regularly trained for military service, and entered the artillery. He served well in Spain, Greece, and in the expedition to Algeria in 1830. Here he spent many years, and rose to be colonel in 1843. The most noted event of this part of his career was his destruction of a tribe of Arabs in 1845. They had taken refuge in one of the extensive caverns of the Atlas range, and refused to listen to any summons to surrender, shooting down all who approached. Finally, Colonel Pelissier advanced to the mouth of the cave, closed it up with fagots, and set them a-fire. It was esti-

mated that six hundred persons had been suffocated. When reported in Europe the act called forth universal condemnation, but Marshal Bugeaud declared that Pelissier had simply carried out his instructions.

Pelissier became general of a division in 1850, and was still in Algeria when the Crimean war began. He was ordered to the seat of war in 1855, as second in command, and in May he succeeded Canrobert as commander-in-chief. His administration was more vigorous and successful than his predecessor's. By the storming of the Malakoff he obtained the key to the city of Sebastopol, which was speedily evacuated by the Russians. He was then created Marshal of France and Duke of Malakoff, and received marks of honor from Queen Victoria and the Sultan of Turkey, besides a liberal pension from France. In 1858 he was sent as minister to England, but in the next year, on the declaration of the Italian war, he was recalled to command the army of observation in eastern France. When the war closed he returned to Algeria as governor-general, and held this position till his death, on May 22, 1864.

THE CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The first operation, under the direction of General Pelissier, the new commander-in-chief, was the capture of some extensive works, which the Russians were constructing near the Quarantine bay; and which, if completed, would have established on that point a considerable *place d'armes*, very threatening to the French left. These works were attacked and carried on the nights of the 22d and 23d of May, by the 1st *corps d'armée*, under General Salles, who had succeeded General Pelissier in the command of that corps. On the 6th and 7th of June, Sebastopol was again bombarded; and, in the night of the 7th, a strong position of the Russians, called the Quarries, in front of the Great Redan, was carried by the English; and the French assaulted and took the White Works, on Mount Sapoune, and the Mamelon. The Quarries and the Mamelon were permanently occupied by the allies.

These successes were followed by a council of war, at which it was resolved to assault the Malakoff, and to send a

French *corps d'armée* to the Tchernaya, under General Bosquet, to act with the Turkish and Sardinian contingents; General St. Jean d'Angely succeeding to the command that general held before Sebastopol. Whilst the French assaulted the Malakoff, the English were to assault the Great Redan; and, these works taken, it was confidently anticipated that the fall of Sebastopol must follow. On receiving his orders to take his new command (and he was not well pleased with the change) General Bosquet left the camp on the 16th of June, and established his headquarters upon the Fediukine heights, where two French corps and the Sardinians were cantoned. The same day General St. Jean d'Angely assumed his new command; and, in concert with the English commander, made the necessary arrangements for the assault on the Malakoff and the Redan, which took place on the morning of the 18th of June, and failed after several hours' desperate fighting and immense slaughter. The assault was not well managed. It was arranged to take place at 6 A.M.; but, in the night of the 17th, General Pelissier sent to Lord Raglan to propose that it should be made at daybreak; as, if delayed till six o'clock, the movements would be exposed to the Russians. Lord Raglan remonstrated against making the change at that late hour; but General Pelissier, supported by his council of officers, persisted; and the English General consented, though very reluctantly, and occupied several hours in dispatching the necessary orders to Sir George Brown, and the other officers who were to take part in the attack. Then, in the morning, the French General, Mayran, thought the signal for the assault was given some time before it really was; and thus the necessary coöperation was destroyed. No wonder that, under these circumstances, there was that "want of simultaneity" to which General Pelissier ascribed the failure. The loss of life was very great.

This event had a most painful effect upon Lord Raglan; and it is thought to have predisposed him to an attack of cholera, of which he died on the 28th of June, to the great regret of both armies. His remains were transported to England.

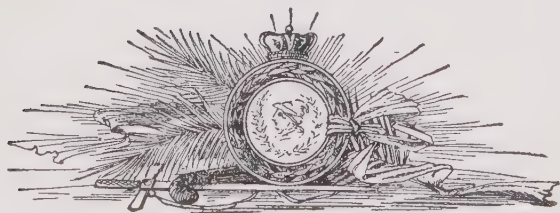
During June, July, and the first fortnight in August, the

troops on the Tchernaya remained inactive. In the latter month a deserter brought intelligence that the Russians were preparing to attack them. The intelligence proved correct. Prince Menschikoff had been obliged to leave the Crimea on account of ill-health ; he was succeeded by Prince Gortschakoff, who determined to make in person what, in his dispatch, he calls a *reconnaissance* of this position ; it was, in reality, a determined attack. It commenced at daybreak of the 17th of August ; when the Russians gained the crest of a hill on which the French were posted, before any one was aware of their approach. However, their presence was soon known ; and though they moved in great masses and fought well, they were completely defeated. The Piedmontese behaved very gallantly ; and an English battery which flanked their columns and a squadron of English cavalry rendered efficient assistance. The Traktir bridge, over the Tchernaya, defended by the French, was several times attacked, but without success ; and after fighting about six hours, the enemy, repulsed on all points, retreated, and by 3 P. M. had entirely disappeared. Again the slaughter was great ; both banks of the Tchernaya were literally covered with bodies piled up in bleeding heaps.

On the 3rd of September another sortie of the Russians was repulsed ; and on the 5th the final bombardment of Sebastopol commenced, which was continued for three days. On the 8th, the French, under General Bosquet, who had returned to the siege and taken command of the Canrobert division, attacked and carried the Malakoff. The Russians were taken by surprise—but they fought well ; and when driven out from the fort, made several gallant efforts to recover it, but in vain. The English again attacked the Great Redan ; and, though they again failed, it is allowed by friend and foe that it was from no want of heroism, but from the overpowering weight of numbers. After having, under Sir William Codrington, effected a lodgment in the work which they held for about an hour, they were obliged to retire. The French were also repulsed on two points of their attack ; but they held the Malakoff. It proved to be the key of the position ; and being lost, the enemy succumbed. At 7 P. M. the Russians desisted from fighting ; and in the night they passed by a floating

bridge from the south to the north side of the harbor. In the morning none remained ; Sebastopol was in possession of the allies. But the cost was great. The loss of the French was 7,557. The English loss was 2,447. The Russians lost altogether 11,690. The booty left in Sebastopol was immense. All was valued and divided amongst the allied armies in proportion to their numbers.

The interest of the war ceases with the fall of Sebastopol ; though several other operations were undertaken. The city was divided between the French and English ; the western part being allotted to the former, with General Bazaine for governor ; and the eastern to the English, Lieutenant-General Windham being placed there in authority. The Russians occupied a position fortified by art and nature, and forming a semi-circle round the position of the allies, from Fort Constantine to the chain of mountains known as the Tchadir Dag. Here they were posted in great force, but they remained quiet, while the allies employed themselves in destroying the forts, docks, public buildings, and public shipping at Sebastopol ; and rapid as is work of destruction to that of creation, it was not till the 28th of February, 1856, that the last fort was destroyed.—T. WRIGHT.





RACEFUL, as is this name, its charm is most fitly matched by the beauty of its owner's character. Of all British birds the nightingale trills the sweetest, richest, strongest melody, a melody the more enchanting because it floats on the midnight air with a strange dreamy fascination as though one were catching stray notes from a celestial orchestra. So among the chorus of feminine voices clamoring over rights and wrongs, the soft, clear note of Florence Nightingale is heard as it sings "songs in the night" of solace and good cheer for the victims of pain and sorrow, the wide world over.

She belongs to an old Derbyshire family, and owes her first name to the Italian town she was born in, so far back as 1820. Besides an endowment of fortune she had an early bent for doing all the good possible for a lady of exceedingly delicate constitution. Like John Howard, of prison-reforming fame, she found her pleasure in visiting hospitals, poor-houses, schools, reformatories, until the defects in the system of management so impressed her that she devoted her active and highly original mind to the devising of better things. To get intimate practical knowledge of nursing, Miss Nightingale entered a German institution established by Protestant Sisters of Mercy. That was in 1851, when such a thing was unheard of in England. Some time later, hearing that the London Governesses' Sanitarium was languishing for want of funds and sound management she volunteered to place her services and private fortune at its disposal. Her work soon set the institution upon a firm footing.

The Crimean War was now being fought, and the disgraceful breakdown of the British medical department, reported and exposed in the *Times* by W. H. Russell, had stirred the public to furious indignation. The hospitals proved not only useless, but worse; the men succumbed faster to disease, starvation and neglect than to Russian bullets. Florence Nightingale volunteered to head a band of ladies, specially trained, for service in the Crimea, amid the many horrors and health-risks of those terrible winters. Her offer was hailed as an interposition of merciful Providence by the country, and by the Government as a timely lift out of the trouble that was engulfing them. When she reached the scene of disaster everything had to be reconstituted. She set to work, with her helpers, and transformed pest-houses into hospitals and taught the surgeons the right way to set about their duty. The poor invalid soldiers literally worshipped their good angel as a saviour from heaven. The people of England were enthusiastically grateful that at last one competent hand had been found to grasp the situation in the Crimea, and that one a woman. After her return a public subscription of a quarter of a million of dollars was raised as a testimonial for Florence Nightingale, who refused to accept it, except to found the institution for the training of nurses, which bears her name.

For one who is a chronic invalid Miss Nightingale has done a marvellous work, substantial, extensive, and endless in good results. The English Government employed her to draw up a confidential report on the working of the army medical department in the Crimea. When, through apprehension of a French invasion, the Rifle Volunteer movement sprang up in Great Britain in 1859, Florence Nightingale was the official counsellor in matters pertaining to sanitary and medical departments. For India she has done immense service. She was officially consulted upon hospital work in the field by the United States authorities during the War of the Rebellion. Her ever-ready aid was solicited by both sides during the Franco-Prussian War. But the great heart of Florence Nightingale has never waited to be asked for practical sympathy. Enough for her that suffering exists; wherever

it may be, her aid goes promptly forth, through others inspired or trained by her, or through her pen.

She has published some well-known little books, not to amuse, nor to make money, but to give some practical good or heart stimulus to readers. Her *Notes on Nursing*, *Notes on Hospitals*, and similar writings will prolong her active life-work long after she has gone to the rest she has so fully earned. Less noisy, less self-flattering this kind of woman's work than that of the stage and platform and book-writing, but enviable above them all in its downright heroism must ever be such perfection of womanly devotion as that of Florence Nightingale and her type to the hard task of smoothing the rough places in the lives of those who suffer.

SANTA FILOMENA.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

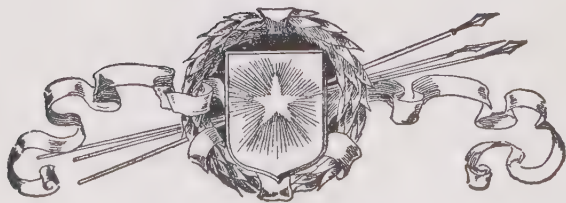
As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

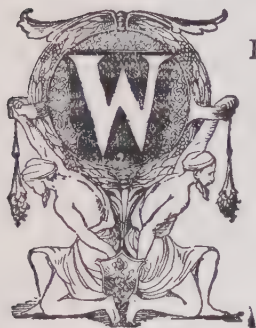
On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.





HAT Florence Nightingale is to England, Clara Barton is to America. She long ago devoted her heart to the cause of philanthropy in its most practical and elevated form, the alleviation of pain and the prevention of its causes. Her work, unlike that of most enthusiasts and reformers, has been practical, not merely theoretical, and her energy and perseverance untiring. Her thorough and business-like methods were demonstrated in the late Spanish war, when the surgeons, nurses and supplies of the Red Cross Society, of which she is the head, saved the lives and health of thousands of American soldiers. Born at Oxford, Massachusetts, in 1830, she commenced life as a school teacher. It was not enough that she should be doing perfunctory duty, so, in old Bordentown, N. J., she saw the need of a free school that should reach a class then unprovided for. Miss Barton took up her work in earnest, and founded a free school. It started with only six scholars, but before she left there were nearly six hundred.

In 1854 she entered the Patent Office in Washington as a clerk, where she remained until the war. The records of suffering that saw the light moved her deeply; she felt that there must be infinitely more which did not reach the public ear. She at once determined to go to the front and devote herself to caring for the wounded. General Butler appointed her "lady in charge" of hospitals with the Army of the James. Here began the practical work which has never yet ceased. The name of Clara Barton was of itself a healing

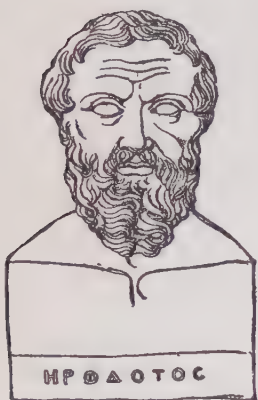
influence, as her kindly word and cheering smile made many a wounded soldier for the time forget his pain. In 1865 she was sent officially to Andersonville, Ga., to identify and mark the graves of Union soldiers, and to search for missing men. Only a tender heart could have undertaken a task so distressing; only a brave one could have faced the dreadful associations of Andersonville. Miss Barton gained a rare, practical experience of army life, of the horrors of war, of the arduous duties of the field. This experience she was induced to give to the public in a series of lectures, delivered throughout the land in 1866-7.

Afterwards, being in broken health, Miss Barton went to Switzerland. When the Franco-German war broke out, in 1870, the Grand Duchess of Baden enlisted Miss Barton's services in establishing military hospitals upon the best basis. During the war her ministrations were freely and extensively given where they were most needed, without partiality.

At the joint request of the German and French authorities, Miss Barton took charge of the distribution of relief among the suffering poor of Strasburg after the siege. She did similar service during the siege of Paris, superintending the administration of relief to the destitute. She received the honorable decoration of the Golden Cross of Baden, and the Iron Cross of Germany.

In 1881 the American Red Cross Society was formed, on the model of the English organization. Miss Barton was chosen to be its first president. The treaty of nations, according protection to its agents, was signed in 1882. Its object is to organize and operate a system of national relief in time of war, pestilence, famine, or other calamities. When the devastating floods of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers occurred, in 1884, Miss Barton was in charge of the Red Cross Society's operations. Later, in the same year, she went as delegate to the International Peace Convention, at Geneva, and also to that of the Red Cross Societies at the same place. Governor Butler appointed Miss Barton superintendent of the female reformatory prison at Sherborn, Mass. Besides much other pen work of a practical kind, she has written the history of the Red Cross movement.

THE GREEK HISTORIANS.



IN the fifth century before Christ, that unsurpassed era of prodigious intellectual ability, Greece gave to the world contemporaneously the two great writers who have since been regarded as the typical exemplars of the two classes of historians. The elder, Herodotus, is honored as "the Father of History," and the younger, Thucydides, is the first philosophic historian. The former belonged to the Asiatic Greeks, being a native of the Doric colony Halicarnassus, though he wrote in the Ionic dialect; the latter belonged to Attica, the seat of the most highly cultured branch of the Ionic race.

Herodotus was born in 484 B.C. His uncle was a reviver of epic poetry, and may have influenced his nephew's career. At an early age Herodotus visited Egypt and ascended the Nile. He was deeply impressed with the marvels of that land, acquired as much of "the wisdom of the Egyptians" as an observant and inquisitive traveler could gather. He passed through Phœnicia, Syria, Babylon, and possibly went to Persia; he traveled around the Euxine Sea, and beyond the Danube. He journeyed also over the cities and battlefields of Greece proper. On the conclusion of these extensive travels he arranged in order the information he had accumulated, geographical, historical and economic, for the benefit of his countrymen. He called his work, "The *Histories* (that is the Investigations or Researches) of Herodotus," but that Greek word so used for the first time has now become the common

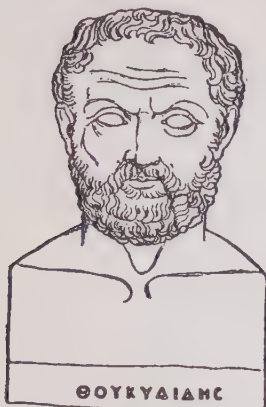
name of this class of writing. Herodotus is said to have read portions of his work at the celebration of the Olympic Games, 456 B.C., and to have roused the enthusiasm of his countrymen by his recital of their victories over the Persians. Thucydides, then fifteen years old, was present, and then received the inspiration which led him later to emulate his predecessor. The story runs that he shed tears of emotion, and that Herodotus, noticing him, predicted for him future eminence.

When Herodotus was about thirty years of age, his family became involved in a rebellion against the tyrant of Halicarnassus, and his uncle was put to death. The historian escaped to Samos, and after a time returned with powerful friends, by whose aid he freed his city. Ingratitude seems to have been shown to the liberator, so that he afterwards forsook his country, and settled at Thurii, in Lower Italy. Most of his history was written there. He visited Athens in 446 B.C., and at the grand Panathenian festival read selections to applauding audiences. Our latest knowledge of him is that in 408, B.C., he was still writing his History.

The great merit of Herodotus was his giving a grand unity and logical connection to the multitude of great events which had occurred in Europe and Asia within a recent period. He set them forth as the outcome of the ever-during conflict between the East and the West, between despotism and liberty. The outward aspects of their repellent civilizations he had observed keenly, and though he did not probe the matter deeply, his simple, straightforward, picturesque narrative has preserved the grand facts for all time. He photographed the civilized world of his day, and if he added coloring of his own, it was due to his Greek artistic taste.

Thucydides belonged to the best Athenian stock, and was related to Miltiades, the hero of Marathon. He was born in 471 B.C., and was trained by Anaxagoras. He was a wealthy aristocrat, and neither won nor courted popular favor. Yet in the Peloponnesian War, which forms the theme of his work, he spent a large part of his fortune in equipping and forwarding the troops he commanded. He had been sent to protect the Athenian interests in Thrace and resided at Thasus. But the valiant Spartan Brasidas captured Amphi-

polis, not far off. The demagogue Cleon procured the condemnation and banishment of Thucydides. The latter seems thereafter to have resided in the Peloponnesus, and there composed his History, which sets forth the glory, decline and fall of Athens.

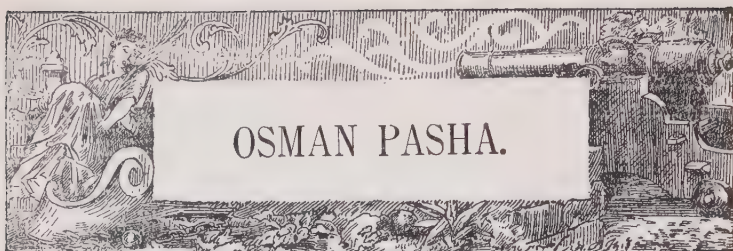


In eight books Thucydides brought the narrative down to the twenty-second year of the war, from which point Xenophon afterwards continued the tale. The contrast between the two exhibits the peculiar merit of Thucydides, as the historian who with least possible discussion makes manifest the logical relation of the events described. His work is characterized by unswerving fidelity to facts; even in the part concerning his own operations he has nothing to conceal. From

a serene and quiet observatory he looks forth on the great armaments, grand expeditions, terrible battles and sieges, and portentous calamities, which wasted the strength of his countrymen, unveils the true causes of their quarrel, both recent and remote, and points out the inevitable catastrophe of their internecine strife. Here, beyond all other instances, history is philosophy teaching by example. Thucydides confidently declared his purpose to make his work "a possession for all time."

When the democratic government was restored in Athens by Thrasybulus, Thucydides obtained permission to return. It is uncertain, however, whether he took advantage of the special decree which recalled him. He had been residing at Scapte Hyle for some years, and there was slain by some robbers, 402 B.C.





URKISH valor has never been underestimated by those who have met the warlike Mussulman in the field. He knows not what fatigue or danger or pain are. Every nation supposes itself possessed of the highest kind of patriotism, but, measured by deeds in the field, the little army of Turkey can put in a plea for recognition more eloquent than many that boast more loudly. History

bears brilliant witness to the heroic bravery of the Turk in the teeth of any odds, even when fighting for others.

In recent times there has been no finer exemplification of this than the siege of Plevna, and with it the name of Osman Pasha will ever be recalled. The atrocities wrought by the Turks upon the Christians in Bulgaria in 1876 were done for the purpose of stamping out the revolt of that and surrounding provinces against Turkish rule. Then, as in 1895, the Powers of Europe put pressure upon the Sultan to control his agents, but without success. At length, after fruitless conferences, Russia was allowed to act in aid of the Christian provinces of the Balkan peninsula. The Russian army crossed the Danube in June, 1877, under Gourko and Skobelev. They won several minor victories and established themselves at Tirnova. Marching towards the Balkan mountains, they gained the Shipka Pass with little opposition. The Turkish commander, Abdul Kerim, was therefore removed, and was succeeded by Mehemet Ali, who sought to effect a junction with Osman Pasha. These two commanders were expected to fight, and the Russians met with an unexpected check at Plevna.

Osman Pasha, born in 1832, had served in the Turkish cavalry, and in 1866 in Syria and Crete, as lieutenant-colonel. In 1874 his successful expedition against the Servians gained his promotion to the rank of brigadier-general. The defence of Plevna was entrusted to him. He at once set to work and fortified it in the most scientific manner. When the Russians, under General Schilder-Shuldner, began the siege Osman took his force out to meet the enemy. So splendidly did the Turkish troops fight, that of the 6,500 men who had come to capture Plevna, nearly one-third were killed or wounded, and 74 officers. The Russians retired, and General Krüdener hastened to their relief, while the Grand-duke Nicholas withdrew his headquarters from Tirnova. Meantime Osman devised new fortifications. On July 30, the Russians, who had brought up large reinforcements, made a grand assault; but again they were repulsed, with a loss of 170 officers and 7,136 men in a seven hours' battle. Osman was in Plevna with 50,000 men, and there were 105,000 Turks outside under two generals, who, had they shared Osman's brilliant talent and pluck, could have annihilated the Russians by following up the blow.

The Emperor Alexander, who had been driven by Russian public opinion to undertake the war, now came to the headquarters near Plevna. Large reinforcements were brought up, and after eight weeks' delay about 100,000 men, with 440 guns, made another assault on Osman and his little force of heroes. Again the Russians were hurled from the walls, with a loss of 20,000, while Osman lost 15,000 inside the walls. The Emperor retired disheartened, but General Skobelev recaptured Laratz on September 3, after the Turks had held it a month. Next he managed to capture an outwork, and held it for a single day. This was September 11, and the first assault was in July. The Russians, baffled and beaten in the game of war, were brave enough to win by completely encircling the city and starving the noble garrison.

Totleben, the engineer who had won fame at Sebastopol, was put in charge of the siege-works. Yet a furious sortie on September 17 again attested the valor of the garrison. The Russian investment was completed in October, and Osman

Pasha was summoned to surrender on November 12, but bravely refused. Till December 10 the Turks held out, at what awful cost cannot be imagined, and then, to crown their fight with glory, they made a furious sortie, desperate with hunger and the sense of hard fate. But starvation had proven a faithful Russian ally, and, with their greater numbers, forced a defeat on the Turks, who surrendered, 40,000 in all, with more of the honors of war than their conquerors. General Skobelev, who held the advanced positions of the Russians, received the wounded hero, and all his staff united in testifying their appreciation of his matchless bravery. The last charge of the Turks had been made rather to satisfy his idea of honor than with any hope of success. The result of the fall of Plevna was the treaty of San Stefano, which was modified by the Congress of European Powers at Berlin.

Osman's fame as a military engineer and constructor of fortifications now equalled that of his commandership. He was rewarded with every honor the Sultan could confer, and was appointed Minister of War, with the additional duty of reorganizing the army. He became commander of the Imperial Guard and Chief of the Artillery. His statesmanship was recognized by the European Powers, and a brilliant future seemed assured; but the intrigues which honeycomb Turkish officialism could not spare even Osman, who, in disgust with the ways of politicians, retired to private life in 1890. He represents the highest type of public servant in the Ottoman empire, but corruption and treachery have left no room for honest and brave men in the court of the Sultan.





WITHOUT statistics, geographical and historical, it is impossible to convey an adequate impression of the tremendous issues which, sooner or later, will culminate in Christendom's vastest war, and statistics are out of question in this place. The reader will be repaid in interest if he will look at a good map of Asia, and note the area that separates the eastern boundaries of Russia from India. He will be baffled, however, in trying to fix the actual boundary of Russia on the edge of Afghanistan, because that elastic frontier has, year by year, been pushed further and further east and south, and is continually changing from day to day, always to the territorial gain of Russia.

This swallowing up of Central Asia is the result of two main characteristics of Russia: first, its insatiable greed for conquest; second, its desire to avenge itself against Great Britain for the humiliation received in the Crimea. Underneath these lies the political necessity of diverting its people's growing demand for domestic reforms and liberty, and providing an outlet for the cravings of its semi-civilized hordes. Thus, for over forty years, Russia has, by intrigue, by trade, by military expeditions, purporting at first to establish order among Turkestan and Afghanistan tribes, ending in cruel wars of extermination and conquest, kept on advancing its outposts, until it is now within easy striking distance of India, and the British empire in the East. Bokhara, Khiva and Khokand, with their strongholds, have been annexed, Merv and Penjdeh occupied, and Herat is to be the grand rendez-

vous for the final act in the drama. Probably the insuperable check to Russian invasion will be the mountain ranges of the Hindu-Kush commanded by British guns.

Russia has only produced one military man of the very front rank, one to whom may fitly be given the ascription of genius, if it be true that it is an amalgam of talent with mental unsoundness, Michael Dimitriyevitch Skobelev, born near Moscow in 1844. His father and grandfather were army officers. He himself became an officer in the army in 1863, and served almost exclusively in Central Asia, winning distinction by reckless bravery. He was the first to enter Khiva when it was stormed in 1873. He won a questionable fame by his subjugation of the Khanate of Khokand in 1876, and was made Governor of Ferghana. Russia had made a rather easy conquest of Bokhara and Khiva; but the Khokandians objected to national obliteration. Skobelev found his opportunity in their resistance. His unique fighting gift displayed its full force in Namagan in a butchery which outdid in ferocity any in the annals of Russian victories.

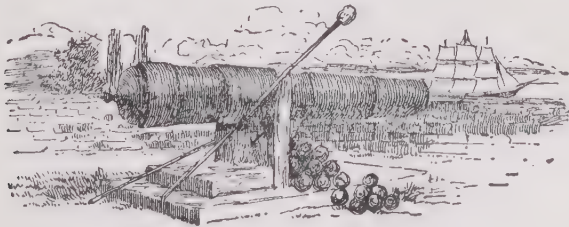
Immediately after the Khokand massacre Skobelev submitted to his Government the elaborate plan he had worked out for the instant invasion of India. He was called instead to serve in Turkey on the staff of the Grand Duke Nicholas. At Simnitza he was the first to cross the Danube. At Plevna, on July 30, he checked the rout of the Russian forces. His capture of Lovatz, on September 3, was the first victory for the Russians after their attack on Plevna. On the 11th he led the attack on horseback to the top of the redoubts, and his horse was blown to pieces by a shell, while he escaped unhurt. He was then made a lieutenant-general. He received the surrender of Osman Pasha, and testified his soldierly appreciation of his captive's heroism.

After the Turkish war he returned to Central Asia. In 1881 he earned new laurels by his siege and capture of the Turkoman city, Geok Tepe. Seven other generals had tried to subdue the Turkomans, but had failed. Skobelev was then given a free hand. First he slowly established systems of land and water transport, including a railway. Then he made regular siege works, leisurely and skillfully. After

three weeks of constant fighting Skobelev ordered the assault by storm, with drums and bands in full blast. Then the brave Tekkes were beaten, four thousand of them had been killed during the siege, the streets were piled with corpses; but Skobelev gave the word for a massacre, 8,000 fugitives were slain that day, 40,000 in all had fallen, and he gave his men free leave to plunder the women of all they had left.

George N. Curzon characterizes Skobelev from intimate knowledge of Russian facts relating to him. Skobelev wrote to his military superiors in 1879, "I must ask you, for the good of the service, only to send me officers whose sole idea is their duty, and who do not entertain visionary sentiments," such as humaneness.

Again he writes, "I hold it as a principle that in Asia the duration of peace is in direct proportion to the slaughter you inflict upon the enemy. My system is this: to strike hard, and keep on hitting till resistance is completely over; then at once to form ranks, cease slaughter, and be kind and humane to the prostrate enemy." In the field it is recorded, "he rode to battle clad in white (always on a white horse), decked with orders, scented and curled, like a bridegroom to a wedding, his eyes gleaming with wild delight, his voice tremulous with joyous excitement." His half-civilized soldiers idolized him. He was moody, eccentric, contradictory; at one time "bold, imperious, inspired, at another querulous and morose, changing half a dozen times a day. Even his friends were made the victims of these changes, being alternately treated with affection and contempt." He resorted to lying and trickery without hesitation, to serve his ends. He died of apoplexy, in Moscow, July 7, 1882, in his thirty-eighth year.



MARTIN LUTHER.



MARTIN LUTHER stands forth as the most remarkable man of his age, the immortal monk whose voice shook the world. His matchless energy, pious fervor, and Christian intrepidity stamped it with one word, the Reformation. Luther was sprung from the humblest origin, and ever remained a man of the people. "My parents," says he, "were very poor. My father was a wood-cutter, and my mother has often carried the wood on her back that she might earn something wherewith to bring us children up. They endured the hardest labor for our sakes."

Born in November, 1483, at Eisleben, Saxony, Martin was sent to the Latin school of Mansfeld. The discipline of those days was notoriously severe. The Church and the State were despotic; parents and teachers were no less so. As Luther puts it: "The teachers knew nothing themselves, nor could they teach us anything good or useful." At the Mansfeld school he remained till he was fourteen, and then his father sent him to Magdeburg, where the town school was "far renowned above others." It was customary among poorer scholars to beg their living by singing hymns in the streets. Luther sang so well that he gained the favor of Frau Cotta, who treated him with great kindness. To her he refers in after years, when he says, "There is nothing sweeter than the heart of a pious woman." After one year at Magdeburg,

Luther went to Eisenach, where he had many relatives. His perseverance enabled him to outstrip his fellow-students; yet he was regarded by all as a kind-hearted companion. At the age of eighteen he removed to the University of Erfurt, in Prussian Saxony.

Luther gave most of his time to the study of logic, yet he did not neglect the newly-revived study of antiquity. He never attained to the refinement and elegance of Latin composition acquired by the classical and polished Melanchthon, who thought that his friend's rugged nature would have been smoothed, if he had imbibed more deeply the spirit of the "noble arts and letters." Luther candidly admitted the merits of the classical studies; but he determined to remain a German. Having taken his degree in philosophy, his father wished him to study law. Scarcely was the study begun, when a change took place in his inner life. He had been thoroughly faithful to all the religious observances in which he had been trained, but his conscience was not satisfied. His finding the Bible in the university library marks a turning-point in his career. He was now twenty years of age, yet this was the first time he had seen a Bible. After this he became more serious. A dangerous illness, the sudden death of a friend, and the fright caused by a fearful thunderstorm, all combined to hurry him to a momentous conclusion. He would consecrate his life to God; he would retire to the seclusion of a monastery. Installed as a novice, among the monks of the Order of St. Augustine, he cheerfully performed menial duties, and went through the street with a wallet on his back begging for the benefit of his cloister. He prayed incessantly and tortured himself to make sure of eternal life, till the sensible monk Staupitz said to him: "Instead of torturing yourself, cast yourself into the arms of your Redeemer. Love him who first loved you."

After three years in the cloister Luther was ordained to the priesthood and appointed to a professorship in the University of Wittenberg, and soon began to lecture on the Psalms, the Gospels and Epistles. Never was such teaching listened to in Wittenberg. Rumor spread the news, and new students flocked to the university. Staupitz saw another

avenue of influence for Luther. "Why don't you ascend the pulpit and preach?" "It is no light thing to speak to men in God's stead," replied Luther; "I cannot do it, it would be the death of me." "What then? In God's name be it so," was the brief and decisive answer of Staupitz. So Luther there began to preach the Gospel.

His visit to Rome and his experiences there form another turning-point in Luther's career. He had gone thither to seek advice in some monastic difficulty; he returned with the word "Reformation" stamped on his heart. His friend and spiritual superior, Staupitz, again urged him to take another step forward. "My friend, you must become a doctor of the Holy Scriptures." "I cannot consent," said Luther; "I am weak and sickly, my days are few; look for a strong man." "The Lord has need of you dead or alive," said the monk. Luther submitted, and at the age of twenty-nine received from the University of Wittenberg the degree of D.D., under oath to preach the Scriptures faithfully, to study them prayerfully and carefully all the days of his life. Henceforth the cry of the Reformer became: "Brethren, receive no other doctrines than those which rest on the express words of Christ, the apostles, and the prophets. No man, nor any set of men, has power to prescribe new doctrines."

The first impulse to decisive action was given, when Tetzel, the famous preacher of indulgences, rode through the country filling his coffers with the people's money. Luther heard of his doings and exclaimed: "God willing, I will make a hole in his drum." On the last day of October, 1517, the Reformer nailed his ninety-five theses to the church door at Wittenberg, and proclaimed himself ready to defend them against all comers. No one accepted his challenge.

The Dominicans took up the cause of Tetzel and soon all Germany was in a blaze. Luther wrote to the Pope, and Leo summoned him to Rome, but the monk remained at Wittenberg. The town council and the Elector Frederic would not suffer him to be molested. The Pope sent the Cardinal Campeggio as his legate to Augsburg to try the cause. Thither Luther went and insisted on arguing the case by Scripture. The cardinal reported to the Pope, who now excommunicated

the monk as a heretic, and notified the Elector of the fact. The delay in electing the Emperor gave Luther a longer respite. Even when Charles V. was chosen to succeed his grandfather, there was an interval of two years before he had leisure to take up the question. The Pope meantime issued a second Bull, which Luther burned in the town-square. In April, 1521, the Imperial Diet assembled at Worms, and Luther was summoned to attend. The Elector insisted on his getting a safe-conduct from the Emperor. Luther when urged to keep away, answered, though he trembled, "I will go if there are as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs." The bold monk entered the hall where sat the sovereign of half the world, surrounded by civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries. He was required to retract his false doctrine. He replied he could not retract until his doctrine was proved to be false. "Here stand I. I cannot otherwise. God help me. Amen." Luther went forth free, and left Augsburg. But a party of friendly knights, disguised as robbers, waylaid him, and carried him to the Castle of Wartburg. There safely guarded from those who sought his life, he spent his time in translating the Bible into German.

Later Luther returned to Wittenberg and resumed his labors as pastor and preacher. He married Catharine Bora, a nun from a convent which had been broken up. Outlawed by Church and Empire, yet through good and evil regardless of the praise or abuse of men, he never shrank from his duty for fear of danger, but steadfastly pursued his way toward the goal. After all the dangers which surrounded his entire career, he closed his labors peacefully on February 18, 1546. This moral hero became the leader of the German race in asserting its spiritual independence, and his influence reached out to the ends of the earth.





WHEN the American people desire the sort of writing that affords the most pleasing, recreating and healthy reading, the sort of book that wears best, that one can pick up lovingly year after year and lose in it one's worry from contact with the harsh world and its noise, they will discover that in Washington Irving they have possessed a mine of literary wealth as yet very superficially explored. He was the pioneer of American letters, and is to-day regarded by many judicious critics as the first American writer in point of merit as well as time. His style was as perfect as that of Addison, and he excelled in every department of literature except poetry. While selecting his subjects largely from the history and traditions of his own country he was ever ready to assimilate the manners and characteristics of other lands.

Irving has been well styled the Washington of American literature. As historian, essayist, traveler, satirist, humorist, and a charming teller of stories that have given a lasting romantic interest to American scenes, he has no compeer. Besides this purely literary work, Irving did his country inestimable service in redeeming it from the foreigner's sneer that it could produce everything but books. He won cordial respect for his land and people by his example of refined taste and broad culture, at a time when this service was most needed ; and his country honored itself as highly as it honored him when it appointed Irving as Minister to the Court of Spain—the classic land of poetry and romance.

He was born in New York city in 1783, of Scotch parentage, and trained for business. To this he added the study of law, but drifted into literature through journalism, his earliest productions being mild satires on New York life. He was sent to England in 1804 to look after his brothers' business there, and in his travels on the Continent he saw Lord Nelson's fleet chasing the French, and within a year saw the hero lying in state, wrapped in the flag of his "Victory."

He was back in New York in 1806, and was one of Aaron Burr's counsel in 1807, at his trial for treason at Richmond. The death of the young lady to whom Irving was engaged so deeply affected him that he remained unmarried. *The Salamagundi* was followed by the inimitably humorous *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, a palpable hit, for which Irving has not yet been forgiven by the High and Low Dutch aristocracy of the Empire State. Sir Walter Scott told Irving, that it was as if written by Swift and Sterne.

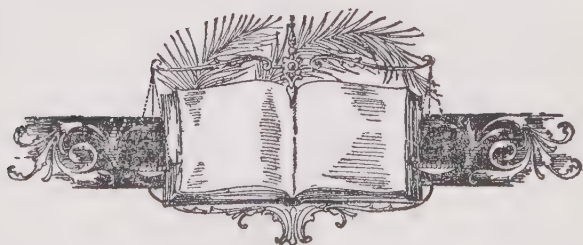
Irving in 1814 was made the military secretary of Governor Tompkins, with the rank of Colonel, and was going into active service; but the war stopped in four months. In 1815 he went on what was to have been a short trip to Europe, but which lasted seventeen years. The family business went bankrupt, and Irving was offered official positions in New York and editorships by Sir Walter Scott and John Murray; the latter also offered \$500 for an article in the *Quarterly Review*. All these Irving refused—the last because the *Quarterly* was bitterly anti-American.

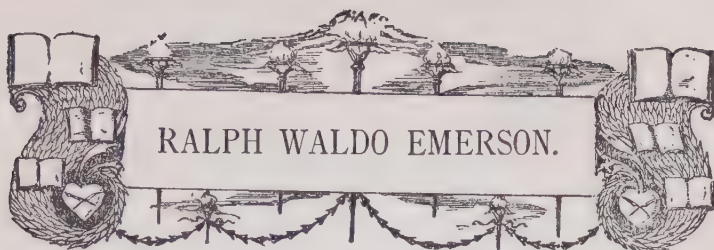
His *Sketch Book* floated him into greater popularity and comparative fortune. Mrs. Siddons told him he had made her weep, and Kemble shared the admiration felt for the young American author. *Bracebridge Hall* is chiefly a pleasant transcript of his visits to old English manor-houses, with recall of customs even then falling into desuetude. Then followed his *Tales of a Traveler*, which, with other books, grew out of his sojourns in Spain. For his *Life of Columbus*, issued in 1828, Murray paid £3,150 for the English copyright; £2,000 for the *Conquest of Granada*, and £1,000 for the *Alhambra*. In 1829 Irving became secretary of the American legation in London, and in the next year

the two gold medals of the Royal Society of Literature were given to Irving and Hallam.

Wishing to settle down for quiet work in his native land, Irving bought his exquisite home, Sunnyside, in Sleepy Hollow, on the Hudson, in 1832, where he was frequently visited by the famous authors of America, and, among other visitors, he received Louis Napoleon, who afterward married Eugénie, whom Irving had danced on his knee in Madrid as a girl of six. He declined the office of Naval Secretary in Van Buren's Cabinet, but accepted that of Minister to Spain for four years, 1842-46, on the nomination of Daniel Webster.

At the age of sixty-six Irving produced his *Life of Washington*, which, though not without fault in regard to historic fact, will hold its place in the literature of patriotism by its charm of style. This cultivated style gives high distinction to his other biographies of Goldsmith, Columbus and Mahomet. In all his writings there glows a warm heart, full of sympathy, tender-voiced and cheery. If there is always a merry twinkle in his eye, it is from innocent love of fun for its own sake, never from a desire to make artificial humor. Whatever Irving touched he beautified; he was equally at home in each class of work, a master of all, and always a gentleman. When Irving died, in 1859, as did Prescott, his friend, Lord Macaulay, and Leigh Hunt, he left a void in the ranks of American writers which has never been filled.





WITH the possible exception of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Emerson was the most gifted of the remarkable galaxy of writers known as "the New England group." What was Emerson? He was known at one time as a transcendental philosopher; but his admirers now rarely use the term. To some he is the Poet, untrammelled by the rules of the versifier, to others the Prophet, and again he is by turns a visionary, and the shrewdest of guides in the ways of the world. His judgment of other men was so discriminating as to be called "fatal." For himself, he anticipates this imperfect epitaph on his work by the confession, "I am the victim of miscellany." Yet again he said, "I am not a great poet, but whatever there is of me at all is poet." To the reader or student of critical and analytical turn of mind he is both seer and prophet. His writings constantly take us back to first or hidden causes, and then demonstrate their inevitable results. It is perhaps too soon to predict the verdict of posterity on Emerson's prose, but it is certain that his poetry will live as long as our language.

Emerson can no more be measured for any regulation uniform worn by the army of writers than the rolling clouds that veil and reveal the summer sky can be condensed into a valise. In an age of unlovely materialism, in a land where progress is too much measured by profits, he dared to play the part of the youth with the banner "Excelsior," even if the nobility of the unpractical climb won only smiles in the market-place. His pure and expansive soul mirrored the aspirations of all great souls in all ages and countries, and if the rays reflected

were confusing to the average eye that would separate them, the intense force of the sunbeam of his intellect will cause it to shine the brighter and penetrate further into the dim future.

Emerson has abundant faults as a writer. Some one not unfairly charged him with pouring out thoughts like unloading coal, indiscriminately and confusedly, to which the reply was made that his coal is really a load of precious gems. Yet the average mind finds it hard in these exacting times to devote due consideration to books of which each sentence is a jewel, and of a different sort from its neighbors. Not the least valuable element in teaching or writing is the pains devoted to assisting the student to keep pace with his instructor. Emerson does this as often, perhaps, as he disdains to do it, and he never sins by intent, but because his master-thought sweeps him up to higher planes of vision.

Ralph Waldo Emerson came of the best New England stock, the intellectual aristocracy, many of his ancestors having been in the ministry. Born in 1803 in Boston, he was educated at the Latin School and Harvard College, and became a Congregational preacher in due course. He had been trained by Channing and preached Unitarianism until in 1832 he retired from the ministry. His views had become too radical, even for the Unitarians. His wife died, and he sought relief from sorrow in a tour in Europe, chiefly in Italy and England. This brought him in contact with Carlyle, among other celebrities of the day. His book, *English Traits*, remains the most interesting as also the shrewdest and most suggestive on national characteristics. The English aristocracy are said to be descended from "twenty thousand thieves who landed at Hastings," but time has toned most of them, and the people at large, down until they are describable as plucky, vigorous, independent; each of them "is an island himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable." They eat well and drink too well, are blessed with "a saving stupidity, . . . but our swifter Americans later do them justice as people who wear well, or hide their strength." Such pointed shafts as these are darted throughout Emerson's works not only at the English, but at all who come within the range of his criticism. He anticipated Bismarck's famous "blood and iron" phrase in his use

of "stone and iron" as applied to Napoleon, whom he sums up as "the agent or attorney of the middle class, the agitator, the internal improver, the liberal, the radical;" but withal "a boundless liar. When you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendor, you were not dealing with a gentleman at last, but with an impostor and rogue."

Emerson's essay on *Nature*, and his Divinity School address, in 1838, marked a further stride outside the bounds of orthodoxy, and the dawn of transcendentalism, with the journal of that name, which afterwards became *The Dial*. This organ lived from 1840 until 1844. Emerson had only a sympathetic interest in the Brook Farm Experiment of a community of philosophers, which collapsed three years later. Even the Anti-slavery agitation, which attracted and absorbed his friends, seemed to belong to a lower sphere than that in which he dwelt. He became the head of the Concord school of more or less mystical philosophy, surrounded by disciples and independent associates like Hawthorne and Thoreau. Yet he never lost the saving common sense which enabled him to command the respect of his fellow-townsmen.

In 1848 he paid a second visit to Europe, after which his admirable work, *Representative Men*, was issued. His selection from the men of all time is curiously characteristic. They are Plato the philosopher, Swedenborg the mystic, Montaigne the skeptic, Shakespeare the poet, Napoleon the man of the world, Goethe the writer.

His own vocation was now fixed. He was the chief exponent of New England thought, and was expected to fix the permanent value of social movements and the true ideal of human conduct. His terse sayings and oracular utterances became proverbs of the people. "Hitch your wagon to a star." "He builded better than he knew." Lecturing on philosophic and literary subjects divided his time with authorship until his third voyage in 1873. His fame had now been well established, and even in England he addressed audiences of distinguished character. He received the rare honor of being nominated as candidate for the office of Lord Rector of Glasgow University (Carlyle had served the Edinburgh University in the same post) against Disraeli, who was elected.

In his old age his memory failed in a peculiar manner, so that he lost command of words for ordinary conversation. He died April 27, 1882.

His last published work is instinct with the noble spirit of true Americanism which animated his whole teaching. "Let the passion for America cast out the passion for Europe. Here let there be what the earth waits for—exalted manhood. What this country longs for is personalities, grand persons, to counteract its materialities. . . . They who find America insipid, they for whom London and Paris have spoiled their own homes, can be spared to return to those cities. I not only see a career at home for more genius than we have, but for more than there is in the world."

The old world has had its sages; it was fitting that an American apostle of higher things than dogmas should arise and rescue its literature from the slough of conventionalism in which it was contentedly reposing. This he did, is still doing, and will long continue to do, not perhaps by direct strokes, but as the quiet supplier of oil for other men's lamps. A busy people are apt to ignore the unseen foundation of the showy edifice with its multitude of obtrusive little projections, pretty, possibly, but dependent.

In Emerson America has possessed a keen philosophic seer, worthy of his accorded rank among the master-minds of the world, one of the inspiring forces which work silently and by permeation, but accomplish greater things than many that are heralded by trumpets.





REEDOM in America, the New World, not only by later discovery, but also as the place of new experiments in social constitution and government, the home of religious liberty and the refuge of the oppressed, found its enthusiastic chronicler in George Bancroft. He is not merely the reciter of romantic tales of discovery, exploration and settlement, but the sympathetic expositor of the democratic ideas which have given a fresh impulse to human progress. His pages do not abound in the brilliant rhetoric and word painting that are to be found in those of Motley, Prescott, and Parkman, but his forcible English style is well adapted to the seriousness of his great subject. Thoroughly trained for his self-chosen task under the most learned German professors, he retained throughout his long career the true American spirit.

George Bancroft was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3, 1800. His father, a Congregational minister, had in youth fought at Bunker Hill. After graduating from Harvard George studied at the Universities of Göttingen, Berlin and Heidelberg, under Heeren, Bunsen and Schlosser, and formed friendships with Schleiermacher, Savigny and other eminent men. Returning to America, he became a tutor at Harvard, but soon opened the famous Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts. Its object was to elevate the American educational system by introducing the improvements recently introduced in the Prussian schools. Meantime Bancroft translated his preceptor Heeren's *Politics of*

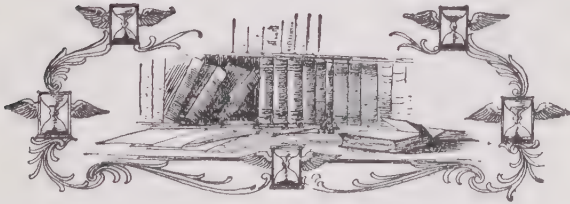
Ancient Greece, and began his labors on his *History of the United States*. The first volume was published in 1834, and the last (twelfth) nearly fifty years later. He had set before him a high ideal of historical work, framed from the teachings of the greatest philosophers of his time. To this he joined an irrepressible enthusiasm for the grandeur of his theme. As each volume appeared it was hailed with delight by an ever-increasing circle of eager readers in Europe as well as America. Controversies arose at home over various incidental statements, especially in regard to General Greene and other participants in the Revolutionary War, which led to the publication of many pamphlets, forming what was humorously called "The War of the Grandfathers." Part of these turned on his free handling of quoted matter. Yet Bancroft's devotion to historical truth and thorough research shone with brighter clearness as time passed on. Some modifications were made in later editions, but the main outlines were preserved, and the real services of the leading patriots made more distinct by careful statement.

Bancroft first took part in political movements as a speaker in behalf of universal suffrage; but when elected to the legislature, in 1830, refused to take his seat. In 1838 President Van Buren appointed him collector of the port of Boston, and in 1845 President Polk called him to be Secretary of the Navy. His administration was signalized by the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and by the seizure of California during the Mexican War. Both were accomplished almost entirely by his orders. The scholar in the cabinet was perhaps too bold in his innovations, for the next year Bancroft was sent as Minister to Great Britain. His diplomatic ability was shown in procuring from the British ministry relaxation of the formerly strict and oppressive rules in regard to navigation and allegiance. Being admitted to the highest social circles, he had abundant opportunity of procuring new and valuable material for his history, two volumes of which were written in London. After his return in 1849, Bancroft resided for many years in New York city, laboriously engaged in carrying forward his great work. In 1867 he was sent as Minister to Russia, but in the next year was transferred to Germany,

where he remained till 1874, and again won triumphs for the American doctrine of the right of expatriation.

His later years were spent in Washington, varied with summer residence at Newport, where his great rose-garden became famous. He died in Washington, January 17, 1891. In person Bancroft was slight and graceful, and in age his full white beard rendered him venerable in appearance. Even age, however, could not suppress his enthusiastic spirit. Thoroughly democratic by principle, he belonged to the aristocracy of letters, and mingled on a footing of entire equality with European nobles and diplomats.

At the request of both Houses of Congress Bancroft delivered the memorial address on "Abraham Lincoln," in February, 1866. Numerous other addresses were delivered, and literary essays were published, but his fame rests on the enduring monument of his History, covering the period from the discovery of America to the formation of the Federal Constitution. Although he did not embody all the new material which came to light during the progress of his work, he did fulfill the great idea which possessed him from the first—to set forth the contribution of America to the philosophy of government, and to connect its development with the progress of liberty and human thought throughout the world.





COTTON furnishes the cheapest material for clothing the largest part of mankind. Yet though the use of such clothing has been known from remote antiquity in tropical countries, it was not until the nineteenth century that the universality of its employment made Cotton king. The difficulty was not in preparing the fibre for wearing, but in separating it from the cotton-seed. To get a pound of clean cotton, without wasting any, used to re-

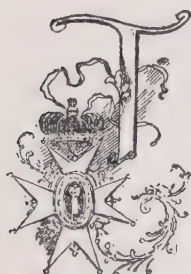
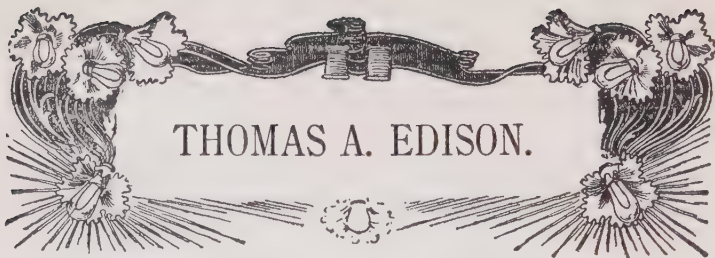
quire a day's labor. Hence the raising of it remained unprofitable until Yankee ingenuity expedited the work.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, which stimulated the agricultural system of the Southern States, was born at Westborough, Massachusetts, on December 8, 1765. After graduating at Yale College in 1792 he went to Georgia as a teacher, but being taken ill, was invited by Mrs. Nathaniel Greene, widow of the famous Revolutionary general, to reside at her house. The neighboring planters found themselves oppressed with debt, and at Mrs. Greene's table discussed the trouble of cleaning cotton. She remarked: "Gentlemen, apply to my young friend, Mr. Whitney; he

can make anything." Whitney had already shown mechanical skill and had repaired apparatus at college. When the new task was proposed, he had never seen a cotton-pod. But finding some, he tried to frame a machine for the purpose. He was obliged to make his own tools and draw his own wire. In the spring of 1793 he completed his device. The cotton was put in a large trough, the bottom of which was formed of parallel wires set so closely that the seed could not pass through. But under the trough saws revolved whose teeth slipped between the wires, seized the cotton fibre, and drew it through while the seed poured out at the end of the trough. Before Whitney had finished his model, the building containing it was broken into by night, and the machine carried off. Before he could secure a patent, several similar machines were set up and operated.

Whitney soon formed a partnership with a man of some wealth, and went to Connecticut to manufacture cotton-gins; but the patent was continually infringed upon. The juries in the Southern States refused him redress, and in 1808, when the patent expired, he was poorer than when he invented the machine which had made cotton-raising profitable, and raised the cotton export from the United States from eighty-one bags in 1790 to millions of bales. Congress, under the same influence, refused to renew his patent. South Carolina granted Whitney \$50,000 as compensation for his invention, but he had to incur law suits before it was paid. North Carolina granted him a percentage for each saw used for five years. But these occasional gains did not counterbalance his losses.

Whitney turned his attention to the manufacture of fire-arms for the government, in which he effected many improvements. Many of these were used in the celebrated Springfield musket, while others prepared the way for Colt's revolvers. His chief improvement was making the single portions of each kind of fire-arm interchangeable. His labors in implements of destruction were rewarded with a fortune. Other applications of his inventive genius added to his reputation, but not to his wealth. His factory became the nucleus of the town of Whitneysville. The inventor died in New Haven on the 8th of January, 1825.



THE science of electricity dates from Franklin; the art of applying it to man's manifold uses may date from Morse's telegraph. Throughout its history Americans take the foremost place, and none has accomplished so much and promised so much more as Thomas Alva Edison, the typical American boy and man. He is of mingled Dutch and Scotch descent, and both his father and grandfather were centenarians.

Thomas was born at Milan, Ohio, on the 11th of February, 1847, but at the age of seven removed to Michigan. When twelve years old he became a train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and after a time used a baggage-car as a printing-office for his weekly paper, *The Grand Trunk Herald*. He also tried chemical experiments in it, until at last he upset a phosphorus bottle, which set the car on fire, and caused his own banishment from the train. But afterwards he was fortunately able to save the life of a child of a station agent, who, in gratitude, taught him the art of telegraphy, in which he had already been dabbling. In five months he was regularly employed in the telegraph station at Port Huron, and soon began a wandering life from place to place, easily getting employment as an expert operator. He was also busy experimenting, and at Indianapolis he invented the first perfect automatic repeater, or instrument to transfer a message from one line to another; but he could not get it put in service until he went to Memphis, in 1864.

Though diligent in the performance of his duties, he was neglectful of his dress, and by his queer speculations became

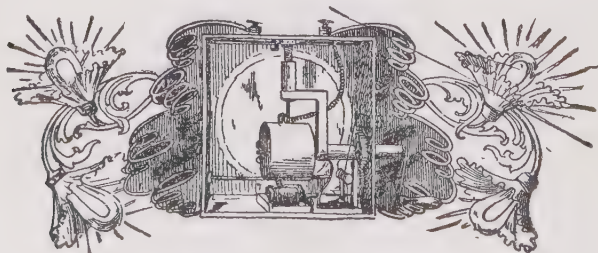
the butt of his fellow-operators. His money was spent in attempts at the duplex transmission. When he was discharged, on the telegraph being transferred from the Government to the Western Union Company, he had to walk most of the way to Louisville to get employment. Two years later he went to New Orleans, expecting to sail to South America, but was advised by a Spaniard to return. Back at Louisville, he worked hard, spent his money on books and instruments, and published a little treatise on electricity; but he lost his place by an accident in experimenting, and went to Cincinnati, and thence was called to Boston in 1868.

Here he began his experiments on vibratory telegraph instruments, and on completing his first "private line printer," sold it to a company. Still dreaming of duplex transmission he went to New York in 1870, but his attempts failed. He happened, however, to be at the Gold Indicator Company's office when, at a critical moment, their apparatus broke down. Edison offered his services, and was able to repair the damage. He was then employed and soon set about improving the office instruments. When his new inventions appeared likely to be profitable, the Western Union Telegraph Company arranged to obtain the first refusal of all relating to telegraphy. Edison erected an electrical laboratory at Newark, and soon nearly fifty inventions or improvements were brought out. The profits of the manufactory and all sums received for patents were expended upon new products of his genius. Finding his work impeded by the intrusion of visitors at Newark, he removed his plant to Menlo Park in 1876. Here his laboratory has been greatly enlarged and furnished with the most improved appliances. Besides hundreds of workmen, he employed several highly-trained, competent assistants.

The United States Commissioner of Patents described Edison as "the young man who kept the path to the Patent Office hot with his footsteps." He has taken out fully a thousand patents relating to automatic, chemical and printing telegraphs and telegraph instruments, duplex and quadruplex telegraphy, fire alarms, and the electric pen. He invented the carbon transmitting telephone and the aerophone. His loud-speaking telephone is an improvement on the earlier

Bell telephone. His incandescent light, which is one of his best contributions to general comfort, is the result of a long-continued series of experiments. The chief difficulty was in subdividing the light so as to regulate it, and in getting the proper material to exhibit it. Carbon was ascertained to be the best material, and strips of charred cardboard are used. Another of his inventions which gives much pleasure to the public, is the phonograph, by which sounds are recorded and renewed whenever desired. Still another invention, even more of the toy kind, is the kinetoscope, which preserves and reproduces the appearance of people moving. Edison's electromotograph and motograph relay were purchased for large sums by the Western Union Telegraph Company. He claims that upon these a new plan of telegraphy could be founded. Storage batteries have occupied some of his attention, but he regards accumulators as not likely to have commercial success.

In 1873 Edison married Mary Stillwell, of Newark. She had two children, called Dot and Dash, from the characters of the Morse Alphabet. After the death of his first wife he married again. He has the misfortune to be quite deaf, which increases the surprise at his invention of the phonograph and improvement of the telephone. He is a man of the simplest habits, devoted to work, keen in appreciating and eager in pursuing what may advance his projects. Although hundreds of others have been stimulated by Edison's marvellous success to turn their attention and energies to the search for means to render electricity still more subservient to the use and pleasure of man, and though much has been achieved by these investigators, Edison still bears the palm, and is hailed as "The Wizard of Electricity."





DESCENDED from the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower," John Brown, of Osawatomie, was a new incarnation of the same self-sacrificing devotion to a supposed Divine call which animated his Pilgrim ancestors. To that humble enthusiast personal comfort or hardship was of no account compared with obedience to his life mission. That mission was the abolition of negro slavery in America.

Though he perished on the scaffold before he effected the emancipation of a single slave, that purpose was accomplished largely by his own sacrifice. Within two years after his death thousands of Northern soldiers were marching to the conflict in Virginia solemnly chanting:

"John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah."

Within six years of his death, slavery, which had been strongly fortified and entrenched with almost every Constitutional and legal safeguard, was forever swept from American soil.

John Brown was born at Torrington, Connecticut, on the 9th of May, 1800, being fifth in descent from Peter Brown, who landed at Plymouth in 1620. The family comprised many ministers and professional men. His father removed, in 1805, to Hudson, Ohio, where the boy was brought up on a farm. His training was strictly religious. He was familiar with the Bible, never danced or played cards, and, from his visits to camps in the war of 1812, acquired disgust for mili-

tary life. From seeing the cruelty practiced on slaves he became a determined Abolitionist. He learned the tanner's trade and practiced it in Ohio and Crawford County, Pennsylvania. He was twice married and had twenty children, who were trained to share his intense religious convictions. While he was postmaster at Randolph he formed a plan to educate colored youth, who might diffuse knowledge among their own race. By some speculations in land Brown lost his property and went back to Ohio in 1840 to engage in sheep-raising and wool-growing. In 1846 he removed to Springfield, Massachusetts, and sold wool on commission. To him is due the grading of American wool. When the New England manufacturers combined against him he went to London, but was still more unfortunate. In 1849 Brown settled at North Elba, New York, where Gerrit Smith had given land in small farms to negro families whom he hoped to train for freedom and industry. By hard work Brown's family here secured comfortable homes, while he himself engaged again in the wool business and promoted anti-slavery enterprises.

In 1854, Brown's five eldest sons removed from Ohio to Kansas, and in October of the next year their father joined them at Osawatomie. The settlement of Lawrence was the headquarters of the Free-State men, who had armed themselves to resist the attacks of border ruffians from Missouri. Brown and his sons joined them while besieged, but withdrew when there was no prospect of fighting. In May, 1856, he formed a camp of determined men at Pottawattomie, and captured a superior force of Missourians, who were carrying off plundered goods. Captain Brown soon became noted and feared by the pro-slavery marauders. In August a band of five hundred marched on Osawatomie, where Brown had but thirty men. His small force was divided, and one of his sons was killed, yet he inflicted such injury on his assailants as to increase his reputation as a hard fighter. When Lawrence was again threatened, in October, Captain Brown, who happened to be present on his way home from Topeka, was chosen leader, and organized a force for defence. The Missouri ruffians, having learned of his presence, departed during the night.

Captain Brown was now invited to go to Massachusetts by those interested in making Kansas a Free State. His public pleas met with little favor, but privately he secured some pecuniary aid for projects only partially revealed. He seems to have meditated the overthrow of slavery by establishing a stronghold in the mountains of Virginia as a refuge for fugitive slaves. With a few resolute men, carefully selected, he spent the winter at Tabor, Iowa, practicing military exercises. His followers supposed that Kansas was to be the scene of operations, and were astonished to learn that Harper's Ferry was the place selected. For furtherance of his plans Brown depended on the assistance of slaves who had escaped to Canada. To secure their help a convention of "Friends of Freedom" was held at Chatham, in Canada, in May, 1858, where a "Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the people of the United States" was adopted. It had been drafted by Brown, and showed the object to be the amendment of the Federal Constitution, without dissolving the Union. Brown was made commander-in-chief; Richard Realf, an English poet, was secretary of state; J. H. Kagi, secretary of war; and Elder Monroe, a colored preacher, was made temporary president. Want of means prevented an immediate attempt to carry out this insane project. Brown returned to Kansas and settled temporarily in the southern part of the territory, then disturbed by raids from Missouri as the northern part had been a year before. In December, Brown, having learned that some negroes in Missouri were about to be sold and taken to Texas, crossed the border and brought them to Kansas. The owner of one of the slaves was killed in this affair. The entire community was excited, and even the Free-State men in Kansas denounced the act. Brown therefore, with the negroes and a few whites, started for the North, but were soon pursued by a larger party. A stand was made at a deserted log cabin, in which the women and children were lodged, while the men attacked the pursuers. The latter were dispersed, and Brown conveyed the negroes to Iowa, and thence to Canada.

In June, 1859, Brown, assuming the name of Smith, went to the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, professing to seek a farm

adapted for raising sheep. He selected a place about six miles from the town, and here was joined by three of his sons and others from time to time. The arsenal at Harper's Ferry usually contained from 100,000 to 200,000 stands of arms. With these he hoped to equip the slave population of the vicinity when he had secured possession of the place. His party comprised altogether twenty-two men, of whom six were colored. On Sunday evening, October 16th, Brown's party entered the village, surprised the three watchmen who had charge of the arsenal, and captured Colonel Washington and a few other leading citizens. At daylight a railroad train passed through to Baltimore, and Brown freely informed the passengers that he had come by the authority of God Almighty to free the slaves. Before 9 o'clock about sixty of the townsmen had been imprisoned in the arsenal. The rest began to recover from their astonishment and to offer resistance. Shots were exchanged in the streets and men on both sides were killed or wounded, among them the mayor. Reinforcements came to the citizens from the surrounding country, and only a few negroes could be forced by threats to join Brown. The arsenal was soon commanded on all sides by armed Virginians, who poured numerous volleys upon it, which were returned by the little garrison. On Monday night Brown, with the remaining few, retired to the engine-house, and the assailants lost two killed and six wounded. Brown's fighting force was reduced to six, yet he displayed a coolness and self-control which extorted the admiration of his prisoners. Colonel Lewis Washington says: "With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, held his rifle in the other, and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm and sell their lives as dearly as possible." He offered to release his prisoners, provided his men were permitted to cross the bridge in safety, but this was refused. Already one of his followers, when sent out with a flag of truce, had been shot down, receiving six balls in the body. During that night a company of United States marines, with two pieces of artillery, arrived from Washington, under the command of Colonel Robert E. Lee. At 7

A. M. on Tuesday these troops battered in the door and overpowered the defenders. Brown was struck down by a sabre stroke, and, while kneeling between the bodies of his two sons, was twice bayoneted. Henry A. Wise, Governor of Virginia, with some companies of militia, reached Harper's Ferry after Brown's capture. He and some Congressmen questioned Brown closely, but failed to elicit anything inculpatating others. Brown and his surviving comrades were conveyed to the jail at Charlestown (now in West Virginia). They were indicted for conspiring with negroes to produce insurrection, for treason against the commonwealth of Virginia, and for murder. On October 27 Brown was brought to trial, though too feeble to stand or even sit. His request for delay on the ground of his disability, and that he might be permitted to consult with counsel of his own choice, was refused. He was laid on a cot within the bar, and showed singular calmness in the presence of the prejudiced court and jury. He repelled the plea of insanity urged in his behalf, and offered to identify papers in his own hand-writing. In the meantime counsel arrived from the North to defend him. On the 31st he was found guilty on all the counts in the indictment, and on November 1st he was sentenced to be hanged on December 2d. He declared that he had no purpose to commit murder or treason, or to destroy property, nor to excite the slaves to insurrection, but simply to liberate them. After his conviction he received visits from his wife and some Northern friends. On the day of execution he left the jail with a radiant countenance and the step of a conqueror, and paused for a moment by the door to kiss a negro child held up to him by its mother. He met his death with perfect composure, having expressed no regret for what had happened. His body was delivered to his wife and removed to North Elba, New York.

John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry was promptly investigated by a committee of the United States Senate, who pronounced it the act of lawless ruffians, without public support at the North, but the people of the South nevertheless regarded it as but the incipient outbreak of a conspiracy against Southern institutions. John Brown's fate made a

profound impression on the masses, both North and South, whose full effect was not revealed until the Civil War convulsed the entire country.

JOHN BROWN'S PROPHETIC VIEWS.

In a memorable interview early in 1859 John Brown sketched the history of American slavery from its beginnings in the colonies, and referred to the States that were able to shake it off. He said the founders of the Republic were all opposed to slavery, and that the whole spirit and genius of the American Constitution antagonized it, and contemplated its early overthrow . . . This remained the dominant sentiment for the first quarter of a century of the Republic. Afterwards slavery became more profitable, and as it did the desire grew to extend and increase it. The condition of the enslaved negroes steadily became worse, and the despotic necessities of a more cruel system constantly pressed on the degraded slaves. Gradually the pecuniary interests that rested on slavery seized the power of the Government. Public opinion opposed to slavery was placed under ban. Then began an era of political compromises, and men full of professions of love of country were willing, for peace, to sacrifice everything for which the Republic was founded.

"And now," he went on, "we have reached a point where nothing but war can settle the question. Had they succeeded in Kansas they would have gained a power that would have given them permanently the upper hand, and it would have been the death-knell of republicanism in America. They are checked, but not beaten. They never intend to relinquish the machinery of this Government into the hands of the opponents of slavery. It has taken them more than half a century to get it, and they know its significance too well to give it up. If the Republican party elects its President next year there will be war. The moment they are unable to control they will go out, and, as a rival nation alongside, they will get the countenance and aid of the European nations, until American republicanism and freedom are overthrown."

I have endeavored to quote him, but it is quite impossible to quote such a conversation accurately. I well remember all its vital essentials and its outlines. He had been more observant than he had credit for being. The whole powers of his mind (and they were great) had been given to one subject. He told me that a war was at that very moment contemplated in the cab-

inet of President Buchanan; that for years the army had been carefully arranged, as far as it could be, on a basis of Southern power; that arms and the best of troops were being concentrated, so as to be under control of its interests if there was danger of having to surrender the Government; that the Secretary of the Navy was then sending our vessels away on long cruises, so that they would not be available, and that the treasury would be beggared before it got into Northern hands.

All this has a strangely prophetic look to me now; then it simply appeared incredible, or the dream and vagary of a man who had allowed one idea to carry him away. I told him he surely was mistaken, and had confounded every-day occurrences with treacherous designs.

"No," he said,—and I remember this part distinctly—"no, the war is not over. It is a treacherous lull before the storm. We are on the eve of one of the greatest wars in history, and I fear slavery will triumph, and there will be an end of all aspirations for human freedom. For my part I drew my sword in Kansas when they attacked us, and I will never sheathe it until this war is over. Our best people do not understand the danger. They are besotted. They have compromised so long that they think principles of right and wrong have no more any power on this earth."

My impression then was that it was his purpose to carry on incursions on the borders of the free and slave States, and I said to him:

"Let us suppose that all you say is true. If we keep companies on the one side, they will keep them on the other. Trouble will multiply; there will be collision, which produce the very state of affairs you deprecate. That would lead to war, and, to some extent, we should be responsible for it. Better trust events. If there is virtue enough in this people to deserve a free government they will maintain it."

"You forget the fearful wrongs that are carried on in the name of government and law."

"I do not forget them,—I regret them."

"I regret and will remedy them with all the power that God has given me."

He then went on to tell me of Spartacus and his servile war, and was evidently familiar with every step in the career of the great gladiator. I reminded him that Spartacus and Roman slaves were warlike people in the country from which they were

taken, and were trained to arms in the arena, in which they slew or were slain, and that the movement was crushed when the Roman legions were concentrated against it. The negroes were a peaceful, domestic, inoffensive race. In all their sufferings they seemed to be incapable of resentment or reprisal.

"You have not studied them right," he said, "and you have not studied them long enough. Human nature is the same everywhere." He then went on in a very elaborate way to explain the mistakes of Spartacus, and tried to show me how he could easily have overthrown the Roman empire. The pith of it was that the leader of that servile insurrection, instead of wasting his time in Italy until his enemies could swoop on him, should have struck at Rome; or, if not strong enough for that, he should have escaped to the wild northern provinces, and there have organized an army to overthrow Rome.

I told him that I feared he would lead the young men with him into some desperate enterprise, where they would be imprisoned and disgraced.

He rose: "Well," he said, "I thought I could get you to understand this. I do not wonder at it. The world is very pleasant to you; but when your household gods are broken, as mine have been, you will see all this more clearly."

I rose then, somewhat offended, and said: "Captain, if you thought this why did you send for me?" and walked to the door.

He followed me and laid his hand on my shoulder, and when I turned to him he took both my hands in his. I could see that tears stood on his hard, bronzed cheeks. "No," he said, "we must not part thus. I wanted to see you and tell you how it appeared to me. With the help of God I will do what I believe to be best." He held my hands firmly in his stern, hard hands, leaned forward, and kissed me on the cheek, and I never saw him again.—W. A. PHILLIPS.





STRANGELY checkered was the career of John C. Fremont. Distinguished as an explorer of the wilderness, acclaimed as the leader of a new political party which sought to make him President of the country, ardent in his devotion to human freedom, he was baffled in his ambition as general and politician, and sank into obscurity long before the end of his life. His

lasting work was in opening up the overland route to the Pacific and in securing California to the United States.

John Charles Fremont was the son of a French immigrant, and was born at Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1813. His widowed mother removed to Charleston, and John was educated at Charleston College, but owing to some breach of discipline did not obtain a degree. He taught mathematics, made preliminary surveys of railroads and assisted in a military reconnoissance of the Cherokee country in Northern Georgia. In 1838 he was commissioned as second lieutenant in the topographic corps of the United States army, and served under the distinguished engineer J. N. Nicollet in surveying the country between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. When in Washington the lieutenant visited the house of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, Senator from Missouri, and fell in love with the Senator's beautiful daughter, Jessie, then but fifteen years old. They eloped and were married clandestinely in October, 1841. The offended father soon became reconciled to the marriage and set about assisting his son-in-law's plans, so that by Senator Benton's influence Fremont obtained from the government authority to explore the Rocky

Mountains. There had already been some beginnings of exploration. Zebulon M. Pike, an army officer, had reached Pike's Peak in 1806. Major Long, in 1820, ascended Long's Peak. He reported that the great plains from the sources of the Saline, Brazos and Colorado rivers to the northern boundary were "peculiarly adapted as a range for buffaloes, wild goats and other wild game," and "might serve as a barrier to prevent too great an expansion of our population westward." Soon hardy adventurers followed in the wake of the hunters and trappers. But individual effort involved too great sacrifice, while the resources of the country were unknown and the land roamed over by hostile Indians.

In May, 1842, while Fremont was on the frontier making preparations for his expedition, an order came from Washington recalling him. When it was delivered to Mrs. Fremont she sent a messenger to her husband bidding him start at once, and then wrote to the colonel telling him she had withheld the order, knowing that it would ruin the expedition. Fremont journeyed along the North Fork of the Platte river and crossed through South Pass. The highest peak of the Wind River mountains was ascended, and hence received the name. Fremont's Peak. Its elevation was found by the barometer to be 13,570 feet. The success of the expedition secured the approval of the war department on Fremont's return. The report laid before Congress won for him the name of "the Pathfinder."

Fremont's second expedition was intended to connect his first explorations with those made by Captain Wilkes on the Pacific Coast, and thus give a complete survey across the interior of North America. The party, consisting of forty men, left the Missouri in May, 1843. It moved up the valley of the Kansas river and South Fork of the Platte to the vicinity of the present city of Denver. Then a northerly route was taken till the Oregon trail was reached. Fremont crossed Green river and entered the valley of Bear river, which flows into Great Salt Lake. The Lake was partially explored and the desolate, mountainous island in it was named Disappointment Island. In September Fremont reached Fort Hull in Idaho, then held by the British as a trading post. Thence he

passed to the junction of the Walla Walla and Columbia rivers, the practical termination of the famous Oregon trail. In many parts of his journey Fremont had been surprised to find small bodies of emigrants, including women and children, passing through the country to the Northwest. These adventurers settled at Vancouver and in the Willamette Valley, and even pushed southward into Northern California. Some also had left the usual route near Fort Hull and crossing passes in the Sierra Nevada, settled on the banks of the Sacramento. Fremont left Vancouver in November, crossed the Columbia above the Dalles, passed up Des Chutes river and reached Lake Klamath and Goose Lake, the source of the Sacramento. Mary's Lake and Buenaventura river, erroneously laid down on some old maps, were sought for in vain. A severe winter had commenced and Fremont's party was baffled by the tangle of valleys and mountains. Grass was so scanty that the exhausted animals fell ill and fifteen died before they reached Pyramid Lake January 10, 1844. Here supplies were obtained from Indians, who pointed out the way to escape from the desolate region, but none would act as guides to the east. Fremont then crossed a low range of mountains into Carson valley, and supposed he had got to the westward of the Sierra Nevada until he was undeceived by some Indians. Although these Indians declared it impossible to cross the mountains on account of the deep snows, the bold captain finally induced an Indian to act as guide. He also assured his men that by astronomical observation he was only sixty miles from Sutter's Fort in the Sacramento valley. But their food supply was exhausted, even their hunting dogs being killed and eaten. Half of their horses gave out or were used for food. Their guide deserted while they were starving and freezing on the mountain side. Fremont, knowing that it was their only hope, persevered in his efforts through the whole of February. With an advance party he reached Sutter's settlement on March 6th. Help was sent back to the main party, who arrived a few days later. He had crossed nearly at the pass now used by the Central Pacific Railway. Undaunted by past perils he resolved to explore the desert basin. In a fortnight the little band was

reorganized, remounted and equipped. They went back by the valley of the San Joaquin and through Walker's pass (named from one of the party), then struck the Spanish trail used in journeying from Santa Fé to Los Angeles. The road was rough and rocky, and water was found only in holes at long intervals. Twenty-seven days were spent in crossing this inhospitable region. In spite of Fremont's vigilance hostile Indians stole some of their stock and killed one man. At the headwaters of Virgin river, in Southern Utah, the exhausted animals were recruited. After visiting Sevier and Utah lakes, the expedition passed through the Green river valley and crossed the Rocky Mountains by a pass near where Leadville now stands. The elevation of the pass was 11,200 feet. The Arkansas valley was entered on June 29th, and the expedition terminated at Independence, Missouri, on July 31st. During the past fourteen months Fremont had traveled 6,500 miles through the most dreary regions of North America, and had made important and systematic observations in spite of terrible difficulties. Although much has been accomplished by later and better equipped surveys, his observations have been found remarkably correct. By General Scott's recommendation the brevet of captain was conferred on Fremont for his meritorious services.

A third expedition was projected by Fremont in 1845, to survey the head waters of the Arkansas, Rio Grande and Colorado rivers, the basin of Great Salt Lake, and the southern passes of the Sierra Nevada. With sixty men he left Fort Bent on August 16th. After the southern shores of Great Salt Lake had been surveyed, he divided his party and himself crossed the Utah desert, while Walker explored the valley of the Humboldt. After they met at Lake Walker, Fremont went by the American river to Sutter's Fort, while Walker crossed the Sierra into the San Joaquin valley. These explorations were the basis of the map of Upper California published in 1848. But more important consequences followed. Captain Fremont had been notified at Washington of the probability of war with Mexico, and had verbal instructions for his conduct in this emergency. After crossing the Sierra Nevada, he went on to Monterey, then the Mexican

capital of Alta California. His application to General Don José Castro for permission to survey a route between the United States and the Pacific Ocean was promptly granted. But scarcely had he begun work, when General Castro, acting under orders from Mexico, ordered him to depart from the country. Fremont, enraged at the abrupt and threatening tone of the message, refused compliance and erected a stockade. The Mexican general made some advances, but avoided an attack. Fremont then withdrew slowly and unmolested towards Oregon, still keeping up his scientific work.

On May 7, 1845, he was overtaken by Lieutenant A. H. Gillespie, who brought despatches from Washington, announcing the declaration of war with Mexico. Fremont, having been commissioned as lieutenant-colonel, marched back to the American settlements on the Sacramento, which were now threatened with destruction by General Castro. The settlers, finding that the Indians had been excited against them, rose in revolt against Mexico, and on July 4th elected Fremont governor. Their flag bore a grizzly bear stained in cherry juice. Within a week word was brought that Commodore R. F. Stockton, of the United States navy, had seized Monterey. Thither Fremont hastened with 160 mounted riflemen, and found that Stockton had orders to conquer California. Stockton now appointed Fremont military commandant and civil governor of California. But General Philip Kearny, of the United States army, who had similar orders, arrived soon after. A controversy arose between Stockton and Kearny, and Fremont adhered to the former. Orders from Washington in May, 1847, gave the supreme authority to General Kearny. In June he returned to the East, ordering Fremont to accompany him. On arriving at Fort Leavenworth, Fremont was arrested and sent to Washington for trial by court-martial. On January 31, 1848, he was found guilty of mutiny and disobedience, and sentenced to be dismissed. President Polk approved of the findings of the court in part, but remitted the penalty. Thereupon Fremont resigned from the army.

But the bold explorer, whose merits had been widely recognized by the people and by scientists, did not relinquish

his labors for California. At his own expense he fitted out a fourth expedition, and in October, 1848, crossed the Rocky Mountains with thirty-three men. Forgetful of his terrible experiences in 1844, he again attempted to cross the snow-clad Sierras in midwinter. The sufferings of the party were more severe than before, and after losing one-third of their number and all of their mules, they fell back to Santa Fé. Fremont, undismayed by this appalling reverse, immediately organized a new expedition, and after much hardship reached Sacramento in the spring of 1849. Enchanted with the natural beauty and boundless resources of California, Fremont now devoted his energy to making it a truly American State. He had purchased in 1847 the Mariposa estate, which later was found to contain gold. When the struggle arose with those who wished to introduce negro slavery, he used all his influence in behalf of freedom. At the first election by the legislature, Fremont was chosen to the United States Senate, in which he took his seat as soon as the State was admitted, September 10, 1850. His term expired in the next year, and as the pro-slavery party had gained strength in the meantime, he was defeated for re-election. For the sake of rest after his arduous labors he now visited Europe.

When Congress authorized a survey for a transcontinental railroad, Fremont resumed his explorations. An expedition was organized under private auspices, and began operations in September, 1853, taking the central route through the mountains of Colorado. Again the Sierra Nevada was reached in winter, and the passage blocked with snow. Food failed and the party was obliged to feed on the flesh of their exhausted horses. By making a detour and using the Walker pass, they at last reached Sacramento. Fremont's earlier reputation was tarnished by the disasters of this march, as it was felt that he should have avoided the dangers proved by former trials. Lawsuits were instituted regarding his title to the Mariposa estate, but these were finally settled by the United States Supreme Court, which upheld his claims.

When the first National Republican Convention met at Philadelphia in June, 1856, it nominated Fremont for the presidency, as a recognition of his services in making Califor-

nia a free State. In other respects he could hardly be said to have had the proper training and experience for the position. Yet he received 1,341,000 votes, while Buchanan, the successful candidate, received 1,838,000. He remained in private life until the breaking out of the Civil War.

Fremont was then appointed a major-general in the United States Army, and assigned to command the Western Department in July, 1861. On reaching St. Louis on July 25th, he found the State of Missouri largely controlled by the Secessionists. By proclamation of August 31st, he placed the State under martial law and declared the slaves of those who took up arms against the United States free. President Lincoln, finding him unwilling to modify the terms of the proclamation, revoked it, but this did not pacify the clamor against him. General Fremont set out against the Confederate troops in the southern part of Missouri, and had just prepared for battle when he was superseded on November 2nd by General D. Hunter. In February, 1862, Fremont took command of the mountain district of West Virginia and Kentucky. Here, on June 8th, he fought at Cross Keys with General "Stonewall" Jackson, but the latter escaped during the night. When General Pope was made commander of the Army of Virginia, Fremont declined to serve under a general whom he outranked and offered his resignation, which was accepted. Thenceforth he took no part in the war.

Towards the close of President Lincoln's first term, a convention was held at Cleveland, Ohio, by Republicans who wished for a more vigorous prosecution of the war. They nominated General Fremont for the Presidency. But the movement obtained little support, and the nominees were withdrawn before the election. After the war, when operations on transcontinental railroads were resumed, General Fremont was made president of the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad. It was intended to traverse the country which he had explored. The aid of European capitalists was invoked, and its bonds were placed on sale in the Paris Bourse. But the exposure of the *Crédit Mobilier* transactions with the Union Pacific Railroad damaged the new enterprise. It was found that the United States had not guaranteed the bonds,

and that the lands said to be granted by Congress were really granted by the Texas legislature and would not be available until the road was built. Suit was brought by the French government against Fremont for fraudulent statements, and in his absence he was condemned to a fine of 3,000 francs and five years' imprisonment. He denied all responsibility for the representations made by his brokers, but the failure of his projects reduced him to poverty. In June, 1878, he was made governor of Arizona by President Hayes, and held the position four years. He died in New York city, July 13, 1890.

Fremont's later misfortunes have greatly obscured his earlier achievements. Even those who hailed with enthusiasm his leadership in the first campaigns of the Republican party, looked askance at the business enterprises of his later years. In the Civil War he was elevated so speedily to high rank that he felt warranted in assuming a more aggressive policy than the administration was ready to approve. Unseasonable notions of military etiquette afterwards interfered with his obtaining suitable work in the field. But the real value of his work as an explorer of the West has been made clear by the development of the country. It was his labors that broke down the barriers of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, and overcame the terrors of the American desert. To accomplish the development of the Pacific slope and especially of California as an American State, he gave the enthusiasm of his youth, the vigor of his manhood, and eventually sacrificed his fortune.

FIRST ASCENT OF FREMONT'S PEAK.

August 10, 1842.—On this short mountain chain are the head waters of four great rivers of the continent,—namely, the Colorado, Columbia, Missouri, and Platte Rivers. It had been my design, after having ascended the mountains, to continue our route on the western side of the range, and, crossing through a pass at the north-western end of the chain, about thirty miles from our present camp, return along the eastern slope across the heads of the Yellowstone river, and join on the line to our station of August 7th, immediately at the foot of the ridge. In this way I should be enabled to include the whole chain and its

numerous waters in my survey; but various considerations induced me, very reluctantly, to abandon this plan.

I was desirous to keep strictly within the scope of my instructions; and it would have required ten or fifteen additional days for the accomplishment of this object. Our animals had become very much worn out with the length of the journey; game was very scarce; and though it does not appear in the course of the narrative (as I have avoided dwelling upon trifling incidents not connected with the objects of the expedition), the spirits of the men had been much exhausted by the hardships and privations to which they had been subjected. Our provisions had well-nigh all disappeared. Bread had been long out of the question; and of all our stock we had remaining two or three pounds of coffee and a small quantity of macaroni, which had been husbanded with great care for the mountain expedition we were about to undertake. Our daily meal consisted of dry buffalo meat cooked in tallow; and, as we had not dried this with Indian skill, part of it was spoiled, and what remained good was as hard as wood, having much the taste and appearance of so many pieces of bark. Even of this our stock was rapidly diminishing in a camp which was capable of consuming two buffaloes in every twenty-four hours. These animals had entirely disappeared, and it was not probable that we should fall in with them again until we returned to the Sweet Water [river].

Our arrangements for the ascent were rapidly completed. We were in a hostile country, which rendered the greatest vigilance and circumspection necessary. The pass at the north end of the mountain was generally infested by Blackfeet; and immediately opposite was one of their forts, on the edge of a little thicket, two or three hundred feet from our encampment. We were posted in a grove of beech, on the margin of the lake, and a few hundred feet long, with a narrow *prairillon* on the inner side, bordered by the rocky ridge. In the upper end of this grove we cleared a circular space about forty feet in diameter, and with the felled timber and interwoven branches surrounded it with a breastwork five feet in height. A gap was left for a gate on the inner side, by which the animals were to be driven in and secured, while the men slept around the little work. It was half hidden by the foliage, and, garrisoned by twelve resolute men, would have set at defiance any band of savages which might chance to discover them in the interval of our absence. Fifteen of the best mules, with fourteen men, were selected for the mountain party. Our

provisions consisted of dried meat for two days, with our little stock of coffee and some macaroni. In addition to the barometer and a thermometer I took with me a sextant and spy-glass, and we had, of course, our compasses.

August 15.—It had been supposed that we had finished with the mountains; and the evening before it had been arranged that Carson should set out at daylight, and return to breakfast at the Camp of the Mules, taking with him all but four or five men, who were to stay with me and bring back the mules and instruments. Accordingly, at the break of day they set out. With Mr. Preuss and myself remained Basil Lajeunesse, Clement Lambert, Janisse and Descoteaux. When we had secured strength for the day by a hearty breakfast, we covered what remained—which was enough for one meal—with rocks, in order that it might be safe from any marauding bird, and, saddling our mules, turned our faces once more towards the peaks. This time we determined to proceed quietly and cautiously, deliberately resolved to accomplish our object, if it were within the compass of human means. We were of opinion that a long defile which lay to the left of yesterday's route would lead us to the foot of the main peak. Our mules had been refreshed by the fine grass in the little ravine at the island camp, and we intended to ride up the defile as far as possible, in order to husband our strength for the main ascent. Though this was a fine passage, still it was a defile of the most rugged mountains known, and we had many a rough and steep slippery place to cross before reaching the end. In this place the sun rarely shone. Snow lay along the border of the small stream which flowed through it, and occasional icy passages made the footing of the mules very insecure; and the rocks and ground were moist with the trickling waters in this spring of mighty rivers. We soon had the satisfaction to find ourselves riding along the huge wall which forms the central summits of the chain. There at last it rose by our sides, a nearly perpendicular wall of granite, terminating 2,000 to 3,000 feet above our heads in a serrated line of broken, jagged cones. We rode on until we came almost immediately below the main peak, which I denominated the Snow Peak, as it exhibited more snow to the eye than any of the neighboring summits. Here were three small lakes of a green color, each perhaps a thousand yards in diameter, and apparently very deep. These lay in a kind of chasm; and, according to the barometer we had attained but a few hundred feet above the Island

Lake. The barometer here stood at 20.450, attached thermometer 70°.

We managed to get our mules up to a little bench about a hundred feet above the lakes, where there was a patch of good grass, and turned them loose to graze. During our rough ride to this place they had exhibited a wonderful sure-footedness. Parts of the defile were filled with angular, sharp fragments of rock,—three or four and eight or ten feet cube,—and among these they had worked their way, leaping from one narrow point to another, rarely making a false step, and giving us no occasion to dismount. Having divested ourselves of every unnecessary encumbrance, we commenced the ascent. This time, like experienced travelers, we did not press ourselves, but climbed leisurely, sitting down so soon as we found breath beginning to fail. At intervals we reached places where a number of springs gushed from the rocks, and about 1,800 feet above the lakes came to the snow line. From this point our progress was interrupted climbing. Hitherto I had worn a pair of thick moccasins, with soles of *parfleche*; but here I put on a light, thin pair, which I had brought for the purpose, as now the use of our toes became necessary to a further advance. I availed myself of a sort of comb of the mountain, which stood against the wall like a buttress, and which the wind and the solar radiation, joined to the steepness of the smooth rock, had kept almost entirely free from snow. Up this I made my way rapidly. Our cautious method of advancing in the outset had spared my strength; and, with the exception of a slight disposition to headache, I felt no remains of yesterday's illness. In a few minutes we reached a point where the buttress was overhanging, and there was no other way of surmounting the difficulty than by passing around one side of it, which was the face of a vertical precipice of several hundred feet.

Putting hands and feet in the crevices between the blocks, I succeeded in getting over it, and, when I reached the top, found my companions in a small valley below. Descending to them, we continued climbing, and in a short time reached the crest. I sprang upon the summit, and another step would have precipitated me into an immense snow field five hundred feet below. To the edge of this field was a sheer icy precipice; and then, with a gradual fall, the field sloped off for about a mile, until it struck the foot of another lower ridge. I stood on a narrow crest about three feet in width, with an inclination of about 20° N.

51° E. As soon as I had gratified the first feelings of curiosity I descended, and each man ascended in his turn; for I would only allow one at a time to mount the unstable and precarious slab, which it seemed a breath would hurl into the abyss below. We mounted the barometer in the snow of the summit, and, fixing a ramrod in a crevice, unfurled the national flag to wave in the breeze where never flag waved before. During our morning's ascent we had met no sign of animal life except the small sparrow-like bird already mentioned. A stillness the most profound and a terrible solitude forced themselves constantly on the mind as the great features of the place. Here on the summit where the stillness was absolute, unbroken by any sound, and the solitude complete, we thought ourselves beyond the region of animated life; but, while we were sitting on the rock, a solitary bee (*bromus, the bumble bee*) came winging his flight from the eastern valley, and lit on the knee of one of the men.

It was a strange place—the icy rock and the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains—for a lover of warm sunshine and flowers; and we pleased ourselves with the idea that he was the first of his species to cross the mountain barrier, a solitary pioneer to foretell the advance of civilization. I believe that a moment's thought would have made us let him continue his way unharmed; but we carried out the law of this country, where all animated nature seems at war, and, seizing him immediately, put him in at least a fit place,—in the leaves of a large book, among the flowers we had collected on our way. The barometer stood at 18.293, the attached thermometer at 44°, giving for the elevation of this summit 13,570 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, which may be called the highest flight of the bee. It is certainly the highest known flight of that insect. From the description given by Mackenzie of the mountains where he crossed them, with that of a French officer still farther to the north, and Colonel Long's measurements to the south, joined to the opinion of the oldest traders of the country, it is presumed that this is the highest peak of the Rocky Mountains. The day was sunny and bright, but a slight shining mist hung over the lower plains, which interfered with our view of the surrounding country. On one side we overlooked innumerable lakes and streams, the spring of the Colorado of the Gulf of California; and on the other was the Wind River Valley, where were the heads of the Yellowstone branch of the Missouri. Far to the north we just could discover the snowy heads of the *Trois Tetons*, where were the sources of the Missouri

and Columbia rivers; and at the southern extremity of the ridge the peaks were plainly visible, among which were some of the springs of the Nebraska or Platte river. Around us the whole scene had one main striking feature, which was that of terrible convulsion. Parallel to its length the ridge was split into chasms and fissures, between which rose the thin, lofty walls, terminated with slender minarets and columns. According to the barometer the little crest of the wall on which we stood was 3570 feet above that place, and 2780 above the little lakes at the bottom, immediately at our feet. Our camp at the Two Hills (an astronomical station) bore south 3° east, which, with a bearing afterward obtained from a fixed position, enabled us to locate the peak. The bearing of the *Trois Tetons* was north 50° west, and the direction of the central ridge of the Wind River Mountains south 39° east. The summit rock was gneiss, succeeded by sienitic gneiss. Sienite and feldspar succeeded in our descent to the snow line, where we found a feldspathic granite. I had remarked that the noise produced by the explosion of our pistols had the usual degree of loudness, but was not in the least prolonged, expiring almost instantaneously. Having now made what observations our means afforded, we proceeded to descend. We had accomplished an object of laudable ambition, and beyond the strict order of our instructions. We had climbed the loftiest peak of the Rocky Mountains and looked down upon the snow a thousand feet below, and standing where never human foot had stood before, felt the exultation of first explorers. It was about two o'clock when we left the summit; and, when we reached the bottom, the sun had already sunk behind the wall, and the day was drawing to a close. It would have been pleasant to have lingered here and on the summit longer; but we hurried away as rapidly as the ground would permit, for it was an object to regain our party as soon as possible, not knowing what accident the next hour might bring forth.—JOHN C. FREMONT.





AMONG the religious leaders of the American people, various members of the Beecher family have been noted. The most conspicuous were the Presbyterian Dr. Lyman Beecher and his eloquent son, Henry Ward Beecher. Their ancestry can be traced to the widow Hannah Beecher, who was among the first

settlers of New Haven, Connecticut, in 1638. Lyman was her descendant in the fifth generation. Born at New Haven in 1775, he graduated at Yale College, and in 1799 became pastor at East Hampton, Long Island, on a salary of \$300. Ten years later he was called to the Congregational church at Litchfield, Connecticut, and there began a work that reached far beyond his local bounds. Stirred by the prevalence of intemperance among all classes, he preached and published in 1814 six sermons, which were sent broadcast through the country. They led to the formation of temperance associations, and had marked effect upon the habits of the people.

The sixteen years of his Connecticut pastorate was the era of the formation of voluntary unions for the promotion of religious purposes in which the Evangelical churches agreed. Bible, missionary, and educational societies were quickly formed for the benefit of the rapidly increasing population. Their animating spirit came from the churches of New England, their field was the great West, but their headquarters were established in New York city, where the enterprising merchants were loyal to their Puritan training. To the organization of these societies the eloquent Beecher gave much

of his energy. His salary was but \$800 a year, and his family steadily increased. Of his thirteen children eleven lived to maturity. Besides his own children, several young women were trained in his house under his second wife's watchful guardianship. The moral and religious tone of the family was high, and habits of industry and self-reliance were inculcated.

In 1826 Dr. Beecher was called to the Hanover Street church, Boston. Here a new mode of activity was demanded. In the early home of Puritanism a moral rebellion had broken out. The benevolent Dr. Channing was the persuasive leader of the Unitarians. To oppose his influence, the ardent, aggressive Dr. Beecher was made the leader of the orthodox party. His zealous and successful pastorate lasted six years. It was terminated by a call to work which still more commended itself to his judgment—the evangelization of the West. Lane Theological Seminary had been founded at Walnut Hills, near Cincinnati, and a large sum of money was pledged to it on condition that Dr. Beecher, now recognized as the embodiment of the home missionary spirit, should become its president. In 1832, at the age of fifty-seven, the tried and faithful preacher entered on the work of raising up a supply of earnest, devoted orthodox home missionaries. He was also pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in Cincinnati.

In the first third of the nineteenth century a great anti-slavery movement in Great Britain had effected the emancipation of the slaves in the British West Indies and the suppression of the African slave trade. In America slavery was firmly intrenched as a local institution, with which the Federal government could not interfere. Moral sentiment had caused its disappearance in the Northern States, and had been expected to produce the same result in the South. But in the meantime it had become profitable to the planters through the invention of the cotton gin and other agencies. Negro slavery was therefore spreading over a larger area, and was seeking new territory. The attention of American philanthropists was directed to the evils of slavery, and an anti-slavery convention met in Philadelphia in 1833. Its president, Arthur

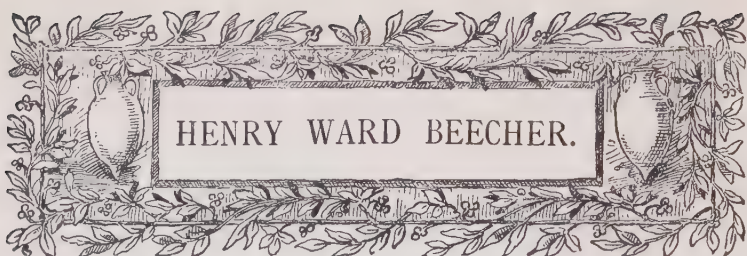
Tappan, had been a liberal contributor to Lane Seminary. To its students he sent copies of the address issued by the Philadelphia convention. Warm discussions arose among the students, some of whom were from the South. These, being outnumbered, soon withdrew. Then slaveholders from Kentucky and their emissaries incited mob violence against Dr. Beecher and the professors who favored the abolition movement. The board of trustees forbade the further discussion of the question, but the Northern students now in turn withdrew. Dr. Beecher and his brother-in-law, Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, remained and induced a few students to return. But most of the seceders went to form Oberlin College. To add to the difficulties of the situation, Dr. Beecher was in 1835 arraigned on the charge of heresy. He was in fact a moderate Calvinist, but the more strenuous Presbyterians resented his concessions to his doctrinal opponents. The trial took place in his own church, and he was obliged to defend himself while burdened with the troubles of the seminary and family affliction. He was acquitted both by the Presbytery and on appeal by the Synod. But the controversy went on, and in 1837 resulted in the division of the Presbyterian church in the United States. Dr. Beecher adhered to that part which was distinguished as the New School. He resigned his pastorate in 1842, but retained the presidency of Lane Seminary for ten years more. In 1852 he returned to Boston, but soon removed to the home of his son Henry in Brooklyn. His mind became somewhat impaired, and later he suffered a stroke of paralysis in his eightieth year. He died at Brooklyn January 10, 1863.

Dr. Beecher was a bold, powerful, extemporaneous preacher. He was physically large and strong and fond of bodily exercise. After the excitement of public meetings he would relax his mind by playing on the violin or capering in his room. His sermons and addresses were marked by vigor of thought, logical force and pungent appeal. His indomitable will, strong personal magnetism, and boldness in defence of orthodoxy made him a popular favorite. But this very boldness carried him beyond the limits marked by conservative theologians, and brought him into conflict with them. His

most lasting work was in giving impulse to the movement which diffused New England ideas through the West.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was thrice married. His seven sons all became Congregational ministers, the most eminent being Henry Ward Beecher. His four daughters were active in educational and literary work. Three were married. The most famous of them was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the most widely circulated American book. In 1871 Henry W. Sage founded at Yale College Divinity School the "Lyman Beecher Lectureship," in which annual courses are delivered by distinguished preachers.





HF Lyman Beecher's seven stalwart sons the most eminent was Henry Ward Beecher. He was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, June 24, 1813. After graduating at Amherst College in 1834, he studied theology under his father at Lane Seminary. He took charge of a Presbyterian mission church at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, twenty miles south of Cincinnati. Here he was sexton and general worker as well as preacher. In 1839 he went to the Presbyterian church at Indianapolis, and soon became noted as a leader of young men. In 1847 the newly-formed Plymouth church at Brooklyn called for his services. Here a new style of pulpit oratory was developed. Regarding Christianity as a rule of life rather than a system of dogmas, he sought to apply its principles to human life in all its manifestations. His themes were often drawn from the public events of the time, and he discussed their moral bearings with intense earnestness. Intemperance, slavery and political questions were all treated boldly. Two peculiarities of his preaching were his abundance of illustrations from every-day life and his admission of humor as an aid in enforcing his teaching. For many years his sermons were reported weekly in the "Plymouth Pulpit."

Beecher was also noted as a platform lecturer, and visited many parts of the country in this way. In the long conflict with slavery he was an earnest worker. Under his leadership his church was conspicuous in the effort to make Kansas a free State by sending armed settlers from New England. In the early days of the Republican party he was active in its behalf throughout the Northern States. In 1863 he went to Great Britain and discussed in its principal cities the questions of the American Civil War. These speeches were pub-

lished and had great effect in moulding British public opinion. In April, 1865, at the request of the government, he delivered an oration at Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor.

In 1848 a number of Congregationalist ministers founded in New York *The Independent* as a liberal religious newspaper. From the start it freely applied moral principles to the political and social questions of the times. A few merchants bore the financial burden which was onerous for some years. Then Henry C. Bowen, who had been one of them, undertook the entire control, and under his management the paper was remarkably successful. Beecher was the leading editorial writer for several years. *The Independent* was opposed to slavery, and advocated the principles of the Republican party before and during the war and in Reconstruction times. About 1870 Bowen became alienated from Beecher, withdrew from his church, and suspended all intercourse with him. No reasons were given, except to a few persons, but the circumstances seemed to involve a charge of immorality. Theodore Tilton, a brilliant political writer, had become editorial manager. He married Elizabeth Richards, who had been brought up in Beecher's congregation and directly under his care. In 1874 Tilton charged Beecher with criminal intercourse with Mrs. Tilton, who was alleged to have made a confession. A committee of Plymouth Church investigated the case and reported the charges groundless. But Tilton carried the affair into the civil courts, demanding \$100,000 damages. The trial lasted six months, the testimony being confusing, and eminent counsel being engaged on both sides. At its close, in 1876, the jury, after being locked up for a week, failed to agree on a verdict. Nine were in favor of the defendant. For some years Beecher's reputation seemed ruined. His wife clung to him and intimate friends supported his cause. Plymouth Church adhered to its pastor, but the Brooklyn Congregational Association withdrew its fellowship. Tilton undertook a new literary weekly, but failed and went to Paris, where he lived in obscurity. Mrs. Tilton lived in retirement in Brooklyn. The explanation of the tangled case seems to be that Beecher's affectionate impulsiveness had led him to undue familiarity with one who had been under his guardian-

ship, but not to a criminal extent. On the other hand, her easily impressionable nature had made her give assent to her husband's reckless charges. The attempts of others to effect a reconciliation had made matters worse by partial confessions and concessions.

After leaving *The Independent* Beecher was, for a few years, connected with *The Christian Union*. During and after the trial he walked in the valley of humiliation. He was still invited to lecture in various places throughout the country, but met with much obloquy, which he bore with dignified patience. Gradually his influence returned, especially in his home city. Judge Fullerton, one of the counsel who conducted the case against him, eventually declared his belief in his innocence. In 1878 renewal of public confidence in Beecher was shown when he was elected chaplain of the Thirtieth Regiment of the National Guard, New York. In the meantime his preaching became more broadly humanitarian. He had never been a dogmatist, though he had held the orthodox doctrines of the Congregational Church. Now he gave up belief in the eternal punishment of the wicked. He accepted the doctrine of evolution and the conclusions of modern science. He continued to apply moral principles to political and social questions. He advocated civil service reform. In the Presidential campaign of 1884, withdrawing from the Republican party, he gave public support to Cleveland's candidacy. In 1886 Beecher went again to Great Britain, where he lectured and preached to large audiences in the principal cities. Though now seventy-three years of age, he seemed in full possession of his bodily and mental vigor. He made arrangements for the completion of his "Life of Jesus the Christ," the first volume of which had been issued just before his trial. But before he could actually begin the work, he was cut off by apoplexy at Brooklyn March 8, 1887.

Plymouth Church, one of the largest congregations in America, was the chief monument of Beecher's ability as a leader and inspirer of men. In his later years the pastoral work devolved on an assistant, while he continued to be the preacher. It was expected that the congregation would collapse after his removal, but after an interval of some months,

during which various candidates were tried, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, who had succeeded Beecher as editor of the *Christian Union*, became also his successor in the Plymouth pulpit.

Henry Ward Beecher was rather under medium height, stout, strong and vigorous to the last. His head was large, his face florid, his features well defined, the nose somewhat aquiline, the brows and mouth full. His hair was worn rather long, combed back from the forehead and falling negligently over his broad shoulders. His countenance showed a mixture of shrewdness and tenderness, playfulness and sympathy, yet at times the underlying seriousness would come to the surface and give it a fiercely indignant or severe prophetic look.

Throughout his varied career Beecher was distinctively a popular orator. Though he wrote trenchant editorials, humorous sketches, bright and sparkling essays on a variety of subjects, and even a novel of New England life ("Norwood"), his true force was displayed in the pulpit and on the platform. He was a diligent reader, fonder of poetical prose than of poetry, of description than of the drama. Having stored his mind with his subject, he trusted to the inspiration of the time and audience for expression of his thought. He was prompt to respond to the demands of any worthy occasion. His addresses were marked by felicitous phrases, unexpected turns and dramatic outbursts. They were full of ready logic, poetical images, moving pathos and racy humor. Ever ready to use humorous illustrations, he never went out of his way to introduce funny stories in his lectures. He was always earnest and deeply imbued with moral purpose. In his early sermons he was fervid, passionate and dramatic; in the later he was large-minded, philosophic, didactic. His greatest work was in arousing and directing the conscience of the Northern people with regard to the moral questions of slavery and the Civil War.

ENGLAND'S ATTITUDE TO AMERICA.

[From Beecher's Address at the Farewell Meeting at Liverpool, England, October 30, 1863].

When I look into the interior of English thoughts, and feelings, and society, and see how, in the first stage of our conflict,

with your old anti-slavery sympathies, you went for the North; how there came a second stage, when you began to fear lest this American struggle should re-act upon your own parties, I think I see my way to the third stage, in which you will say: "This American struggle will not affect our interior interests and economy more than we choose to allow; and our duty is to follow our own real original opinions and manly sentiments." I know of but one or two things that are necessary to expedite this final judgment of England, and that is, one or two conclusive Federal victories. If I am not greatly mistaken, the conviction and opinions of England are like iron wedges; but success is the sledge-hammer which drives in the wedge and splits the log. Nowhere in the world are people so apt to succeed in what they put their hand to as in England, and therefore nowhere in the world more than in England is success honored; and the crowning thing for the North, in order to complete that returning sympathy and cordial good will is to obtain a thorough victory over the South. There is nothing in the way of that but the thing itself.

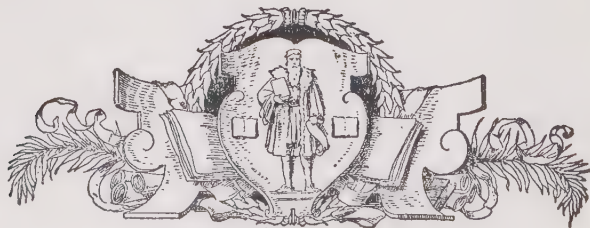
Allow me to say, therefore, just at this point and in that regard, that, whilst looking at it commercially, and whilst looking at it sentimentally, the prolongation of this war seems mischievous, it is more in seeming than reality, for the North was itself being educated by this war. This North was like men sent to sea on a ship that was but half built as yet; just enough built to keep the water out of the hull: but they had both to sail on their voyage and to build up their ship as they went. We were precipitated at a civil crisis in which there were all manner of complications at all stages of progress in the right direction of this war, and the process of education has had to go on in the battlefields, in the drill camps and at home amongst the people, while they were discussing and taxing their energies for the maintenance of the war. And there never was so good a school-master as war has been in America. Terrible was the light of his eye, fearful the stroke of his hand; but he is turning out as good a set of pupils as ever came from any school in this world. Now, every single month, from this time forward, that this struggle is delayed unifies the North—brings the North on to that ground which so many have struggled to avoid:—"Union and peace require the utter destruction of slavery." There is an old proverb, "There's luck in leisure." Let me transmute the proverb and say, "There is emancipation in delay." And every humane heart—yea, every commercial man that takes any com-

prehensive and long-sighted, instead of a narrow view of the question, will say: "Let the war thus linger until it has burnt slavery to the very root."

While it is, however, a great evil and a terrible one, I will not disguise it,—for war is dreadful to every Christian heart—yet, blessed be God, we are not called to an unmixed evil. There are many collateral advantages. While war is as great, or even a greater evil than many of you have been taught to think, it is wrong to suppose that it is evil only, and that God cannot, even by such servants as war, work out a great moral result. The spirit of patriotism diffused throughout the North has been almost like the resurrection of manhood. You never can understand what emasculation has been caused by the indirect influence of slavery. I have mourned all my mature life to see men growing up who were obliged to suppress all true conviction and sentiment, because it was necessary to compromise between the great antagonisms of North and South. There were the few pronounced anti-slavery men of the North and the few pronounced slavery men of the South, and the Union-lovers (as they were called during the latter period) attempting to hold the two together, not by a mild and consistent adherence to truth plainly spoken, but by suppressing truth and conviction, and saying, "Everything for the Union." Now during this period I took this ground, that if "Union" meant nothing but this—a resignation of the national power to be made a tool for the maintenance of slavery—Union was a lie and a degradation. All over New England, and all over the State of New York, and through Pennsylvania, to the very banks of the Ohio, I, in the presence of hisses and execrations, held this doctrine from 1850 to 1860—namely, "Union is good if it is Union for justice and liberty; but if it is Union for slavery, then it is thrice accursed." For they were attempting to lasso anti-slavery men by this word "Union," and to draw them over to pro-slavery sympathies and the party of the South by saying, "Slavery may be wrong and all that, but we must not give up the Union," and it became necessary for the friends of liberty to say, "Union for the sake of liberty, not Union for the sake of slavery." Now we have passed out of that period, and it is astonishing to see how men have come to their tongues in the North, and how men of the highest accomplishments now say they do not believe in slavery. If Mr. Everett could have pronounced in 1850 the oration which he pronounced in 1860, then might miracles have flourished

again. Not until the sirocco came—not until that great convulsion that threw men as with a backward movement of the arm of Omnipotence from the clutches of the South and from her sorcerer's breath—not until then was it that with their hundreds and thousands the men of the North stood on their feet and were men again. More than warehouses, more than ships, more than all harvests and every material form of wealth is the treasure of a nation in the manhood of her men. We could have afforded to have had our stores of wheat burnt—there is wheat to plant again. We could have afforded to have our farms burnt—our farms can spring again from beneath the ashes. If we had sunk our ships—there is timber to build new ones. Had we burnt every house—there is stone and brick left for skill again to construct them. Perish every material element of wealth, but give me the citizen intact: give me the man that fears God and therefore loves men, and the destruction of the mere outside fabric is nothing—nothing; but give me apartments of gold, and build me palaces along the streets as thick as the shops of London; give me rich harvests and ships and all the elements of wealth, but corrupt the citizen, and I am poor.

I will not insist upon the other elements. I will not dwell upon the moral power stored in the names of those young heroes that have fallen in this struggle. I cannot think of it, but my eyes run over. They were dear to me, many of them, as if they had carried in their veins my own blood. How many families do I know in which once was the voice of gladness, in which now father and mother sit childless! How many heirs of wealth, how many noble scions of old families, well cultured, the heirs to every apparent prosperity in time to come, flung themselves into their country's cause, and died bravely fighting for it. And every such name has become a name of power, and whoever hears it hereafter shall feel a thrill in his heart—self-devotion, heroic patriotism, love of his kind, love of liberty, love of God.—H. W. BEECHER.





PDIFFICULT and dangerous as is the task of Arctic exploration, it seems to promise more success than Antarctic, and has therefore attracted the energies of a greater number of daring navigators. Among the smaller group associated with the battle with icy desolation in the south Charles Wilkes is honorably conspicuous. His name is also prominent in the history of the Civil War, in which his patriotic zeal outran the interest of his government.

The Portuguese navigator Magellan, who did not live to complete his voyage around the world, was long supposed to have discovered in 1520 a vast continent extending north of the parallel of 60° south latitude. But Captain James Cook in 1773 passed into that dreary waste beyond the Antarctic circle and in the next year reached 71° south latitude without discovering land. It was then inferred that the Magellanic land was merely an imaginary extension of Terra del Fuego. Captain Palmer, of Connecticut, while in pursuit of seals in 1821, was the first to find an Antarctic land, which accordingly bears his name. The governments of France and England, moved by the report of this discovery, sent out expeditions in 1837 and 1839. The Congress of the United States also in 1836 authorized its first exploring expedition. The liberal appropriation of \$300,000 was made for exploring and surveying in the great Southern Ocean in the interest of commerce and fisheries. The expedition was organized at first under Commodore Thomas A. C. Jones, but in 1838 President Van Buren appointed Lieutenant Wilkes to the command.

Charles Wilkes, who was thus honored, was born in New York city April 3, 1798. He entered the navy as midshipman in 1817 and was commissioned lieutenant in 1826. His long

service in the department of charts and instruments had specially fitted him for surveying. The squadron consisted of the sloops of war "Vincennes" and "Peacock," the store ship "Relief," the brig "Porpoise," and the tenders "Sea-Gull" and "Flying Fish." None of the vessels had steam-power. The second in command was Lieutenant William L. Hudson, who had consented to serve, though his naval rank was above Wilkes. Five of the other lieutenants employed rose to be rear-admirals in the Civil War. The expedition sailed through the South Atlantic, and in February, 1839, left Cape Horn to enter the Antarctic waters. More than a month was spent in trying to reach Palmer's land, which was only sighted. The expedition was delayed by the smaller vessels, one of which was lost in a gale. Considerable time was spent in surveying Samoa and other islands. Wilkes sailed again in December from Sydney, Australia, and passed beyond the Antarctic Circle. The voyage extended from 95° east longitude to 155° , the highest point reached being about 70° south latitude. In spite of the danger from icebergs, heavy fogs and bad weather and the risk of being completely frozen in, Wilkes having sighted the Antarctic land on January 26, 1840, followed the coast eastward, keeping as close to the ice-barrier as the conditions would permit. The land showed lofty, snow-capped mountain ranges, but the exterior ice-barrier rose from one to two hundred feet above the surface in water over two hundred fathoms deep. For a month Wilkes continued his voyage of observation, and then returned to Sydney. He prepared a chart of his explorations with information as to winds and currents, and sent it to Sir James C. Ross, whose expedition was expected to arrive soon. Ross afterwards published this chart, but declared that he had found open sea in some places indicated on the chart as land. These errors, probably due to imperfect observation by some of Wilkes' assistants, threw doubt on other reported discoveries. Wilkes supposed the lands that he had seen at various times to form a vast Antarctic Continent, but Ross rejected this view. Ross reached the highest known southern latitude, $78^{\circ} 11'$, and named the land there discovered, stretching along the meridian of 161° west longitude, Victoria Land. It was mountain-

ous and inaccessible, but contained an active volcano 12,000 feet high, which was called Mount Erebus. Later scientific investigators regard the Antarctic ice-barrier as the margin of a polar ice-cap, and infer that the circumpolar area is land rather than water.

Wilkes, on leaving the Southern Ocean, sailed through the Pacific, making scientific surveys. At the Feejee Islands one of his cutters grounded and was pillaged by the natives. He therefore captured some chiefs and destroyed a neighboring village. This led to attacks and reprisals, in which finally Wilkes destroyed two towns, killed sixty natives and wounded many more. Two American officers were killed. Passing to Hawaii, Wilkes made scientific observations on Mauna Loa. In 1841 he visited the northwestern coast of North America, and in November sailed from San Francisco for Manila. He visited Sooloo, Borneo, Singapore, and passed around the Cape of Good Hope to St. Helena.

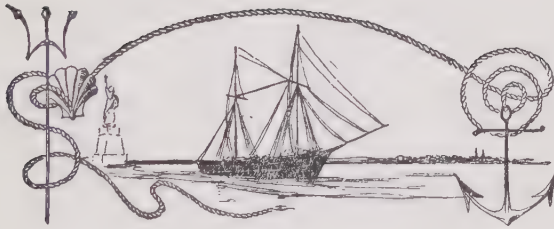
Having accomplished well the scientific objects prescribed for the expedition, the little fleet returned to New York city June 10, 1842. Serious charges were brought against the commander for unjust treatment of officers and men during the four years' voyage. A court martial acquitted Wilkes in most instances, but pronounced some of his punishments too summary and severe. He was therefore reprimanded. The valuable collection of articles pertaining to the South Sea Islands became the basis of the National Museum at Washington. The reports of the expedition were issued in sixteen quarto volumes, five comprising the narrative, and eleven showing the scientific results. Unfortunately, a fire at the Smithsonian Institute destroyed other parts intended for publication. Work connected with his reports kept Wilkes most of the time at Washington until the Civil War broke out. In the meantime he was promoted captain.

In 1861 Captain Wilkes was sent to the coast of Africa to take command of the United States steamship "San Jacinto." He brought it to the West Indies, where he cruised watching for the Confederate privateer "Sumter." He learned that John Slidell and James M. Mason, who had been commissioned as Confederate envoys to Europe, had reached Cuba and taken

passage on the British mail-steamer "Trent." Wilkes took his station in the channel of Old Bahama, and on the 8th of November intercepted the "Trent" and brought her to by firing across her bows. The envoys and their secretaries were arrested and taken to Boston, where they were confined in Fort Warren. Captain Wilkes was praised for his action by the Secretary of the Navy. The newspapers and people joined in approving his deed. When Congress met in December, the House passed a joint resolution of thanks for "his brave, adroit, and patriotic conduct," but this was indefinitely postponed in the Senate. The British government could not permit the outrage on her vessel and flag to pass without resenting it. Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, was ready to declare war, but Prince Albert, just before his death, persuaded the ministry to call upon the American government to disclaim the action of Wilkes. The British ministry demanded an apology and the release of the prisoners. There could hardly be any doubt that the seizure was in violation of international law, and President Lincoln entrusted the conduct of the case to Seward, the diplomatic Secretary of State. Seward in reply to the British demand insisted that Wilkes was justified in stopping the "Trent," but should have carried the steamer into port, where an admiralty court could decide whether she was guilty of carrying articles contraband of war. He therefore declined to make an apology, as no offence to Great Britain was intended. He reminded the British government that it had long maintained and exercised the right of search under neutral flags, but that the United States had always disclaimed this practice, and would in the present instance give it no sanction. Mason and Slidell were released on January 2, 1862, and sailed for Europe. When Wilkes was told during the agitation of the case that he would probably lose his commission, he replied that he had performed a patriotic duty, and was willing to be sacrificed for his country.

Captain Wilkes afterwards commanded a flotilla on the James River. He was promoted commodore, and had a special squadron engaged in blockade duty. In 1864 he was placed on the retired list, and was subsequently made rear-

admiral. In his later years he was chiefly engaged in scientific labors, to which he had always been devoted. He died at Washington February 8, 1877. Both the Naval Observatory and the National Museum may be regarded as in part monuments to the memory of this industrious and zealous naval officer.





WILLIAM I., the founder of the new German Empire, died on March 9, 1888, aged ninety-one years. In natural course the imperial burden devolved on his son, the Crown Prince Frederic, familiarly known as "Unser Fritz," from his father's fond appellation. But Frederic had already for a year past been marked for the tomb. He was suffering from an insidious cancerous affection in the upper part of the throat. By the advice of the best physicians, German and English, he had gone to the Tyrol, and thence to San Remo, Italy. It had been a doubtful question whether he would survive his aged father. Fate granted the voiceless son a brief respite, and he left Italy to attend his father's funeral. For ninety-nine days he was permitted to exercise imperial power. On June 15 his son William succeeded to the throne.

The full name of the third German Emperor is Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert. He was born on January 27, 1859. His mother, Victoria, is the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. His early education was received at home, Dr. Hinzpeter being especially distinguished among his tutors. By his advice the prince in 1874 was sent to the gymnasium at Cassel, the tutor still having oversight of his studies. As usual with Prussian princes, William already had military titles, and was drilled in the school of the soldier. At the age of seventeen he was assigned to the First Regiment of foot guards, and completed his military training under professors of the Potsdam Military Academy. Simultaneously another course of study was pur-

sued at Bonn University, but the lad's predilection was entirely for military pursuits.

On February 27, 1881, Prince William was married to the Princess Augusta Victoria, daughter of Duke Frederic VIII. of Schleswig-Holstein. She has been a faithful wife of the domestic type, entirely devoted to the wishes of her husband, and content with the place he allows her. His mother, on the other hand, had tried to exert influence on public affairs and to rouse German women to take interest in them. The result had been to her disadvantage, both with the German people and with her son, who, amid all his startling and almost inexplicable changes of thought and action, has been thoroughly German. It is said that when Frederic learned in 1887 that his disease was necessarily fatal, he gave a pledge to his father to renounce the right of succession in favor of his son. His wife stoutly opposed this self-sacrifice, and summoned the English physician, Sir Morell Mackenzie, to aid in combating the disease. Hence arose a conflict between the English and the German physicians, and the son took the side of the Germans. He is said to have cherished a prejudice against English medical practitioners by believing that the birth-injury which rendered helpless his left arm was due to the bungling of an English accoucheur. The dispute tended to widen the breach which had already existed between the son and his mother. In his brief reign the father was able to effect little. Prince Bismarck remained in power, although Frederic held different ideals of rule. Yet the emperor did dismiss Puttkamer, who had been Minister of the Interior since 1881, and was thoroughly identified with Bismarck's overbearing policy. A few days later Frederic died.

In succeeding to the German imperial dignity William became also King of Prussia, duke of eighteen territories, grand duke of two, count of ten, seigneur of fifteen, margrave of three, thus gaining altogether fifty-four titles. He was in his thirtieth year, full of exuberant spirits, and fully possessed with the idea that he was called to rule by divine right. His first public act was to issue an energetic address to the army and navy, which rang through the world like the blast of a trumpet. It contained a long eulogy of his grandfather, a

slight mention of his father, a rehearsal of the warlike achievements of early ancestors, and closed with the declaration, "Thus we belong to each other, I and the army; thus we were born for one another; firmly and inseparably will we hold together, whether it is God's will to give us peace or storm." Even before his father was buried the new ruler had proclaimed himself a war lord. But the address to the Prussian people, issued on the day of the funeral, was different in tone—less boastful, more reverent, more winning. It closed with the solemn pledge: "I have vowed to God that, after the example of my fathers, I will be a just and clement prince to my people, I will foster piety and the fear of God, I will protect the peace and promote the welfare of the country, I will be a helper of the poor and distressed, and a true guardian of the right." It is evident that in the person of this emperor there are two natures—a gentle idealist and an arrogant self-asserter. Throughout his reign there has been an alternation between these two characters. Each in turn has been effectively put forward, and at each change the world has been surprised.

On the 25th of June the Reichstag met, and was opened by William with much pomp. His speech declared his resolve "to live at peace with all men as far as in him lay." The loyal Reichstag largely increased his civil list. In the month of July William, who has ever been noted for physical restlessness, started on a series of journeys to foreign countries. First he went to Russia, probably owing to his grandfather's injunction to cultivate friendship with the Czar. But Alexander III. and his court were disturbed rather than attracted by the sudden descent upon them. The Czar did not return the visit next year as etiquette required, and his son passed through Berlin more than once without stopping to greet the German Emperor. William passed on to Sweden and thence to Denmark. In the autumn he visited the court of Vienna. There he might have met his uncle, the Prince of Wales; but the Prince, being offended at William's treatment of his widowed sister, hastened away on a pretended hunting trip. William passed into Italy, and visited both the Pope and King Humbert. He told Leo XIII. that his dream of regain-

ing temporal power was an illusion, and the gentle Pope afterwards pronounced the young ruler a conceited, headstrong fellow, whose reign would end in disaster. In general William's speeches at foreign courts were polite and pleasant enough. But in his visits to the Prussian provinces he was less guarded and sometimes reckless. In one he declared that the whole German empire should be sacrificed rather than restore Alsace to France. At Berlin when the Radical Town Council on his return from foreign travel presented a loyal address, and declared their intention of erecting a fountain in his honor, he bluntly told them to build more churches and to stop their Radical editors, who had discussed his family affairs. This referred to their commendation of his father in comparison with himself. On New Year's day, 1889, his antagonism to his father's course culminated in his bestowing the Order of the Black Eagle on Puttkamer, whom Frederic had dismissed from office.

Prince Bismarck, now seventy-three years old, was still in full possession of power. The young Emperor seemed a ruler after his own heart, and ready to gratify all his wishes. The Chancellor hoped to transmit his power to his elder son, Count Herbert, a rough and ready statesman, ten years older than William. Herbert was made war-minister, and was for a time the Emperor's special confidant. But the alliance cemented in so many ways was destined not to last. In September, 1888, there had appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau* extracts from the diary kept by the Crown-Prince Frederic in 1870-71, going to show that he first suggested the formation of the new German Empire. By Bismarck's order the number was forthwith suppressed as a revelation of state secrets. The publication was traced to Frederic's friend, Professor Geffcken, who was arrested for treason and sent to jail; while his house was ransacked. Yet when the case came to trial at Leipsic in January, 1889, Geffcken was promptly acquitted and released. Meanwhile the Bismarcks were engaged in calumniating Frederic by alleging that during the French campaign the secrets of the German army were through him and his wife transmitted to the enemy. Deeply wounded in feeling, the Empress dowager had returned to her mother in England

in November, 1888. Her son appeared completely estranged from her. England was the only country of Northern Europe which the "traveling Emperor" did not visit in the first year of his reign.

In May, 1889, the coal miners in Westphalia went on a strike. Altogether 100,000 men left work, and soon there were bloody conflicts between the military and the strikers. The soldierly William was excited by this sudden revolt of labor, and sought the advice of his old tutor, Dr. Hinzpeter. The latter met delegations of the miners and mine-masters, and seems to have evolved a new form of Christian Socialism as a remedy for labor troubles.

When the Czar of Russia had fully revealed his dislike of the new Emperor, William to the dismay of Bismarck promptly turned to England, which he had so plainly neglected. In August, 1889, at the head of a splendid squadron, he steamed into Portsmouth harbor, where the British government had assembled a magnificent fleet to greet him. William was delighted at being made an honorary British Admiral, and rather comically returned the compliment by making his grandmother a German Colonel of Dragoons. He became fully reconciled to his mother and presented her a delightful summer villa in the Taunus Mountains. At last the Czar made a formal visit to Berlin, and in due time the Emperor went again to Russia to see the military manoeuvres. But his new friendship with England has been unshaken.

Throughout 1889 the hold of the Bismarcks on the Emperor had been failing. The aged Count von Moltke resigned his place as Chief of the General Staff in August, 1888, and William testified in various ways his affectionate regard for the retired veteran. Moltke was succeeded by Count von Waldersee, the head of an opposition court party to Bismarck. In January, 1890, the Reichstag, under the Waldersee influence, refused to renew the clause giving the government authority to expel obnoxious citizens. This clause had been an instrument of Bismarck's power. The Reichstag was dissolved, and before the new election the Emperor summoned an International Labor Conference. The election showed a surprising change of parties, and the Emperor was displeased

to see the large increase of Radicals and Socialists. Yet he held steadily on his way. Though he wrote friendly notes to Bismarck, he had made up his mind that the Chancellor must go, and he waited for an opportunity to dismiss him. At last the Prince, somewhat offended at the Labor Conference, threatened to retire, and an aide-de-camp waited upon him for the resignation. Bismarck delayed writing and sought to avert the stroke, but in vain. Most unwillingly he complied on March 18, 1890, asking permission to retire. The Emperor's reply was eulogistic, and the Prince was made Duke of Lauenburg and a Field-marshal. The ordeal of dismissing the great statesman whom all the world acknowledged to be the effective creator of the new German Empire, was severe for the ruler who was profiting by his arduous labors, but it was inevitable. The world expected a crash when the massive pillar of the empire was withdrawn, and at last wondered that no serious disturbance took place.

Prince Bismarck, in his retirement at Friedrichsruhe, showed fierce and bitter resentment. Through the press he issued malicious comments on affairs, provoked quarrels and published annoying revelations of the past. While in office Bismarck had rudely repulsed all foreign newspaper men who sought interviews with him. Now a New York journalist sought him out and was welcomed. Soon a number of others made their way to his country mansion, were well entertained, and filled their note-books with spicy comments. The Prince's wife and secretary tried to dissuade him from his diatribes against "the new master," but in vain. He spoke of the Emperor as "a young fox-hound that barks at everything, smells at everything, touches everything, and makes disorder in the room where he is admitted." But the Emperor discreetly endured in silence all the barks and snappings of the once loyal Reichshund.

Count Caprivi had, at a hint a year before, promptly resigned the Ministry of Marine. Now his obedience was rewarded. He was made Chancellor, and devoted himself to the business of his office. Soon all the empire, relieved from the galling pressure of Bismarck's methods, breathed more freely, and went forward in the new path marked by the Em-

peror. The people were delighted at Britain's gift of the little island of Heligoland as a pledge of the new amity. The *Kulturkampf*, which had been abandoned even by Bismarck, faded out of sight. The *Judenhetze*, which had troubled Berlin especially, was quenched. Reforms were made in education. William, who had himself been a student in the once-lauded *gymnasium*, now insisted on reform both in matter and manner of teaching, and called for the substitution of modern scientific studies for the ancient classical. Dr. Miquel, who had attracted the Emperor's attention during the miners' strike, was made Minister of Finance in June, 1890. He assisted in the movement to the gold standard, which pervaded the civilized world.

William continued to take opportunity to assert his high views of his mission, and on several occasions used expressions worthy of Louis XIV. He is reported to have said publicly, "It is the nature of the monarchy that there is only one master in the country, and that is I." In the visitors' book at Munich he wrote "*Suprema lex regis voluntas*" (The king's will is the highest law.) In 1893 there was a severe parliamentary struggle over a new army bill. The Conservative and National Liberal parties supported the measure for the increase of the army, which the Government declared to be necessary. It had been expected that the Centre or Catholic party also would support the bill, with some modifications, and when they did not the bill fell, but the Reichstag was immediately dissolved. In the new election the Government secured a majority, and the modified bill was passed, increasing the army by 70,000 men, but making the term of service two years. The army on a peace footing has over 490,000 men, with 21,000 officers.

In 1893 the emperor took the first step towards a reconciliation with Prince Bismarck by offering him the use of a royal castle while recovering from illness. Although this offer was declined, the prince accepted an invitation to visit the emperor at Berlin. When he came, in January, 1894, the Emperor in every way sought to testify his high and warm regard for the retired statesman. Before the close of that year Count von Caprivi had resigned the chancellorship, being unwilling

to introduce repressive measures against the Socialists and other parties of revolutionary tendencies. The Agrarians, who maintained the interests of the landed classes, had protested against Caprivi's commercial innovations, doing away with the system of Protection which Bismarck had supported. Caprivi was succeeded by Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst. The Government had to submit to an inglorious defeat when the bills for repressing Socialism and other opposition were introduced into the Reichstag. The actual result was a formidable increase of Socialism throughout the country. The Government strictly enforced the repressive laws already existing, and the frequency of prosecutions excited general alarm. But it was obliged to yield to several demands made by the Agrarians, who drew their strength from nearly all the professed political parties.

In the social struggle between the army officers and civilians Emperor William has supported the pretensions of the former. He declared that whoever insulted the Kaiser's uniform insulted the Kaiser's person. The arrogance of the officers was thereby increased, until one of their class thrust his sword through a man who had unintentionally jostled him. A military court sentenced the offender to two years' imprisonment. The Emperor encouraged duelling among the officers, and declared that one who knew not how to defend his honor could not be tolerated in the army. But as the practice was abused, an edict was issued on January 1, 1897, that in the army, and even among civilians, all quarrels and insults must be submitted to the absolute decision of courts of honor. Unfortunately these courts still favor the duel in certain cases.

The emperor still indulges his fondness for travel. In 1898, with a splendid retinue, he went to Jerusalem, calling on the Sultan at Constantinople on his way. The intensely hot season cut short his stay in the Holy Land. In like manner his subsequent cruise on the Mediterranean, in which he had intended to visit Spain, was curtailed by the exigencies of public affairs.

The personal appearance of William is worthy of his dignity. He stands nearly six feet high and is well propor-

tioned. His features are regular; in complexion he is a fair blonde, with blue eyes and dark-brown hair. When he stands his left hand rests on the hilt of his sword, so that its deformity is scarcely noticeable. He is physically strong and very restless. In the early years of his reign he took great delight in rousing his garrisons by sudden alarms and observing their promptness in assembling. His speech is frank and aggressive, sometimes blunt, without regard to the feelings of others. Yet with all his self-assertion there is manifest a strong devotion to the welfare of his country as a God-given mission. His religious feeling is strong and thoroughly intermixed with his sense of political duty. All the predictions that were made of him in the first year of his reign have been belied by subsequent events. In an address to his body-guard, on the completion of his tenth year on the throne, he declared that he had been misunderstood and distrusted in every quarter except one. His army, he avowed, had always believed in him, and he in turn had placed his reliance on his troops. The whole world admires his energy and versatility, and still wonders what he will do next.





IN former centuries a warning voice, supposed to be confirmed by the testimony of ages, was addressed to each occupant of the Papal chair—"Thou wilt not see the years of Peter." St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, was said to have been bishop of Rome for twenty-five years. But in the present century Pius IX. broke the force of the tradition by reigning thirty-one years. His successor has shown even more remarkable vitality. Of apparently weak constitution when young, he has astonished his physicians by recovery from illness in extreme age.

Leo XIII. was born on March 2, 1810, at Carpineto in the States of the Church, being the son of Count Ludovico Pecci and Anna Proserpi, who claimed descent from Cola di Rienzi, the last of the Roman tribunes. His early education was under the direction of Jesuit teachers, first at Viterbo and afterwards at Rome. He wrote Latin prose and verse with fluency, and became proficient in mathematics and chemistry, as well as philosophy. At twenty-one he took his degree as Doctor of Divinity, and three years later as Doctor of Canon and Civil Law. In 1837 he was ordained to the priesthood, and was made a domestic prelate by Pope Gregory XVI. Being sent as Apostolic delegate to Benvenuto, he displayed his aptitude for administration of public affairs. Brigandage, which had hitherto flourished, being carried on under the patronage of nobles with the connivance of the authorities, was effectually suppressed, in spite of complaints to influential persons at Rome of the harshness of the young ruler. Four years later the Pope nominated him for a similar position at

Spoletto, but before the appointed time transferred him to Perugia as governor. Here, as before at Benvenuto, he showed himself the friend of the oppressed poor. The prisons were crowded when he arrived, but when he left, eighteen months later, not a convict remained.

In 1843 Monsignor Pecci was appointed Papal Nuncio to Belgium. Before setting out he was consecrated bishop, and assigned to the titular archbishopric of Damietta, in Egypt. At Brussels the Nuncio formed pleasant associations, not only with King Leopold I., but with many English Protestants who frequented that capital. The northern climate, however, did not agree with him, and after three years he expressed a wish to return to sunny Italy. He was, therefore, appointed bishop of Perugia, the people of which remembered his wise government. Before returning to this familiar place, the Nuncio visited London, where he was graciously received by Queen Victoria, whose friendship he had already won at Brussels. He stopped also in Paris, where he was welcomed by King Louis Philippe. Before he reached Rome Pope Gregory had died, and Cardinal Mastai Ferretti had succeeded under the title Pius IX. For thirty-two years Archbishop Pecci labored at Perugia with energy and skill for the promotion of religion and the welfare of the people. Thirty-six churches were built and others were restored; a theological seminary, colleges, schools, hospitals and charitable institutions were established. He also wrote many pastoral letters, in some of which he discussed the moral problems of the age. In his farewell he protested against the accusation that the Catholic Church opposes the progress of industry, art and science.

In 1853 Archbishop Pecci had been made a Cardinal, and in September, 1877, he was called to Rome to be Cardinal Camerlengo (chamberlain) to Pope Pius IX. The Pope died in the following February, and it was the duty of the Camerlengo to make all preparations for the coming conclave. Sixty-three cardinals were present when it began on February 18th, and two days later Cardinal Pecci was elected by forty-four votes, the choice being subsequently made unanimous. He assumed the name Leo XIII., and was solemnly crowned on the 3d of March in the Sistine Chapel. As the Italian

kingdom had nullified all civil power of the Pope beyond the walls of the Vatican, Leo has since remained within them, lest it should be supposed that he had in any way yielded to that government. On the day after his coronation he published a bull re-establishing the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland, thus carrying out the policy of his predecessor, who had done the same for England.

Appeals were soon made to the governments of Germany, Russia and Switzerland in behalf of the rights of their Catholic population. In Germany Prince Bismarck had, in 1872, inaugurated a struggle with the Jesuits. They were banished on the ground that they were dangerous to the new German Empire. The Prussian Parliament, at the suggestion of Bismarck, and with the approval of a large body of the people, determined that no Catholic priest or professor should teach in any German school or college without the sanction of the State authorities. Some months later every ecclesiastical institution was placed under the supreme control of the State. The attention of the whole civilized world was drawn to this *Kulturkampf*, or Educational Fight. The Catholic clergy were made martyrs. Archbishops, bishops, priests and others were imprisoned for fidelity to their principles. The struggle had lasted six years when Pope Leo opened negotiations with a conciliatory letter to Emperor William, pleading the rights of conscience. His entire demands were that the Catholic Church should be allowed to manage its own affairs as it thought best, and should have direction of education in its schools. Eventually all that he asked was granted, though not until after the retirement of Bismarck. In spite of the public conflict, the Pope maintained friendly personal relations with the emperor and Bismarck. The latter selected the Pope as arbiter in a dispute between Germany and Spain about one of the Caroline Islands. As the sincerity, uprightness and liberality of the Pope became known, public opinion in Germany underwent a marked change. The cause of religious toleration had gained a notable victory.

A struggle, equally important and somewhat similar, had taken place in France after the downfall of the Empire. Catholics were, in general, unfriendly to the new Republic. Their

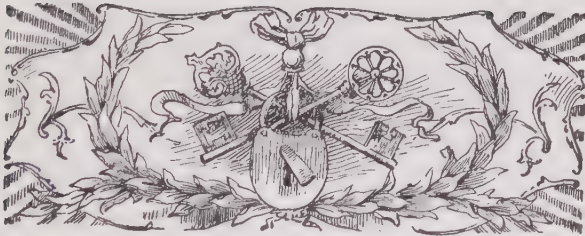
leaders intrigued against it and sought through the army to destroy it. On the other hand the government proscribed the Jesuits and required all religious orders to obtain sanction of the State. During the agitation Pope Leo appealed to President Grévy for leniency and justice. M. Grévy in reply pointed out the uniform hostility of a part of the clergy to the Republic. Eventually, when the Republic was really in danger, the Pope made it evident that it was the duty of Catholics everywhere to recognize and support the existing government. Since that declaration Catholics have taken a more direct part in political affairs of the Republic.

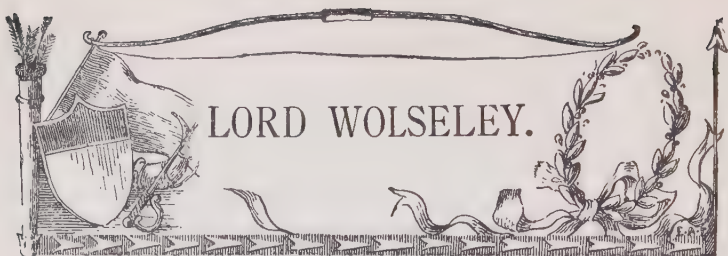
The interest of the Pope in the growth of the Catholic Church in America led him to send to this country Archbishop Satolli as Apostolic delegate. Various controversies and personal disagreements were submitted to his decision and settled amicably, while the best interests of religion were promoted.

The action of the Pope has sometimes borne hardly on devoted adherents of the Church. A notable instance of this was his condemnation of the Land League of Ireland. This was done after investigation by a trustworthy agent, and the reason undoubtedly was that the League's methods led to crime. The final result of the Pope's intervention has been beneficial to the Irish people. A curious controversy has arisen with regard to a supposed liberal tendency among American Catholics. Certain views of religious life advocated in a biography of Father Hecker have been condemned under the name "Americanism." The most prominent American prelates have declared their full acceptance of the Pope's declarations.

Throughout his reign Pope Leo has issued important encyclical letters. In them he has condemned socialism, communism and nihilism; he has elucidated the rights of labor and of property; he has promoted the cause of education and the reading of the Holy Scriptures; he has inculcated the study of philosophy, and especially the works of Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of the Schoolmen. While Leo XIII. has thus added a notable series of deliverances to the records of the Church, he has written some pleasing verses on common aspects of life, inculcating moderation and frugality.

In personal appearance Leo is tall, thin, with large frame, bright eyes, high forehead, prominent nose, wide mouth, smiling countenance, and an ascetic face of marble whiteness in which the veins are clearly marked. His voice is clear and ringing. His bearing is erect and his movements quick. His diet is meagre, so that he appears to eat hardly enough to support life. His habits are regular, his time is carefully allotted to various business, study and prayer. Since his election to his great dignity, he has, like his predecessor, remained "the prisoner of the Vatican," yet he wields a greater and more profound influence than any temporal sovereign.





LORD WOLSELEY, who became in 1895 commander-in-chief of the British Army, is literally a battle-scarred veteran. Successful as he has been in every enterprise, he has been most unlucky in getting wounded. He is lame and has lost the sight of an eye, but undeterred by such accidents, he has persevered in hard work until he has reached the highest military position in England.

Garnet Joseph Wolseley was born at Golden Bridge House, County Dublin, Ireland, June 4, 1833. His father was a major and the son entered the army in 1852 as ensign. He was sent to Burmah a year later, and in an attack on the enemy's works, was seriously wounded in the left thigh. He lay six months in a critical condition, and only his iron constitution saved his life. In the Crimean war he arrived before Sebastopol on December 4, 1854, and was under fire the next day. Having volunteered as an assistant engineer, he was made lieutenant. On August 30, 1855, the Russians made a sortie from the city and for a short time held the advanced mines of the British, but were driven out. Wolseley was busy repairing the damage done when a cannon ball killed the two sappers who were working under his direction. He was thrown violently to the ground and lay for a time senseless; then he rallied and tottered to the surgeon's hut. "He's a dead 'un," said the doctor. The wounded lieutenant, turning in his blood, said, "I am worth a good many dead men yet, doctor." He had been struck in the face with sharp fragments of stones driven by the ball. Both eyes were closed and the sight of one was permanently lost. His right leg also had been severely wounded. When he recovered he was appointed on the staff of the quartermaster-general.

Being made captain at the close of the Crimean war, Wolseley was sent to India in 1857 and wrecked on the island of Banca. He marched with Sir Colin Campbell to the relief of Lucknow, and commanded the storming party which drove the rebels from the palace. He was the quartermaster of Sir Hope Grant's division during the operations in Oude and on the Nepaul frontier. In 1860 he went with the same commander to China, and in the movement towards Peking had charge of the topographical department, which led him into perilous positions. He witnessed the surrender of Peking, October 15th, and the looting of the Summer Palace. In 1861 he went on a confidential mission to Nankin to examine the condition of the Taeping rebels.

After his return to England he was sent as assistant quartermaster-general to an army ordered to Canada in December, 1861. Disregarding the orders of his government, he took the opportunity to visit the Confederate armies in Virginia in August, 1862, meeting Generals Lee and Jackson. He became colonel in 1865 and took the field against the Fenian invasion of Canada. In 1870 he commanded the Red River expedition which put down Louis Riel's rebellion. Leaving Toronto May 21st with 1200 men, he made a road from Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, took Fort Gary in August, restored order, installed a new governor in Manitoba and started eastward on September 10th. Returning to England, he was knighted and placed on half pay, but was soon made assistant adjutant-general at the war office. In August, 1873, he was ordered to the Gold Coast of Africa, where the warlike Ashantees had long given the British traders trouble. Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Cape Coast Castle in October, with twenty-seven selected officers, gathered 1500 English and 500 natives, instructed them in bush-fighting and marched into the interior. He defeated King Koffee Kallalli at Amoaful, January 31, 1874, entered his capital, Coomassie, and burned it on February 4th. The king then submitted and made a treaty of peace. The war had been commenced and finished in the cool season, thus saving the lives of hundreds of the British troops. Wolseley sailed for England March 4. He received the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000 and was made major-gen-

eral. On account of the resistless energy with which he pushed on from the coast to their capital, the Ashantees named Wolseley "the general that never stops."

In 1875 Wolseley was made Governor of Natal in order to reform the administration and improve the defences of that colony. He finished his work in five months and returned to the war office. In 1876 he accepted a seat in the Council of India. In 1877 he was chief of staff to Lord Napier of Magdala, when war with Russia was apprehended. When Cyprus was ceded to Great Britain, Sir Garnet Wolseley was made commander-in-chief of that island, and reformed its administration. In June, 1879, he was sent to South Africa as Governor and High Commissioner of Natal and the Transvaal to crush the rising of the Zulus, which he had predicted. Sir Garnet met with his usual success, though in fact the main war was over before his arrival. Cetywayo, the Zulu king, was taken prisoner and sent to England. The country was divided under a number of petty chiefs. In May, 1880, Wolseley returned to England, where he became adjutant-general.

In 1882 Wolseley was placed in command of the expeditionary force sent to Egypt on account of the rebellion of Arabi Pacha. This had begun at Cairo with a riot of soldiers who surrounded the Khedive's palace and demanded more pay. They were then quieted, but in the following year they repeated the scene. Arabi Pacha now took the lead, and 4000 soldiers went to the palace. They clamored for the rights of the people, ground down under foreign oppressors. The governments of France and England believed that the Turkish Porte was the instigator of the quarrel. The Khedive Tewfik had frequent disputes with his ministers, with whom Arabi's influence was increasing. Finally, the disturbances became so serious that in May, 1882, a French and English squadron was despatched to Egypt. In June riots broke out in Alexandria, and Arabi paid no heed to the remonstrances of the Great Powers. Then after due notice the British ships bombarded the city. Wolseley landed at Alexandria on August 15th, and after storming Arabi's lines at Tel-el-Kebir on September 13th, received his surrender. The campaign was finished October 14th, with little loss. Wolseley

again received the thanks of Parliament, was raised to the peerage as Baron Wolseley of Cairo and of Wolseley, and was promoted general. In 1884 the veteran was sent to Egypt as commander of the expedition for the relief of General Gordon and Khartoum. He went up the Nile and by the end of the year had a large force at Korti. Sir H. Stewart was sent across the desert to Metemuch, but found it too strong to be attacked. Sir Charles Wilson was sent up the Nile by steamer only to learn of the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon, January 28, 1885. This disaster changed the aspect of affairs. Lord Wolseley believed that Khartoum ought to be retaken, but telegraphed to England for instructions and was ordered to withdraw to Korti. General Earle who had advanced up the Nile was killed. By the end of May the British had retired to the frontier of Upper Egypt. Though this campaign was disastrous and inglorious, the commander was sustained by the English government, again thanked by Parliament and made Viscount Wolseley of Wolseley, county Strafford.

In 1890 Lord Wolseley was made Commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland. In 1895, at the age of sixty-two, he succeeded the Duke of Cambridge as commander-in-chief of the British Army.

Lord Wolseley represents the modern school of warfare. His rapid promotion and many accomplishments and honors drew upon him many criticisms as a courtier, a politician, and "concocter of despatches." But the facts of his career are a sufficient answer to his detractors. His record is not marred by a single reverse in the field. The one great misfortune which darkens the brilliance of his record is that he was unable to save Gordon. Lord Wolseley has been a diligent writer as well as fighter. His early books were manuals for field service, which have been highly praised by military critics. Among his later books is a valuable "Life of Marlborough." He has also furnished an introduction to Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson." In 1901, the infirmities of advancing age caused him to retire from the chief command, and he was succeeded by Lord Roberts.



LITTLE BOBS" is the nickname affectionately bestowed by the British soldiers on Lord Roberts, whose success in Indian campaigns has raised him to the peerage. Frederick Sleigh Roberts was born at Cawnpore, India, September 30, 1832. His father, Sir Abraham Roberts, was an excellent Anglo-Indian officer. Frederick was educated in England, and returned to India when not yet twenty. He was at once appointed as a supernumerary second lieutenant to a native field battery of the Bengal Artillery at Dum-Dum. At the end of four months he was ordered to the Northwest frontier, where four months later, at Peshawar, he joined his father, whom he had seldom seen. Besides his regimental duty, he assisted his father and studied Hindustani until in 1856 he was appointed on the staff of the Quartermaster-General. When the Sepoy mutiny broke out in 1857 there was at Peshawar no suspicion of its extent until May 11, when the telegraph reported that at Delhi many native soldiers had joined the rebels. Roberts was appointed on the staff of Neville Chamberlain, who received command of a movable column of reliable troops. During the ensuing campaign he was noted as an active and gallant officer, and won the Victoria Cross by rescuing a standard from two Sepoys. After the capture of Lucknow Roberts returned to England on account of ill health.

In 1858 Roberts resumed his work in the Quartermaster's department. In 1863 he saw the closing scenes of Chamberlain's campaign against some fanatical mutineers. As Assistant Quartermaster-General, Major Roberts was active in preparing the expedition to Abyssinia. After his return to India

he was employed on the Eastern frontier, and organized an expedition against the Looshai tribes, which served as a model for future expeditions. Roberts was therefore promoted to be Quartermaster-General, and was also appointed to command the Punjab irregular force. The Afghan war, in 1878, gave him new opportunity for distinction. He was sent to the Khuram valley, and attracted attention by the battle of Peiwar. When Sir Louis Cavagnari and his companions were massacred at Kabul, Roberts was called to lead an expedition to the Afghan capital. He assembled his troops in the Khuram valley and led them to their destination by a way which had been deemed impracticable. He was next sent against Ayoob-Khan, who had won a victory over the British at Maiwand. With 10,000 picked troops he marched across most of Afghanistan, relieved the troops beleaguered in Kandahar, and inflicted a crushing defeat on Ayoob's forces. This whole enterprise has been regarded as one of the most memorable achievements of the British army since Waterloo. Roberts was created a baronet in 1881, and rewarded with other honors.

Suddenly the hero of the Afghan war was ordered to South Africa to take the field against the Boers, but was recalled when peace was made. In 1885 Sir Frederick Roberts succeeded Sir Donald Stewart as Commander-in-chief of the Indian army. In 1892 he was raised to the peerage for his forty-one years of faithful military service in India. In the next year he requested to be allowed to resign his command. On his retiring from the Punjab many chiefs from beyond the British frontier attended the farewell entertainments at Lahore to testify their gratitude and approval of his administration. The war in South Africa broke out in 1899, and when the opening months of the struggle proved Buller unequal to his task, the British nation turned with one accord to Roberts. He took command in person in January, 1900, and exhibited all his former skill. He returned to England, January 2, 1901, to succeed Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of Great Britain. In August, 1902, he was one of the twelve men to receive the new Order of Merit conferred by King Edward.



EXPANSION is the rallying cry of the Anglo-Saxon race at the close of the nineteenth century. No more prominent exponent of this principle can be found than Cecil Rhodes, who has developed and organized British domination in South Africa, as Clive and Hastings did in India a century earlier.

Cecil Rhodes was born at Bishop Stortford, Hertfordshire, England, where his father was rector of the parish. On account of his delicate health he was sent, in 1871, to Natal, where his brother Herbert was engaged in raising cotton. He returned to England in the next year and entered Oriel College, Oxford. On account of lung disease he relinquished his studies and went back to Natal. When diamonds were discovered on the Vaal river Herbert left Natal and bought a claim in Griqualand. Here he was joined by Cecil, who was left in charge of the diggings when Herbert went further north. While Cecil was superintending his gang of Kaffirs breaking up the diamond-bearing yellow ground, he began to brood over the idea of Anglo-Saxon expansion, hoping some day to see South Africa, as far as the Zambesi, under English control. He returned to Oriel College in 1876, kept his terms, passed his examinations and took his degree in 1881. In the meantime his vacations had been regularly spent in the diamond fields. The young Englishman took interest in the politics of the Cape Colony. For a time he was the representative of Barkley West in the Cape Parliament, which he entered to use his influence to secure for England the remainder of unclaimed country. His idea was that the world's surface is limited, and the great object of a highly

civilized country should be to take as much of the world as it can.

In 1883 General C. G. Gordon was sent by the British Government to arrange terms of peace with the Basutos, and Rhodes by the Cape officials on a similar errand. Gordon found Rhodes somewhat contradictory and disposed to have his own way. Nevertheless he highly prized the young politician, and invited him to stay in the Basutoland, but Rhodes refused. In 1884, by an agreement with the chief Mankoroane, he obtained the cession of Lower Bechuanaland, which had formerly been conquered by the Transvaal Boers. Over it the British Government established a protectorate. It was at this time that President Kruger sent out his Boers on every side to seize all the territory they could. Rhodes insisted on a display of force to retain the outlet to the north. Sir Charles Warren's expedition was therefore sent and accomplished its purpose.

When Sir T. Scanlan was made minister of the Cape, Rhodes accepted the post of Treasurer General. Diamond-mining had suffered from a financial crash, and now required great outlay of capital. Rhodes began pushing his scheme of amalgamating the diamond-mining companies. The three men who held the chief interest in the De Beers mine at Kimberley were Barnett I. Barnato, Alfred Beit and Cecil Rhodes. The last wished to use the profits of the mine for the acquisition of unoccupied regions to the north. Barnato opposed this as a mere fancy, but finally gave way to the earnestness of his associate. The trust deed of the De Beers Company was changed, and the mine furnished £500,000 to extend the British Empire. Barnato said that no other man than Rhodes could have induced him to join in the amalgamation and expansion project. In 1888 Lobengula, king of Matabeleland, granted the mineral rights of that country. This concession formed the solid basis of the British South African Company. Its charter was formally granted in October, 1889, and the company started on its career of expansion. In July, 1890, Cecil Rhodes was made Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and thus combined the management of the company with political leadership. The first business of the company

was to occupy Mashonaland and the neighboring Manica. Negotiations were also opened for securing Gazaland.

In 1891 Cecil Rhodes, who was now known as the Diamond King, visited England, and while there gave £10,000 for the support of Home Rule in Ireland. English Imperialists are generally opposed to that cause, but Rhodes believes that only on the broad basis of popular self-government can the empire rest secure. He is therefore, at the same time, an Imperial statesman and a Home Ruler. His political ideas are partly American; he would apply the principles of the Federal Constitution to the relations between the various States composing the British Empire. Several of his managers at the Cape and in the Transvaal are Americans. He sees in the English-speaking people the providential race, predestined rulers of the world. Rhodes has always been antagonistic to the Boer rule in the Transvaal, asserting that, though republican in name it is not truly democratic, because all political power is lodged in the hands of the minority of the residents of the country. A certain proportion of the Uitlanders (Outlanders, or foreigners) are American citizens. Rhodes therefore claimed the sympathy of the United States for his efforts in behalf of the Uitlanders.

At Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, there had been formed, in 1894, a so-called National Union, which sought to secure reforms for the benefit of the Uitlanders. These adventurers coming from Great Britain, America, Germany and Australia, intended to return to their respective lands after making their fortunes. They objected to being denied ordinary rights by the Boers, with whom they were living temporarily. They grumbled at the monopolies which oppressed and obstructed them at every turn. The young Englishmen despised the sober, religious Boers as unfit for fighting. A Reform Committee was organized to extort the desired reforms from the Transvaal government by force or a show of force. Colonel Francis Rhodes, Cecil's brother, was a member. They prepared gradually for seizing the forts held by the Boers. Dr. Jameson was engaged to come to their aid with 1600 men.

Cecil Rhodes, the Premier of Cape Colony, the Chartered Company, the De Beers Company and the Gold Fields Com-

pany of Johannesburg, formed a plan to utilize the discontent of the Uitlanders for the overthrow of the Transvaal government. The crisis of this movement came with Dr. Jameson's raid in December, 1895. Plans had been laid in the autumn for an expedition against Johannesburg and a simultaneous uprising of the Uitlanders. Troops of the Chartered Company and volunteers were encamped and drilled at Pitsani from October, under various pretences. The total number was 600 men, but Dr. Jameson and his associates expected a force of 2000 miners and others in Johannesburg to assist them. The expedition set out on Sunday night, December 29, 1895, though warning had been sent by Dr. J. H. Hammond from Johannesburg that matters were not favorable. The National Union had refused to raise the British flag, and declared for a republic. Report of the raid was telegraphed to Cape Town, and the Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson, sent orders to direct Jameson to return. Jameson declared that his mission was peaceful, and that he must go ahead, on account of the condition of his company.

As soon as Jameson's party crossed the border the Boer Government summoned all burghers to assemble on January 1st at their respective posts, with horses and rifles to defend the country. The Boers assembled and took station at Krugersdorp in a deserted mine. When Jameson came up, he sent a message that he wished to pass the town, and that if resisted he would shell the place. The invaders did shell the Boers at the mine, but when they charged on an outpost they were repulsed with rifle-shots. Jameson's party then changed their route, but the Boers followed, picking off the troopers with their well-aimed rifles. The raiders were cooped in a hollow in front of a narrow ford, while the Boers were posted behind ridges of rock. Jameson's men, exhausted, raised a white flag. They had lost 17 killed and 49 wounded, while of the Boers only 3 had been killed by the invaders; 2 others were shot accidentally. The defeated force was taken as prisoners to Pretoria, and President Kruger notified the British Government that he would deliver up the raiders to be dealt with by its courts. They were sent to Natal, placed on a British steamer and taken to England.

Telegrams then published proved that Jameson was acting under the orders of his superiors, and that Cecil Rhodes was expected to direct in person the revolution at Johannesburg, and that the money and arms were furnished by his companies. In January, 1896, Rhodes was therefore compelled to resign his office. It was even threatened that the charter of the British South Africa Company might be cancelled, but appearances were saved by his giving up his position as chairman. His influence, however, remained, and both in Africa and England he retained the supremacy which his strong personality and abundant services had given him. Rhodes returned to England and made some explanation to Sir Joseph Chamberlain, the minister of the Colonies. Then he went back to Bulawayo, intending to devote himself to the development of the newly acquired region, which had been called in compliment to himself Rhodesia. His services were soon required in suppressing the Matabele revolt and in arranging the terms of peace. In 1897 he again visited England and gave evidence before the South African Committee. He then coolly admitted his full responsibility for the Jameson raid, which had been previously denied. In 1899 he returned to seek financial aid in his projects for development of South Africa and the building of a railroad from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope. His early dream of expansion had now itself expanded, and embraced all Eastern Africa as well as the South. He visited Continental bankers and capitalists, and was accorded an interview with the German Emperor.

He returned to South Africa in June, 1899, four months previous to the outbreak of the war. He took but a subordinate part in the war itself, though he was in Kimberley throughout the siege of that place, and did good service there. But he steadily refused to interfere in the struggle, though appeals were made to him by both the contesting parties. After the raising of the siege he left Kimberley for England, but soon returned to South Africa against the urgent advice of his physician. For a year or more his health had been in a very precarious state, although he continued to direct affairs of great magnitude.

He died at "Groote Schuur," his residence near Cape Town, on March 26, 1902, of a disease of the heart. His last words were characteristic: "So much to do. So little done!"

The war was very near its end when Mr. Rhodes died: if he could have lived, he might have been the greatest personal influence in the reorganization of political affairs in South Africa, and he certainly would have been pre-eminent in the development of economic conditions there. Mr. Rhodes was unmarried, and a large part of his estate was left for the establishment, in Oxford, of scholarships for the benefit of students from the United States and elsewhere: this being along the line of Mr. Rhodes' favorite idea of the unification of the English-speaking races. Holders of the scholarships, which are unusually valuable, must possess scholarship, personal character, certain qualities of leadership, and apparent fitness for public life, and athletic ability.

Cecil Rhodes was the active embodiment of the spirit which pervades the poetry of Rudyard Kipling. He exhibited no self-conceit, but thorough self-reliance. He was regardless of his personal appearance, careless in dress, and little disposed to exert himself physically. He disliked conventional society. Devoid of fear, he mingled freely with men of all classes whom fortune brought in his way. It was by venturing unarmed into the camp of the powerful King of the Matabeles that he was able to dictate peace almost on his own terms. Among English-speaking people his complete devotion to the idea of the extension of Anglo-Saxon dominions brought to his aid capitalists, and others who sought only personal profit, as well as far-sighted imperial statesmen. Cecil Rhodes stamped his name indelibly on the continent of Africa and in the history of the British Empire.



IN South Africa to the present day the Dutch Boers preserve much of sturdy independence and honest simplicity, which characterized their forefathers in the contest of the United Netherlands with Spain in the sixteenth century. Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal in its struggle with the English expansionists, is a notable example of this virtuous race. Yet it is said that his ancestors came from Germany rather than from Holland. His full name is Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, but it is usually shortened to Paul Kruger or even to Oom Paul, Uncle Paul. He was born at Rastenburg, in South Africa, on the 10th of October, 1825. His father, Caspar Jan Hendrik Kruger, fought with the English at Boomplatz in 1848. Paul was brought up amid the hardships of the founding of the two South African republics. He was but seven years old when he brought down his first big game. At eleven he killed his first lion. In his thirteenth year he was fighting for his country. At seventeen he filled his first public office, being assistant field-cornet. At twenty he was elected magistrate and chief military officer of the district in which he lived. In 1852 he commanded a force of 150 men in the expedition against the chief Sechele, and later against Montsoia. As a hunter Kruger explored Matabeleland as far north as the Zambesi. He is a dead-shot, and was remarkable for his physical strength and endurance, unflinching courage and quick decision. Through all his adventures he never received a wound, so that the natives came to regard him as invulnerable. He has always been noted for his strong religious feeling. He was confirmed in 1842 by an American missionary, but it

was not until he reached the age of twenty-five that he became fully possessed of deep religious convictions. He openly acknowledged these convictions, and their public illustration has been the habit of his life ever since. He cares nothing for literature, except the Bible, which he reads daily. He has a text for every trouble. He is indeed a revival in the nineteenth century of the Puritan soldier of the seventeenth.

The period at which Paul Kruger began to be prominent in the eyes of his fellow-burghers was a time of change. The emigrant Boers, after sixteen years of struggle, had in 1852 secured the independence of the South African Republic by the Sand River Convention. A further recognition of their rights took place in 1854, when the British Government retired from the Orange Free State. The Duke of Newcastle, then the British Colonial Secretary, said it was impossible for England to supply troops to defend constantly advancing outposts, and that Capetown was all that she needed in South Africa. At that time quarrels arose among the leaders of the Republics, but Paul Kruger, who had been elected Commandant-General, saved the situation by his courage and decision. He was but twenty-nine years of age, but in public esteem he held a position next to the President Pretorius. These two strong men seemed to guarantee a moderate and just administration and the preservation of public order. There were many disputes about boundary-lines, but these were dealt with in a friendly spirit by the Commandant-General. In 1869 he was a commissioner to settle the boundary between the Republic and the Portuguese territories, and the settlement brought about an amendment of the Transvaal Constitution guaranteeing freedom of worship to all residents. In 1870 Kruger was engaged in fixing the boundaries of the Transvaal with reference to the Orange Free State, Zululand and Bechuanaland.

Paul Kruger's first wife was a Miss Du Plessis, who soon died. He then married a niece of his first wife, who has borne him sixteen children. This Du Plessis family is closely connected with that to which Cardinal Richelieu belonged. It, however, accepted the Reformed faith and took refuge in Holland on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

When diamonds began to be found in Griqualand in 1871, British statesmen began to fix a new value on the possession of South Africa. Diamonds had been found along the Vaal river, and the officials first at Cape Town and afterwards in London, considered that these districts should be brought under control of Cape Colony. But they had long been occupied by burghers of the Free State and the South African Republic. The Free State accepted £90,000 as compensation for its territory. The claims of the South African Republic were submitted to arbitration, Governor Keate, of Natal, being the final referee. The decision was adverse to the Republic; large districts which had for years been occupied by its burghers were cut off from the Transvaal. The dissatisfaction with this award compelled Pretorius to resign the Presidency, and Burgers succeeded to the place in July, 1872. At first he expressed himself vigorously in opposition to the British claims, but as he did not maintain the fight resolutely, he lost the confidence of the Boers. When Burgers went on a mission to Holland, General Piet Joubert acted in his place, but the people elected Paul Kruger Vice-President at the first opportunity. Burgers was still President when Great Britain, acting on the information of agents, determined to annex the Transvaal, and the annexation took place on April 12, 1877. This move made Kruger the real though not official head of the South African Republic. His reputation has since constantly increased at home and abroad. While holding strong opinions himself, he is always ready to respect the opinions of others. When Dr. Leyds was offered an appointment as State Secretary, he objected that he was not of the same religious belief as the President. "I don't care about your religion," was Kruger's reply, "so long as you are serviceable to the State." There spoke the modern Oliver Cromwell.

As the British Government failed to redeem its pledges to the people of the Transvaal, Kruger twice visited England to show that as annexation had been carried out against the wishes of the people, it was void, and ought to be revoked. These missions were fruitless, but the people of South Africa were more than ever convinced that the annexation of the

Transvaal had been a blunder. Kruger saw that they were ready to translate protests into action. War was declared, and four times the British forces were defeated by the determined Boers. An armistice was concluded at Laing's Neck on March 6, 1881. A Royal Commission was appointed and began its sessions at Newcastle, in Natal, in May, 1881. Its work was concluded at Pretoria in August. It declared that the South African Republic should henceforth be known as the Transvaal State, and that entire freedom of action should be accorded to the Transvaal Government so far as it does not interfere with the suzerainty of Great Britain.

Kruger was elected to the Presidency of the Transvaal in 1883 by a large majority. His valuable and patriotic services had given him unquestioned ascendancy. In that year he went to London as a member of a deputation to request a modification of the Pretoria Convention and obtained what is called the London Convention, in which the suzerainty seemed to have disappeared. But the struggle for British supremacy remained, with Cecil Rhodes ever on the alert to assail and overthrow the independence of the Transvaal, while President Kruger stood resolute on the defence. Rhodes had at his back the mighty resources of the British Empire; Kruger had to depend on the justice of his cause, and the rifles of the patriotic burghers.

It is estimated that the deposits of gold already discovered in the Transvaal country contain over £700,000,000 worth of the metal. Silver, lead, copper, iron, and coal (though not of good quality) also abound. The gold and diamonds had for years attracted crowds of Outlanders, who wished to be treated during their stay on equal terms with the Boers. They were mostly English-speaking adventurers, who outnumbered the Boers, and owned nine-tenths of the mining property. They complained that in the schools and courts only the Boer dialect of Dutch was allowed to be used, that monopolies had been granted to dynamite importers and railroad companies, who charged exorbitant rates; that while they paid heavy taxes, the money was not spent on local improvements for the public good, but on fortifications and official salaries; and that

the decisions of judges could be overruled by the Volksraad. They demanded an electoral franchise, to be granted after a few years of residence.

President Kruger and the Transvaal Volksraad steadily objected to granting the franchise to temporary residents, who wished to hold a double citizenship. They held that in 1884 the British claim to suzerainty had been abandoned. But under pressure from Mr. Chamberlain, the British Secretary for the Colonies, they offered to allow the franchise to those who had been residents for five years, to permit the Outlanders a share in the selection of the President, and equal civil rights, and to increase the representation of the gold fields in the Volksraad. England rejected all the Boer proposals made on the assumption that the Transvaal was a sovereign State. An intensely warlike spirit was aroused in England, and nearly all the newspapers called for war on stubborn Kruger and his impracticable Boers.

As a result hostilities were begun in October, 1899, and continued until June, 1902, when the Boers, though frightfully reduced by the long fight against tremendous odds, were yet able to obtain good terms of peace. Kruger's influence was constantly felt throughout the struggle, though he naturally did not take the field in person. After the surrender of Cronje, and the occupation of Bloemfontein by the British under Lord Roberts' command, he attempted, by means of a circular note addressed to the United States and to the various European powers, to secure mediation on the basis of the preservation of independence to the Transvaal. But failing in this, in spite of the overtures made to England, by the United States, he came to Europe himself in November, 1900, to seek intervention.

He was received with enthusiasm in Holland, and with cordiality in France; but he did not meet with much success in his endeavors to interest the governments of France and Germany in his desperate cause. In the spring of 1902, however, Holland sent Dr. Kuyper to England with suggestions for peace negotiations. The peace itself followed shortly after.

PAUL KRUGER.

Deep mournful eyes that seek the ground
 The devious path to trace ;
 The giant form of Lincoln, crowned
 By Cromwell's grosser face ;
 Coarse rustic garb of uncouth cut,
 That masks each mighty limb ;
 Its shapeless folds the ready butt
 Of Europe's jesters trim.

So much the crowd can see ; the rest
 Asks critics clearer-eyed ;
 So rough a scabbard leaves unguessed
 How keen the blade inside ;
 The trenchant will, the subtle brain
 So strangely doomed to wage
 With Destiny's still climbing main
 The hopeless war of Age.

His kindred are a rugged brood
 That nurse a dying fire :
 The sons of Calvin's bitter mood,
 And sterner than their sire.
 By faith through trackless deserts steered,
 Lost miles of lonely sand,
 Far from the intruding world they feared,
 They found their Promised Land.

By such grim guardians tutored well
 His Spartan childhood grew.
 The wind-trail of the fleet gazelle,
 The lion's path he knew ;
 The camp surprised at dawn, the rush
 Of feet, the crackling smoke,
 When on the sleeping laager's hush
 The sudden Kaffir broke.

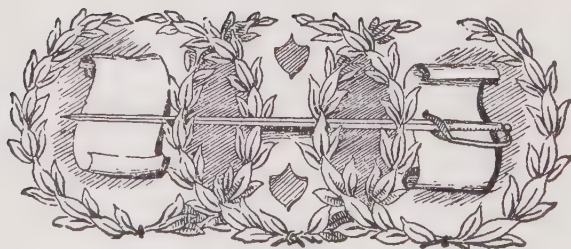
Nay, once, 'tis said, when Vaal in flood
 Had barred the hunter's way,
 And 'mid its swollen current stood
 A wounded buck at bay ;
 While some before the brute drew back,
 And some before the wave ;
 Striding that torrent's foaming track
 The mercy-stroke he gave.

A stream more rapid and more wide
His strength has stemmed since then :
Called from the plodding team to guide
The starker wills of men :
Chance-prenticed to so new a trade,
Unlettered and unschooled,
The clod-bred, clownish peasant made,
No less, a realm, and ruled.

Yet though that realm he still sustains
Against an empire's might ;
And with untiring skill maintains
The so unequal fight ;
He buys his victories all too dear
Whose foes have Time for friend ;
Each fatal triumph brings more near
The inevitable end.

Haply the hoarse-voiced guns must close
The long debate at last,
Ere the young Future can compose
Its quarrel with the Past ;
Nathless, our England unashamed
May greet a foeman true,
Of her own stubborn metal framed :
For she is iron, too.

—EDWARD SYDNEY TYLÉE.





LORD KITCHENER.

KHARTOUM has been a name of evil omen to Englishmen since the chivalric Gordon there met his untimely fate, but Kitchener avenged his death in 1898.

Horatio Herbert Kitchener was born in London in 1850. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and entered the Royal Engineers with the rank of lieutenant in 1871. His chief work for many years was making topographical surveys. He was thus employed in Palestine 1874-'78, and in Cyprus 1878-'82. The insurrection of Arabi Pacha then led to Kitchener's entering the service of the Khedive as major of cavalry. In 1886 he was made governor of Suakim, and two years later adjutant-general of the Egyptian army.

The victory of the Mahdists over the English in 1884 was emphasized by the death of Gordon. Soudan was thereby effectually closed to European commerce and civilization. The upper valley of the Nile and the territories as far as the equator, which had been brought under Egyptian rule, were then abandoned. In 1896 the Egyptian government, now directed by the English, organized an expedition to reopen this country. The command entrusted to Sir Herbert Kitchener as Sirdar was intended only to be temporary, but his capacity and enterprise proved so excellent that he was not superseded. On March 21, 1896, the Sirdar, having made most thorough preparation in every department, started southward to attack the Khalifa Abdulla, whom the dying Mahdi had appointed to

succeed him. The expeditionary force consisted for the most part of native Egyptians, fellahin, and blacks, commanded by British officers, and steadied by some British battalions. From India some troops were brought to garrison Tokar and Suakin, thus enabling the Egyptian garrisons to join the advance. On June 7th Kitchener defeated the Dervishes at Ferkeh with terrible slaughter, due to the fanatical resistance of the Sudanese. The Anglo-Egyptian army entered Dongola on September 23rd.

In 1897 Kitchener occupied Berber. The success of the expedition is attributed to his comprehensive plans, his excellent discipline and care of the army, and complete arrangements in regard to supplies. Khartoum, since General Gordon's death, was dismantled, and Omdurman, on the opposite bank, had been built up as the seat of the Mahdists' rule and of upper Nile commerce. Thither Kitchener pushed his expedition, and on September 2, 1898, he won the great battle of Omdurman. The force under the Sirdar's command comprised the flower of the Egyptian troops with a well-equipped British division. The battle began about 7 A.M. The bravery of the Dervishes can hardly be overstated. The standard-bearers struggled on within a few hundred yards of the Anglo-Egyptian fighting line, while the mounted Emirs threw their lives away in bold charges. The Khalifa's black standard was captured, but the Khalifa, with his harem, and Osman Digna, his principal general, managed to escape. Kitchener entered Omdurman at 4 P.M., at the head of his column. The Anglo-Egyptian losses were about 500, while not less than 15,000 of the enemy were slain and many thousands made prisoners. Complaint has been made in Parliament that wounded Dervishes were killed after the fight, and the explanation was given that these wounded men frequently sat up to discharge their weapons at those who ventured on the field.

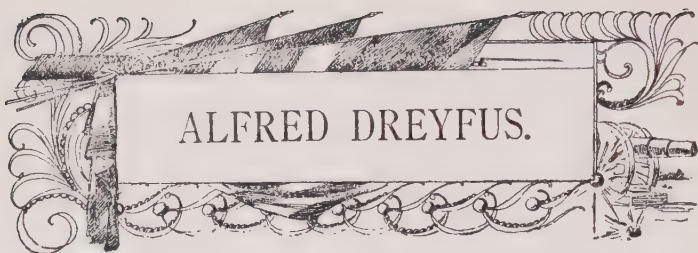
The Sirdar now occupied Khartoum and established fortified posts at Fashoda and Sobat. At Fashoda he found a small French force under Major Marchand, which had penetrated from the Congo. When representations were made to the French government, Marchand was ordered by it to with-

draw, and the tension between the two nations was relaxed. The victory of Omdurman tends to hasten the realization of Cecil Rhodes's plan for a railroad from the Cape to Cairo. A fleet of gunboats occupies the Nile, and a railroad is being carried across the most difficult part of the region between the Soudan and Upper Egypt. England has spent many millions sterling there since Gordon risked his life. From September, 1882 to September, 1898, the Anglo-Egyptian loss in battle was 14,500, while the Dervish loss was not less than 45,000. This enormous loss does not include the immense number of non-combatants slaughtered by the Dervishes.

The Sirdar returned to England in the autumn of 1898, and was greeted with many complimentary public and official demonstrations. He was raised to the peerage as Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.

When Lord Roberts went to South Africa in the winter of 1899-1900, Kitchener accompanied him as second in command, and was very active in the field operations against the Boers. On the return of Lord Roberts to England in January, 1901, Lord Kitchener was given charge of the campaign, and conducted it on the persistent lines in which he had earlier shown himself so skilled. His wise and clement peace propositions of 1901 were, unfortunately, repudiated by the government. But the final coming of the peace in June, 1902, brought the Sirdar new laurels, and he returned to England in triumph, arriving in London on July 12, amid tremendous demonstrations. In the coronation honors he was created a Viscount, and received the new Order of Merit.





SOME men have greatness thrust upon them. If the proof of greatness consists in having one's name made familiar throughout the world, Captain Alfred Dreyfus has attained this eminence. The trials through which he has passed have been the latest test of French civilization, of the French sense of justice, of the capability of the French people for self-government. The courts martial to which he was subjected have been shown to be a travesty of justice. The boasted motto of the republic—"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—is a hollow sham. Yet, thanks to the power of the opinion of the civilized world, the unfortunate victim, after degradation and five years' torture, has been permitted to escape.

Alfred Dreyfus was born in Alsace of a wealthy Jewish family. It has sometimes been said that he was originally a Protestant, but this error arose from his statement at his trial that his father was an Alsatian protestant, meaning one who protested against the annexation of Alsace to Germany in 1871. All the family adhered to France, and Alfred regularly entered the French military service. The army has always been strongly imbued with Catholic feeling and is prejudiced against Jews. Under the republic the youth of the Bonapartist and royalist families have eagerly sought military positions to testify their devotion to their country, and have avoided civil office. Many of them are violent Anti-Semites, and others are unwilling to associate with Jews. Dreyfus was studious and ambitious, inquisitive and taciturn. When it was believed that information about secret military matters was being communicated to Germany, the unpopular Jew was at once suspected of being the medium.

In October, 1894, Captain Dreyfus was arrested secretly

on the charge of having furnished to a foreign government information about French military secrets. This charge was based on a bordereau which had been stolen from the wastebasket of the German embassy in Paris. Out of five experts in examining handwriting, two declared it not to be the writing of Dreyfus, three declared it written by him in a disguised hand. A bordereau is a list or statement of articles furnished. In this case the bordereau enumerated several items of information about shells, tactics, mobilization of troops and other military matters, and offered to supply more if called for. It subsequently appeared that other documents were shown to the court martial without the knowledge of the prisoner. This was done on the plea of keeping them concealed from foreign governments. Colonel du Paty de Clam had intimidated Madame Dreyfus into silence about her husband's arrest, so that two weeks had passed before the public knew that an officer was under trial. On December 22d the prisoner, who had constantly professed his innocence, was condemned to degradation from the army and to perpetual imprisonment. General Mercier, the Minister of War, controlled the proceedings of the court. On January 15, 1894, Dreyfus was publicly degraded, his epaulets being torn from his shoulders and his sword broken in the presence of his fellow-soldiers. He was transported to the Isle du Diable (Devil's Island), a barren, hot, unhealthy place, about 100 miles from the coast of French Guiana, where he was confined in a spacious wrought-iron cage. His guard of veteran soldiers were forbidden to speak to him. This cruel barbarity the persecuted victim endured for five years.

But his brave wife, instead of dying of a broken heart, sought to secure her husband's vindication. His brother Mathieu also exerted himself to ascertain the truth of the mysterious case, and spent half his fortune in the investigation. They came to the conclusion that Major Walzin Esterhazy, a man of distinguished family, but of personally bad character, had written the bordereau. Mathieu Dreyfus made this charge publicly in November, 1897, and on the 28th of that month the *Figaro* published fac-similes of Esterhazy's letters to Mine. de Boulancy, showing the similarity of the

handwriting to that of the bordereau. There had been also some investigations made in the war office by Colonel Picquart, who was connected with the general staff and had become chief of the secret intelligence office. His inquiries convinced him that some of the documents which had been regarded as the most unquestionable proofs against Dreyfus were forgeries and that others were in the handwriting of Esterhazy. But his superiors were offended at his suggestions, and he was ordered to Algeria out of the way. He was succeeded by Colonel Henry, a more pliable officer. M. Scheurer-Kestner, vice-president of the Senate and a man of the highest probity, then told other officials that he was convinced of the innocence of Dreyfus. The question was brought up in the Chamber of Deputies on December 4, 1897, and General Billot, Minister of War, declared "on his soul and conscience" that Dreyfus had been legally and justly condemned.

When the agitation for and against revision became violent towards the close of 1897, Premier Meline and General Billot declared that the matter was *chose jugée* (a thing decided), not subject to appeal unless new evidence should be discovered. They denounced those who discussed the case as attacking the honor of the army. Some of the leaders of the army had attached special importance to letters of Colonel von Schwarzkoppen, the German attaché, to Colonel Panizzardi, which referred to the "canaille de D." as having furnished plans of a French fortress, and mentioned that D. had brought "a number of very interesting things." It was also charged that Dreyfus had, on the day of his degradation, confessed to Captain Lebrun-Renaud that if he had handed over documents to a foreigner it was in order to get more important ones in return. This, however, Dreyfus denied on his later trial, claiming that his words had been misunderstood. In fact Captain Lebrun-Renaud, at the time, told his superior officer that Dreyfus would not confess. At the end of 1897 all who were opposed to the Republic, on whatever grounds, whether Monarchists, Bonapartists, Clericals or Socialists, all who looked to the army to restore to France a strong, authoritative government, were united in declaring Dreyfus guilty.

Nevertheless the charges against the villainous Esterhazy had been so constantly repeated that it was found unavoidable to bring him before a court marshal. His character and circumstances had shown him to be a more likely subject for treasonable practices, under pecuniary temptation, than Dreyfus, and his handwriting was remarkably like that of the bordereau. Picquart had made this discovery, and while he was away in Africa attempts were made to implicate him in dishonest efforts to blast Esterhazy's character. However, Esterhazy was brought to trial in January, 1898, and after a brief session he was acquitted. The Parisian public were already excited over the case, but the excitement was intensified to fever heat when the great novelist Zola came to the front with his famous letter to President Faure. It began with the words, "J'accuse" (I accuse) and charged Lieutenant-colonel du Paty de Clam and other high army officials with lying, perjury and the grossest injustice in the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus, and demanded for him a new trial. It also declared that the second court martial acquitted a guilty man at the bidding of superior officers. Zola's bold step had been taken to secure an opportunity to bring before a civil court the evidence which had been collected. But when Zola was tried for criminal libel he was not permitted to introduce this evidence. The whole trial was a travesty of justice. The generals in full uniform menaced the judges and threatened to resign if Zola should be acquitted. Being adjudged guilty, Zola was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 3000 francs. The public received the result with frantic delight. Zola, however, appealed, and when the court at Versailles condemned him again, in July, he left France.

But in the trial in February Colonel Picquart declared that in the secret dossier (bundle of official papers) communicated to the court martial there was at least one forged document. In June the ministry of M. Meline fell, and M. Brisson formed a new cabinet, with M. Cavaignac as minister of war. In July Cavaignac made a public declaration of the guilt of Dreyfus, basing this belief on a certain document. But on the next day Colonel Picquart wrote to M. Brisson,

offering to prove that the document cited was a forgery. He also fought a duel with Colonel Henry and wounded him, but refused to fight with Esterhazy as being a traitor. After further agitation Colonel Henry was arrested in August, and confessed that he had forged the document by order of his superior officers in order to fasten the guilt on Dreyfus, whom they regarded as a traitor. Henry then committed suicide, and on the same day General Boisdeffre resigned as chief of the general staff. A few days later Cavaignac, feeling that he had been entrapped by the deception of his subordinates, resigned the war portfolio. Colonel Picquart was imprisoned for a time on charges of slander, but was finally released. His probity has become conspicuous as the drama has advanced. Esterhazy, who had fled from France, now confessed that he had written the bordereau.

On September 5, 1898, Madame Dreyfus wrote to the minister of justice, appealing for a revision of her husband's case. General Zurlinden, the new minister of war, opposed it, and when the cabinet agreed to grant it, if legal complications would permit, resigned his place. The cabinet wished to refer the question of revision to the criminal section of the Court of Cassation, the highest tribunal in France, but the consent of the Chamber of Deputies must be obtained. More than one cabinet was formed and resigned, before this could be accomplished. At last on February 10, 1899, the examination of the Dreyfus case with a view to revision was committed to the full Court of Cassation. On June 4th the president of that court, M. Ballot-Beaupré, reviewed the findings of the court-martial of December, 1894, and declared them contrary to justice. They were therefore annulled, and the accused captain was ordered to appear before a new court-martial to meet at Rennes. On June 6th Dreyfus left Guiana for France, knowing but little of what had been done for or against him during his absence. He even ascribed his release to General Boisdeffre, who had been one of the most active of his persecutors. Before he arrived in France a new cabinet had been formed under M. Waldeck-Rousseau, with General de Gallifet as minister of war. The latter is a royalist in sentiment, but was favorable to revision of the Dreyfus case.

The other members of the cabinet are pronounced republicans.

Captain Dreyfus was landed in France with great secrecy and was taken to Rennes on July 1st. He wore a captain's undress uniform. He was worn and wasted with his fearful sufferings, and on account of his weak health was confined to a milk diet, yet he was cheered by the presence of his wife and brother, and was encouraged by Messieurs Demange and Labori, the lawyers who had undertaken his defence in the new ordeal. This trial began on August 7th before seven officers, the president being Colonel Jouaust. Rennes, once the capital of the province of Brittany, is a picturesque, sleepy old town, still dominated by the royalist and Catholic traditions of the past. Here there was little likelihood of the invasion or demonstrations of republican or socialist mobs. Whatever feeling might be manifested would probably be adverse to the prisoner. When the trial began in the old court-house four generals occupied prominent positions in front of the court. From first to last they showed their approval or disapproval of the proceedings, interrupted the witnesses, and silently directed the judges; there were also a large number of journalists from America as well as from all parts of Europe. By their full reports the whole world was admitted to the solemn trial on which the fate not merely of the accused, but of the French government, might depend. The determination of the army to secure a second conviction was evident throughout the proceedings. The witnesses for the prosecution were encouraged, while those for the defense were rebuked. But the bold Labori was persistent in his severe cross-examination, and exposed the falsehood and malice of the witnesses against Dreyfus. When the success of his efforts began to be manifest, the pistol of the assassin was employed to remove him. He was shot early in the morning when he had just left his lodgings, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to carry off the papers he was carrying. Though severely wounded he recovered rapidly and was able to resume his labors in court. The trial lasted over a month. The hopes of the friends of Dreyfus were at times raised high, for the evidence against him seemed futile and worthless. The generals and their

allies, however, by furious declamation and assertion of their belief, tried to make up for the missing proofs. Towards the end it became evident that they had succeeded. M. Labori made a last desperate effort to obtain testimony from the Emperor of Germany and the King of Italy that their governments had had no intercourse with Dreyfus at any time, but these sovereigns could not interfere in matters of the internal government of France. Their foreign ministers had already made, as far as possible, official and unofficial declarations of the innocence of Dreyfus. Once again official denial was made in the newspapers of his being known as a spy or secret agent, but the court took no notice of this declaration. On September 9th Captain Dreyfus was again convicted of communicating important secret information to a foreign power. As the vote stood five for conviction and two for acquittal, the full penalty of twenty years' imprisonment was not inflicted. The period of ten years was adjudged sufficient, the ceremony of degradation was remitted, and the members of the court also joined in a recommendation of the prisoner to mercy.

There had been fears that if the trial were concluded on Saturday, there would be a riotous outbreak in Paris on Sunday. But the news was received without excitement. Throughout the wide world the sentence was almost unanimously condemned as contrary to the evidence and facts of the case. The Minister of War, in announcing the result to the army, declared "The incident is closed." But the President and Cabinet found it prudent to pardon the twice-convicted defendant. He was released on Wednesday, September 20th, and went with his faithful wife to the south of France to recuperate after his fearful sufferings. He still asserted his determination to strive for the restoration of his honor.

The world has not yet rendered its final verdict on the amazing conduct of the French people and government in this memorable case.



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